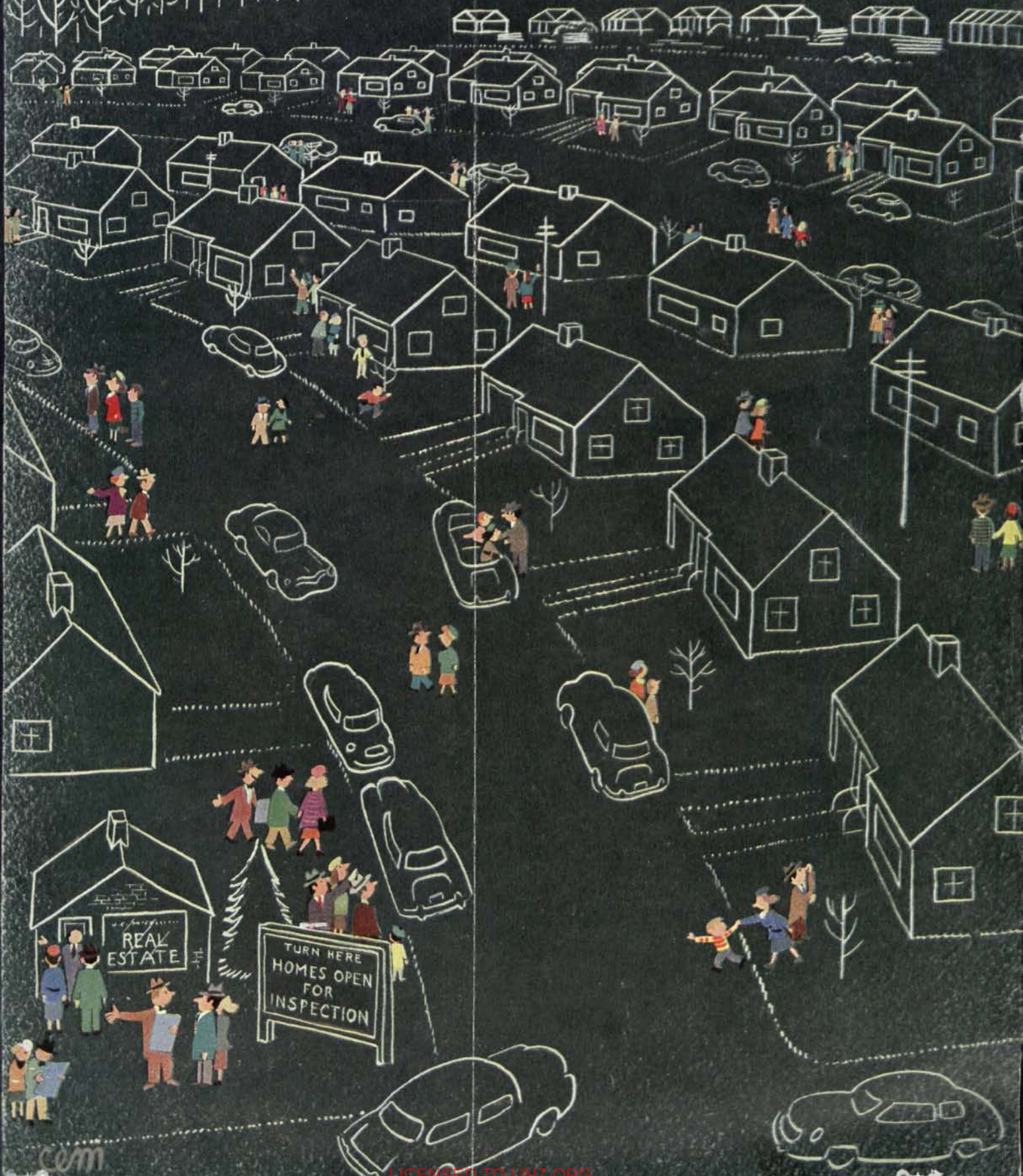


May 23, 1953

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NEW YORKER





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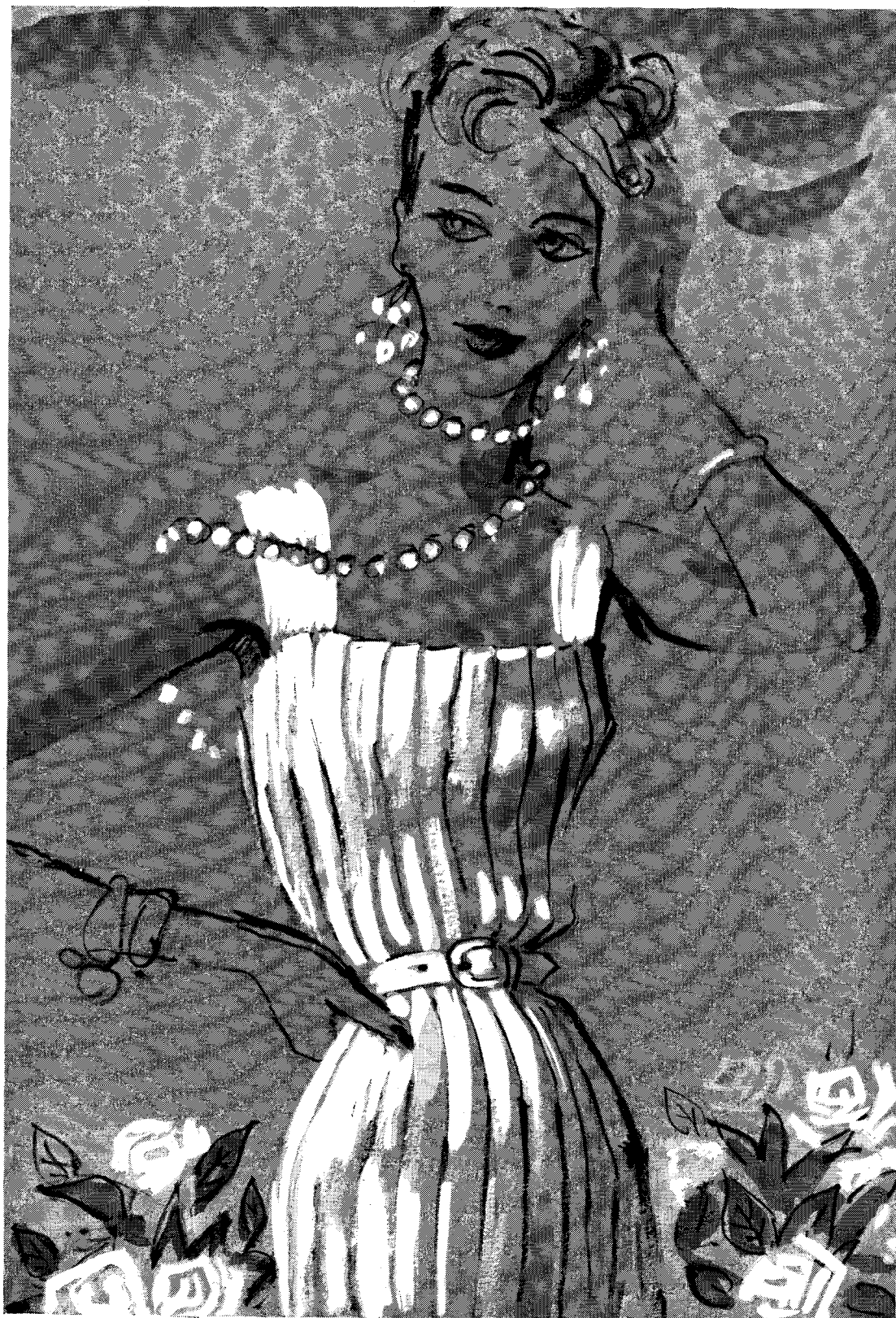
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR—Lillian Hellman's 1934 drama about a monstrous charge brought by a diabolic little girl against two school-mistresses is still one of the most shocking things in the theatre. Patricia Neal, Kim Hunter, and Iris Mann head the cast this time. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

THE CRUCIBLE—A study, by Arthur Miller, of the Salem witchcraft trials, which may or may not have its contemporary implications. Arthur Kennedy, Maureen Stapleton, and Walter Hampden have the principal roles, and Jed Harris is the director. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

DIAL "M" FOR MURDER—Maurice Evans in one of the neatest and most tightly constructed British mysteries of some time. Frederick Knott is the author, and John Williams and Gusti Huber are in the supporting cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE FIFTH SEASON—Menasha Skulnik and Richard Whorf are the stars of this frail item about the garment industry. Among others in it are John Griggs and Phyllis Hill. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

MISALLIANCE—This comedy about the decay of the British aristocracy may be one of Shaw's lesser efforts, but the conversation is still wonderfully comic and the production, directed by Cyril Ritchard, is very nearly perfect. Now with Martyn Green, Jan Farrand, and Tamara Geva. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MY 3 ANGELS—A funny comedy, adapted by Sam and Bella Spewack from a French hit, which has to do with the successful efforts of three convicts in the French penal colony at Cayenne to improve the fortunes of a family they happen to like. Walter Slezak is starred in a cast that includes Jerome Cowan, Carmen Mathews, Henry Daniell, and Joan Chandler. José Ferrer handled the direction. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

PICNIC—William Inge's play about the shattering impact of sex on a Kansas town has severe structural defects but it is still worth your serious attention. Joshua Logan has directed a fine cast that includes Janice Rule, Ralph Meeker, Peggy Conklin, and Arthur O'Connell. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH—Tom Ewell has the leading role in this very cheerful comedy, by George Axelrod, about a man who gets mixed up with a beautiful young girl while his wife is away for the summer. Vanessa Brown and Neva Patterson are the ladies in the case. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE TIME OF THE CUCKOO—Thanks to Shirley Booth's brilliant performance, Arthur Laurents' play is something more than the customary essay on romantic American spinsters and predatory Latins. With Dino DiLuca, Lydia St. Clair, and Bethel Leslie. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 30.)

TIME OUT FOR GINGER—A show about a high-school girl who thinks she'd like to make the football team. It has almost nothing to recom-



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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mend it except a fairly comic performance by Melvyn Douglas. Polly Rowles, Laura Pierpont, and Philip Loeb are among the other adults connected with it. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUN—THE MOON IS BLUE: Donald Cook, Janet Riley, and Biff McGuire are in this boy-gets-girl comedy. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30 and Sunday at 3. Closes Saturday, May 30.)

MUSICALS

CAN-CAN—Cole Porter wrote the music and lyrics for this rather ambitious spectacle and Abe Burrows turned out the book, but most of the credit belongs to Jo Mielziner, whose 1893 Paris settings are among his really memorable works; to Michael Kidd, whose choreography is enchanting; and to Motley, whose costumes also help capture a period and a mood. Peter Cookson and two young women named Gwen Verdon and Lilo

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THE NEW YORKER

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do their share to make the evening seem a good deal better than it is. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

AN EVENING WITH BEATRICE LILLIE—Some of the skits are a bit timeworn, but Miss Lillie is still fresh as a daisy, or fresher. Among her aides are Reginald Gardiner, who sounds and looks exactly like trains and wallpaper, and the two-piano team of Eadie and Rack. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 30.)

HAZEL FLAGG—Helen Gallagher, Thomas Mitchell, and Jack Whiting are among those chiefly involved in this big, handsome musical taken from Ben Hecht's story about a girl who may or may not be dying of radium poisoning. The piece offers some spirited dancing but not too much in the way of either comedy or songs. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

PORGY AND BESS—A revival of the opera on which George and Ira Gershwin and DuBose and Dorothy Heyward collaborated, and one of the season's most exciting events. LeVern Hutcherson, Leslie Scott, and Irving Barnes alternate in the role of Porgy, while Bess is played by Leontyne Price and Uryle Leonardos, and Cab Calloway is the current Sportin' Life. Robert Breen is the director, and Alexander Smallens is in charge of the orchestra, as he was before. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WONDERFUL TOWN—This version of "My Sister Eileen" is even more satisfactory than the original. The book is again the work of Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov; the music was handled by Leonard Bernstein; the lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; and the cast, directed by George Abbott, is headed by Rosalind Russell, whose performance is something to enliven the most torpid spirit. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—GUYS AND DOLLS: Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics for this musical comedy based on a story by Damon Runyon, and Julie Oshins, Iva Withers, and Susan Hight are some of the Runyon characters. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

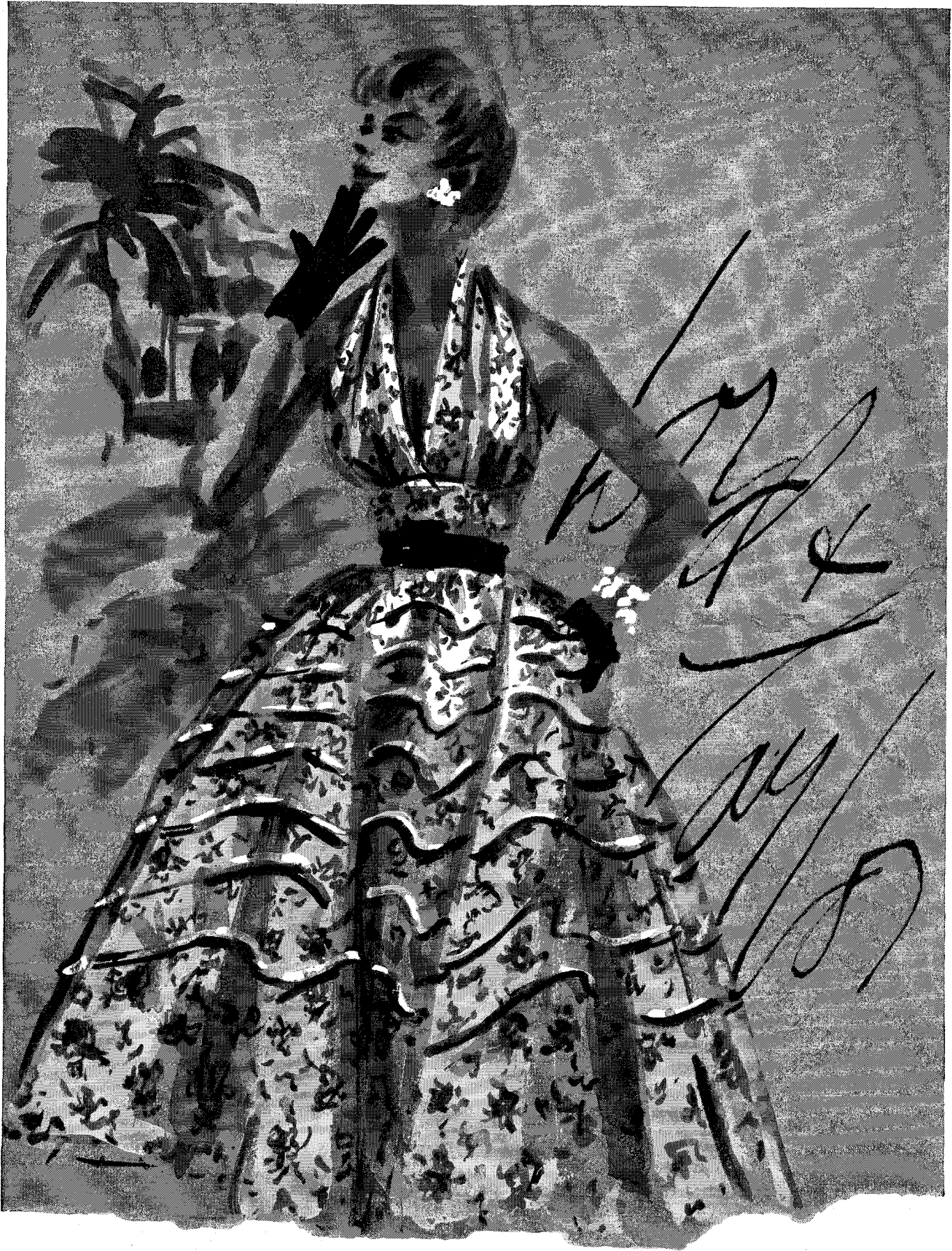
... THE KING AND I: Alfred Drake is now the King in this Rodgers and Hammerstein musical taken from a book about Siam. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) **... SOUTH PACIFIC**: Now on a brief road tour. It will return to the Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd Street, on Monday, June 22. **... WISH YOU WERE HERE**: An adaptation of Arthur Kober's play about life at a camp in the Catskills. In the cast are Sheila Bond, Jack Cassidy, Patricia Marand, and Paul Valentine. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

ME AND JULIET—The new musical produced by Rodgers and Hammerstein, with Isabel Bigley, Bill Hayes, and Joan McCracken. Richard Rodgers wrote the score, Oscar Hammerstein II did the book and lyrics, Robert Alton is responsible for the staging of dances and musical numbers, and the production is under the direction of George Abbott. Opens Thursday, May 28. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, May 21: "Kaleidoscope," "Age of Anxiety," "The Filly," and "Pied Piper."... Friday evening, May 22: "Swan Lake," "A la Française," "Orpheus," and "Metamorphoses."... Saturday matinee, May 23: "The Duel," "Swan Lake," "Valse Fantaisie," and "Interplay."... Saturday evening, May 23: "Kaleidoscope," "Prodigal Son," "Harlequinade," and "Cakewalk."... Sunday matinee, May 24: "Serenade," "Scotch Symphony," "Picnic at Tintagel," and "La Valse."... Sunday evening, May 24: "Four Temperaments," "Illuminations," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Symphony in C."... Tuesday evening, May 26: "Concerto Barocco," "Orpheus," "Filling Station," and "Bourrée Fantasque."... Wednesday evening, May 27: "Tyl Ulenspiegel," "The Filly," "Concertino," and "Cakewalk."... Thursday evening, May 28: "Swan Lake," "Filling Station," "Valse Fantaisie," and "Interplay."... Friday evening, May 29: "Four Temperaments," "The Cage," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "La Valse."... Saturday matinee, May 30: "Kaleidoscope," "Tyl Ulenspiegel," "Harlequinade," and "Metamorphoses."... Saturday evening, May 30: "Swan Lake," "The Five Gifts," "Orpheus," and "Pied Piper." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, June 14.)

MARTHA GRAHAM—With her company, in a repertory of her works (among them a new one, called "Voyage"). John Butler, Jane Dudley, May O'Donnell, and Yuriko will appear as guest artists. A week-long engagement presented by Gertrude Macy. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly at 8:30. Closes Saturday, May 23.)

MISCELLANY

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE EMPIRE—A program of scenes from plays done over the years at the Empire Theatre, which is to be torn down this summer. Among the stars who will appear, many in their original roles, are Edna Wallace Hopper (in "The Girl I Left Behind Me," the theatre's opening bill, in 1893), Shirley Booth (now in the final production, "The Time of the Cuckoo"), Ethel Waters, Basil Rathbone, and Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney. A benefit for ANTA, the Actors' Fund, and the Equity Library Theatre. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. Sunday, May 24, at 8. For tickets, call PL 7-4133.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Every evening but Sunday, Jules Lande's orchestra is in the subterranean Garden, where a fairly opulent submerged tenth dines and dances and, in between, listens to concert piano.

ASTOR ROOF, Broadway at 44th St. (JU 6-3000)—This vast aerie opens on Monday, May 25. The dance music will be provided by no less than Harry James' band, in which Buddy Rich beats the drums. Closed Sundays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Except on Sundays, Michael Kent's

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quartet turns out string music in the Palm Court at cocktail time and at dinnertime in the Madison Room, which will be closed on Memorial Day. No dancing anywhere.

GOGI'S LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—Ted Straeter's band concocts a fascinating rhythm for anyone who's fond of dancing, and the up-and-coming Pepito Lopez rumba band is also on deck. The twice-a-night baby revue here is scarcely past the teething stage, but Orson Bean's portrayal of young Harvard bravely facing what now passes for life is a small classic. Closed Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Where those who have no problems go to get away from them all. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room's new ice show is about perfumes, so now there's been an ice show about everything but allergies. This one is cheerful and fairly well stocked with young ladies. Bernie Cummins' orchestra plays for dancing. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The spirit of Mata and Hari's thoughtful footwork is clearly one of mockery. Denise Darcel, an outstanding example of the representational school of modern French art, is not quite so outstanding as a chanteuse. They're all in the Cotillion Room, where Stanley Melba's and Chico-Relli's orchestras chant joyous dance music in rotation. Sundays there's only a dinner performance, and Mondays there's utter silence.... Every night a small orchestra, usually Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing from cocktails through supper in the sedate Café Pierre.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Evelyn Knight, who sounds limpid and looks completely luscious, is the Persian Room's incumbent canary, and John and June Belmont perform the practically compulsory athletics, locally called adagios. On Thursday, May 28, there'll be a new show, comprised of the song-and-dance act of Marion Colby and the Blackburn Twins and the ventriloquism of Clifford Guest. The dance music is the work of Dick La Salle's and Mark Monte's bands. Closed Sundays.... After eighty-three in the Rendez-Vous Room, which is restfully nineteenth-century, Maximilian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras glide from one familiar tune to another.... Leo LeFleur's music is heard during the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo, who's been around since Madison Avenue was an Indian track, is still gently whooshing in the Grill at dance time. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The beautifully groomed Maisonette has Milt Shaw's and Horace Diaz's chatty orchestras on continuous point duty. At dinner and supper, Jerome Courtland, a personable young man, sings pleasantly about a young man's fancies. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance music fills the

Café Lounge every afternoon and evening. **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnival Room is as cozy as an old slipper and a lot more decorative, and the music of Hugo Pedell's boys has that old party feeling. At dinner and supper, Soni Corti sings. The room closes for the summer on Saturday, May 23.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Louis Prima's last night in the Café Rouge is Thursday, May 21. Next evening, Charlie Fisk's jazz band and Sharkey and his Kings of Dixieland, both of them orchestras new to these parts, move in. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Basket parties discouraged, children welcome. One of Hugo Pedell's happy little orchestras and a rumba band bang away until all hours.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The latest George White revue, a hale and hearty affair, is occasionally at a loss for words, but the rampant humor of Fay DeWitt, Lou Nelson, and Georgie Kaye triumph over almost everything. Salvatore Gioe's band and Panchito's rumba group turn out dance music after nine.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The buck-lateral, end-around, and jump-pass plays of the José Greco dancers are a thing of joy and beauty forever. The locale is the Empire Room, where Mischa Borr's band and Nat Brandwynne's imaginative orchestra handle the dance music. No show on Sundays, but Mr. Borr's band plays until twelve.... Michael Zarin's orchestra plays for dancing from seven to one, except Sundays, in the Peacock Lounge.

NOTE—The ivory tower called the Rainbow Room serves as a cocktail lounge from four to nine except Sundays. Incidental music and an untrammelled view of Weehawken, Hoboken, Union City, and other far-off romantic places. The address, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone, CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): The world revolves at debutante speed whenever the veteran Eddie Davis strikes up his little band. He's in action from eight-thirty on. Closed Sundays.... **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Ralph Strain, a master of the perchance-to-dream school of the piano, appears in this starlit glade from ten to one every evening but Sunday and Memorial Day.... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The atmosphere always seems to have just been sprayed with chromium. During dinner, except Sundays, Johnny Mehegan provides high-style modern piano; he is joined at suppertime by Marshall Grant, a steadily improving performer.... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): There's piano and violin after nine-thirty for those who feel just a bit lost on the maid's night out. Closed Sundays and Memorial Day.... **CELESTE**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Around nine, except Mondays, Jim Mahoney begins playing piano with a combination of nostalgia and inner peace that makes an effective after-dinner mint.... **LA ZAMBRA**, 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Vicente Gomez, guitarist, singer, raconteur, and *padrone* of some renown, is jollying up this modest Spanish restaurant. Closed Mondays.... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Reopens Friday, May 22, with Addison Bailey again at the piano during dinner and supper. On Sun-



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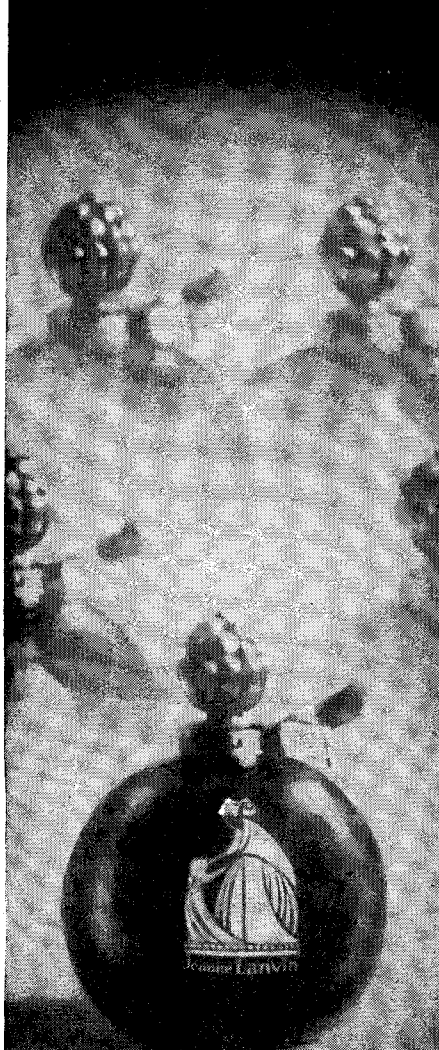
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days, Harold Cooke sits in. . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, with dancing to match by both east and clients. Closed Sundays. . . **CAFÉ NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): There's Harry Meyerowitz's piano at cocktails and Rudy Timfield's at dinner and supper in the bar of this establishment, a heaping handful of practically mobile décor. Closed Sundays and Memorial Day. . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougall St. (GR 7-9221): This old favorite of the small fry is now a mixture of restaurant and off-Broadway theatre workshop. Someone is always at the piano, or singing, or both.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): The Ritz Brothers, three bulls in a custard-pie shop, supply the noise; Fran Warren, one of the more appealing of the big-room singers, supplies the melody. . . In the livid lounge, after ten, the trio of Billy Taylor makes very up-to-date music; no dancing. . . **LA VIE EN ROSE**, 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): Ella Fitzgerald is giving the inhabitants a brand of singing a lot better than they're accustomed to. On Thursday, May 28, the Mills Brothers will replace her. . . **VILLAGE BARN**, 52 W. 8th St. (GR 7-4687): Admirers of the Old Knick Music Hall's burlesque melodramas might like to know that Ernest Sarracino and Clara Cedrone, two veterans of that defunct playhouse, are whooping it up here. There's also square dancing and a floor show reminiscent of Kansas in August. . . **RIVIERA**, Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): The show, as big as Macy's Thanksgiving parade, includes an elegant view of the Hudson, a river of some size. Other notables are Marge and Gower Champion, who do not follow in the footsteps of any other dancers, and Vic Damone, who sings quite a lot.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

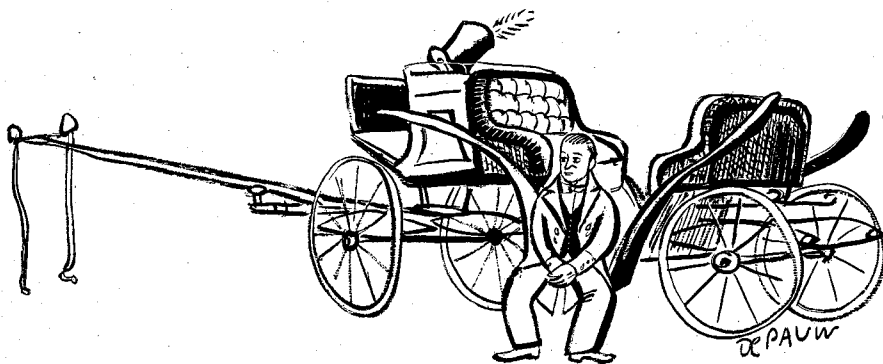
BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Life's little poignancies become hilarious when seen through the eyes of the sensitive child called Alice Pearce. Stan Freeman, concert pianist turned commentator, has some pungent things to say (and play) about some popular foibles; Portia Nelson sings beautiful ballads in a beautiful voice. Mr. Freeman departs on Sunday, May 24. The background music comes from the Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard. . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Julius Monk, the local head coach, has unearthed a wild but sort of wonderful tom-girl named Ceil Cabot. His other protégés are the Toppers, four Paul Bunyan-size tenors, who make an elegant glee club; Nancy Reed, a perky little Eve who sings songs with a high apple content; Dana and Wood, two very young men who are having their first go at adult merriment. Norman Paris and his three-man symphony are a glittering backdrop. Closed Sundays. . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Irwin Corey's humor, Janet Brace's jazz songs, and Paul Villard's sea chanteys will have their final outing on Thursday, May 21. Next evening, Phil Leeds, one of "Can-Can's" jokers; Patricia Wilson, a new singer of the wild-and-woolly brand; and Celestine Gamory, a new Calypso singer, will make their

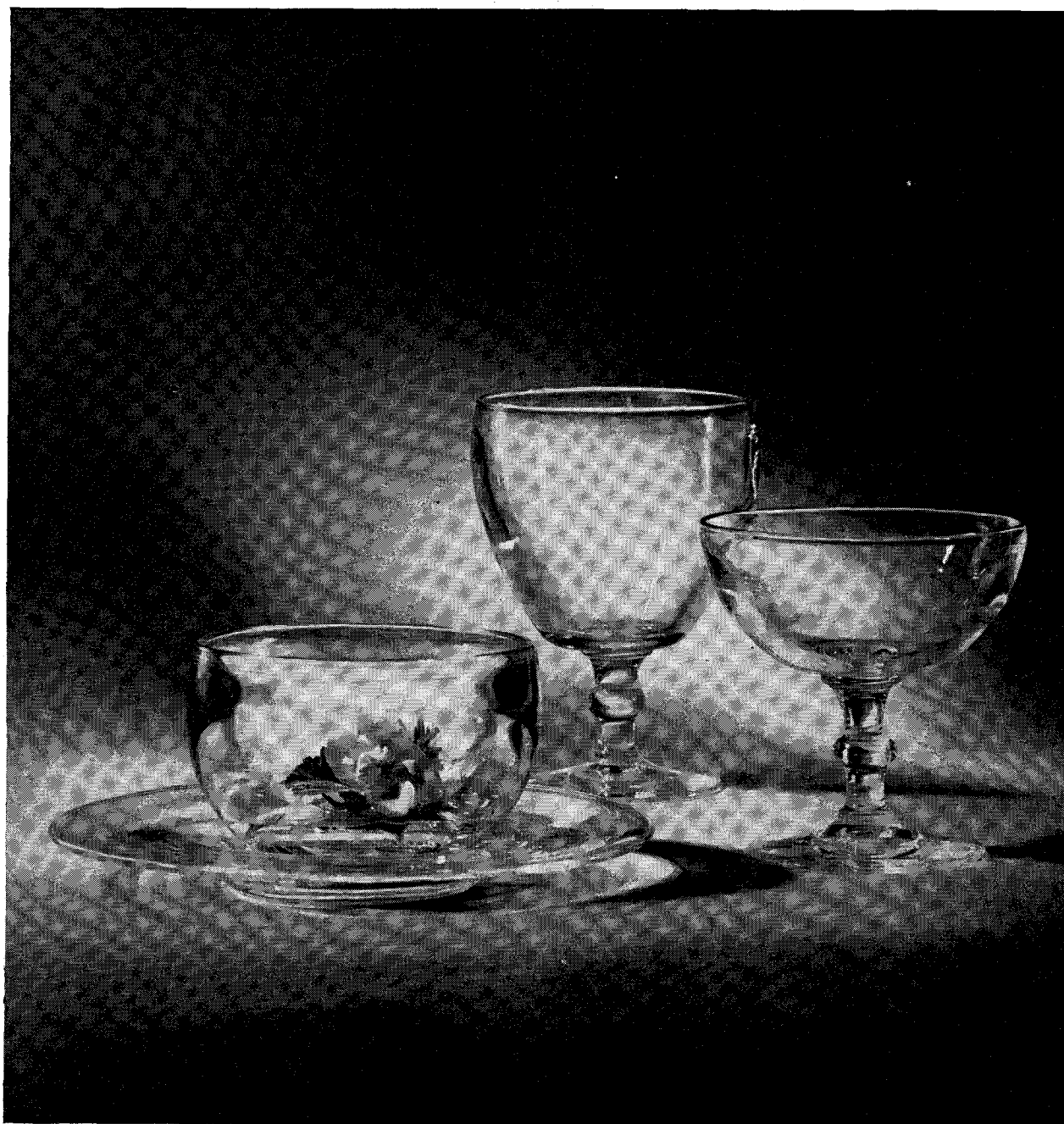
bows. Clarence Williams' trio, which has Karl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Nancy Andrews, a rip-roaring nor'easter, is in town again, still loudly proclaiming the joys of a splendidly misspent life. She's around except Sundays. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play crackling piano duets, and Hazel Webster is the solo pianist. Ancient movies Sundays; Mondays are amateur nights. . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8319): The almost lost art of the salon is still practiced by Mabel Mercer, who has first call on the songs of the best young composers. Sam Hamilton's piano is the appropriate setting. Closed Sundays. The place is over the frequently thunderous Show Spot Lounge. . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A true-to-life and feverish replica of those old nights in Montmartre. There are songs by Mac Barnes, Jimmie Daniels, and Norene Tate, all lusty survivors of those nights, plus the ingenious wit of Charlotte Rae and (through Sunday, May 24) the clamorings of the Three Mademoiselles. The polyphonic music of the Three Flames bubbles up now and then, too, sometimes as background for the manic songs of Tiger Haines. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open until late, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): The boys down at this firehouse—Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, Cliff Leeman, Wild Bill Davison, and sometimes even Mr. Condon—are a noisy but cheerful lot. Ralph Sutton plays interlude piano. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by a hard-riding group of guest hotshots. Closed Sundays. . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Jo Jones has assembled a guild of craftsmen (Hank Jones, Tyree Glenn, and Tommy Potter) who thoroughly understand one another. Erroll Garner's trio spells this quartet, which gets to work around ninety-three. From five-thirty to nine, Don Abney is at the piano. Closed Sundays. . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin is in command of the Dixieland firing squad here. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Danny Barker's new band, which includes Don Frye, Arthur Herbert, Heywood Henry, and Herman Autrey, holds forth here. Joe Sullivan is solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Charlie Parker's and Dizzy Gillespie's bands are here now. On Thursday, May 28, Ella Fitzgerald, Bill Davis's trio, and the trio headed by the magnificent Bud Powell will take over. . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Jimmy McPartland's boys, among them the mighty George Wettling, strive valiantly from Tuesdays through Saturdays until two or so, and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty, to fill this vasty deep with good music. On Sunday, May 24, from five-thirty to eight-thirty, Freddie Washington's Dixiecrats will team up with the local squad in a jam session. Dancing. . . **SANDBOX**, 1680 Broadway (CI 5-5970): Through Monday, May 25, Ruth Brown, Flip Phillips' trio, Illinois Jacquet's band, and a group headed by Slim Gaillard will be around. There are Sunday matinées from four to





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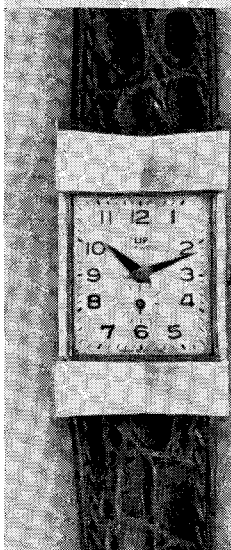
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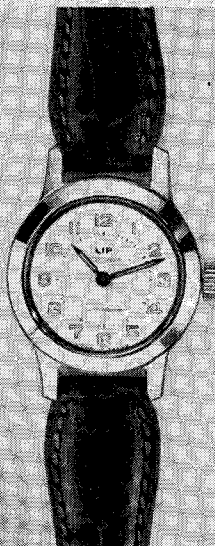
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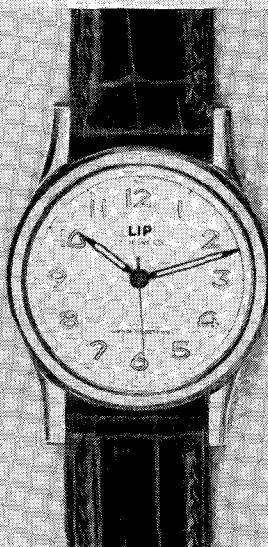
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- D. Boy's watch, luminous hands. Sweep second hand. **\$29.50*** *add 10% excise tax

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

seven. Dancing... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Except Mondays, after nine-thirty, the Douglas Duke trio experiments with quiet, unorthodox jazz... **ONYX**, 256 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9836): A small bar-and-grill where Juanita Hall, the original Bloody Mary (i.e., absolutely no tomato juice), sings late in the evening, and Stuff Smith, his jazz fiddle, and his quartet check in much earlier. They'll all be here through Wednesday, May 27. The following evening, a new collection of performers, topped by Chuck Wayne's quartet, will arrive... **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): The weekend barbecues here are an institution. Friday, May 22, the ingredients should include Wild Bill Davison, Bobby Hackett, Max Kaminsky, Bud Freeman, Jimmy Archey, Pee Wee Russell, Claude Hopkins, Zutty Singleton, Sonny Greer, and Jimmy Rushing... **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Friday and Saturday, May 22-23, a rousing shivaree by (it is hoped) Wilbur de Paris's superb band, Red Allen, Conrad Janis, and Willie the Lion Smith. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: An example apiece by twenty-four painters and two sculptors, selected by the artists themselves; through May 23... **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: New paintings by Herbert Katzman, Robert Knipschild, and six others of this gallery's younger artists; through May 29... **GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS**, 130 E. 56th St.: Virginia Banks, Xavier Gonzalez, Sidney Simon, and other gallery members in a biannual show; through May 22... **DE NAGY**, 206 E. 53rd St.: A review of the past year's work by ten of the artists here, with drawings by Dwight Ripley and oils by Harry Jackson; through June 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 5)... **NATIONAL ARTS CLUB**, 15 Gramercy Park: The annual members' exhibition of small canvases, containing works by Paul Mommer, Eugene Speicher, Nan Greacen, and others; through May 24. (Daily, noon to 6.)

BIALA—Bullfights, interiors, landscapes, and still-lives—all recent oils; through May 21. (The Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

HARRY CROWLEY—Abstract-Expressionist paintings, hazy in design but generally attractive in color; through May 30. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

VIRGINIA CUTHBERT—Thirteen new paintings by a Buffalo artist whose subjects range from industrial themes to Haitian ones; through May 22. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At **DUVEEN BROTHERS**, 18 E. 70th St.: Two oils of Venice by Guardi, a landscape by Gainsborough, and other "pastoral and urban fantasies" by old masters; through May 29... **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: A loan show of paintings by English artists of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, including works by Lawrence, Raeburn, Hogarth, and Turner, and an 1838 oil by Andrew Morton of the crown and sceptre that will be used at the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II; through May 23... **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57th St.: Oils by Chagall, Soutine, Rouault, Utrillo, and other French masters; through May 30... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A show called "Springtime in Painting," with fifty canvases by members of the Fontainebleau school and others; through May 29.

CONSTANTINE KERMES—Paintings, consciously naïve in style, celebrating New Mexican carvers and pottery makers, and other primitive craftsmen; through May 23. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

LENARD KESTER—Lively, semi-Expressionist paintings of beach scenes, picnics, carnivals, and other animated subjects; through May 29. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

ISRAEL LEVITAN—Abstract sculptures, by an art-

L'Aiglon

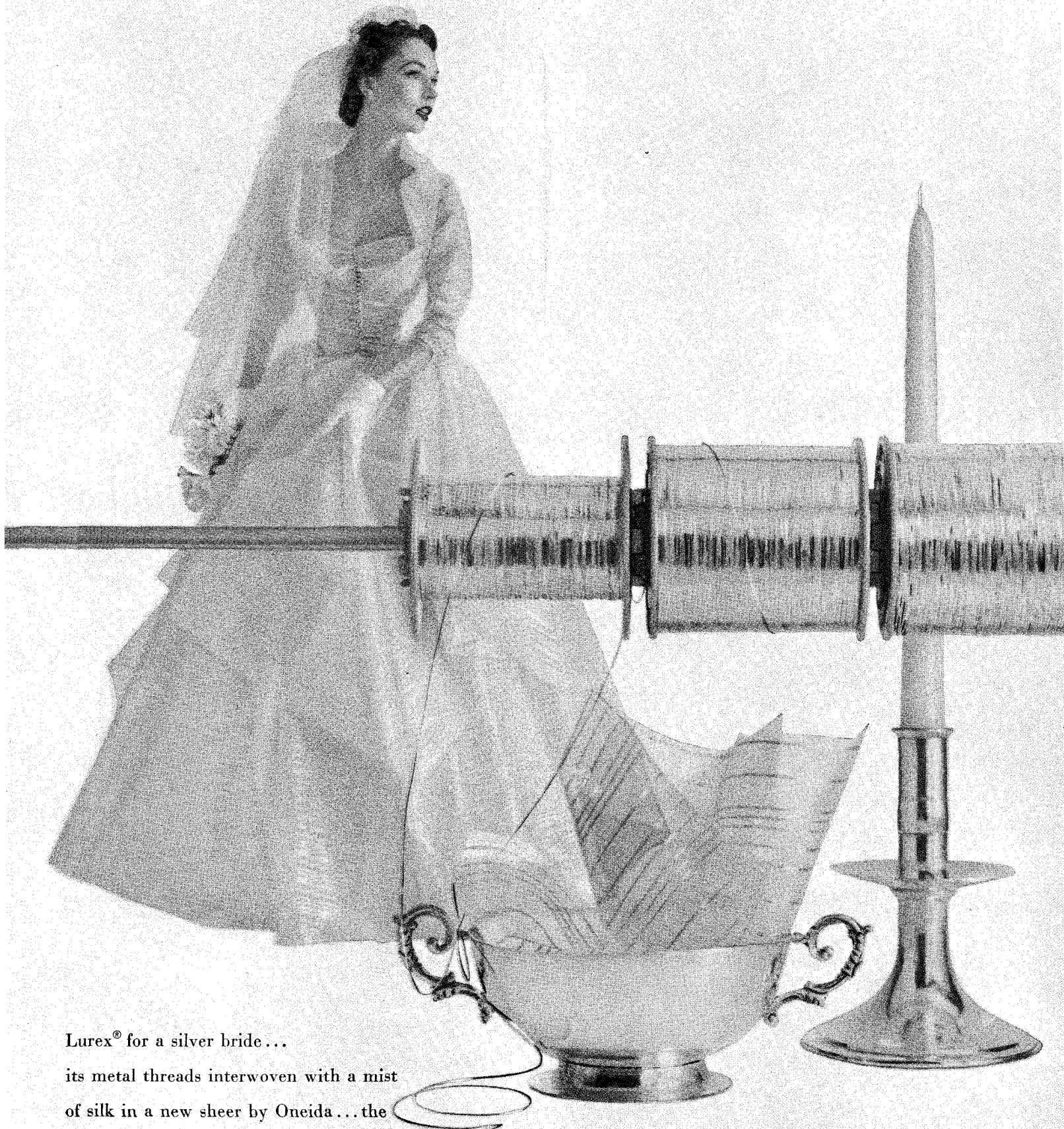
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ist with an especially good feeling for fluent design; through June 3. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Memorial Day.)

JEAN LURÇAT—Gouaches and drawings, some done as designs for his rugs; through June 6. (Cadby-Birch, 21 E. 63rd St. Closed Memorial Day.)

BORIS LITVIN—Paintings halfway between Surrealism and Impressionism in a minor retrospective that goes back as far as 1936; through May 29. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

JULIAN MARTIN AND HENRY DI SPIRITO—Seventeen recent sculptures each, Mr. Martin's in wood and concerned with human subjects, and Mr. Di Spirito's in hard stone and dealing with animals; through May 22. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5 and 7 to 10.)

MATTA—New abstractions, again suggesting the bony denizens and misty vastness of outer space; through May 23. (Iolas, 46 E. 57th St.)

RICHARD O'HANLON—Birds, chiefly, carved from unpolished natural stone, woods, and other materials; through May 30. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

KURT ROESCH—About thirty abstract oils, water colors, and drawings; through May 23. (Curt Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

SOUTH PACIFIC ART—Native ceremonial sculptures, many of them extremely rare, from New Ireland, New Britain, and other southern Pacific islands; through June 30. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

VACLAV VYTLACIL—A group of paintings, all but one in monochrome, playing agreeably with Pompeian motifs; through May 23. (Feigl, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: Florence Kawa; through June 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.) ... **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: Nathaniel Pousette-Dart; through June 6. (Closed Memorial Day.) ... **Group shows at the GANSO**, 125 E. 57th St.; through June 6. (Closed Memorial Day.) **HACKER**, 24 W. 58th St.; through June 30. (Closed Memorial Day.) **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.; through June 19. (Closed Memorial Day.) **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.; through May 29. (Closed Memorial Day.) **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.; through July 3. (Closed Memorial Day.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, starting at noon and continuing until dark; through Sunday, June 14.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The Seventeenth Biennial International Water Color Exhibition, with two hundred paintings by John Marin, Dong Kingman, Graham Sutherland, I. Rice Pereira, and others; through June 21. ... **Lee Chesney**, John Paul Jones, and Seong Moy are among the hundred or so artists represented in the annual print show, which this year is predominantly made up of woodcuts; through June 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An absorbing exhibition of Rembrandt paintings, drawings, and prints, most of them from the Museum's collection. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Around seventy-five paintings by Rouault, in various mediums, along with a hundred of his prints, many of them being shown for the first time in this country; through May 31. ... **"Sculpture of the Twentieth Century,"** a handsome, informative loan show, tracing the development of modern sculpture since the turn of the century; through Sept. 7. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The second exhibition in a series displaying the Museum's collection. It includes paintings by Bonnard, Chagall, and Modigliani, and sculptures by Brancusi and



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JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Close to forty water colors of Israel (1951) and twenty-five sculptures dating back to 1931, all by Chaim Gross; through July 30. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—The Museum's annual exhibition of contemporary American sculpture, water colors, and drawings by almost two hundred artists; through May 29. (Daily, except Monday, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

LARRY ADLER AND SHOSHANA DAMARI—Harmonica virtuoso and Israeli folk singer. (Town Hall. LU 2-4536. Sunday, May 24, at 8:30.)

ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK—Alfred Greenfield directing a performance of Handel's "Judas Maccabaeus." (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Tuesday, May 26, at 8:30. For tickets, which will not be on sale at the church, call CI 7-4199.)

"THE BARBER OF NEW YORK"—Siegfried Landau directing the Opera Workshop and the Orchestra of the New York College of Music in the first performances of an opera written by Ashley Vernon, with libretto by Greta Hartwig. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Tuesday and Wednesday, May 26-27, at 8:30. For tickets, call RE 7-5751.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BASEBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Dodgers, Thursday, May 21, at 8:30, and Friday, May 22, at 1:30. . . . **Giants vs. Philadelphia**, Friday, May 29, at 1:30, and Saturday, May 30, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Boston, Saturday and Sunday, May 23-24, at 2, and Monday, May 25, at 8:30. . . . **Yankees vs. Washington**, Wednesday and Thursday, May 27-28, at 2. . . . **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Giants, Wednesday, May 27, at 8, and Thursday, May 28, at 1:30.

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, May 22: Danny Giovannelli vs. Vince Martinez, welterweights, 10 rounds. . . . **Friday**, May 29: Lulu Perez vs. Glen Flanagan, featherweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

DOG SHOW—Morris and Essex Kennel Club. (Madison, N.J. Saturday, May 23.)

HORSE SHOWS—Brookville Horse Show. (Brookville, L.I. Saturday and Sunday, May 23-24.) . . . **Devon Horse Show**. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, May 23, and Monday through Saturday, May 25-30.)

HUNT RACING—Adjacent Hunts Racing Association. For the benefit of the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund. (Purchase. Saturday, May 23.)

RACING—At **BELMONT PARK**: Weekdays at 1:15; through Wednesday, June 17. The Metropolitan Handicap, Saturday, May 23, and the Suburban Handicap, Saturday, May 30. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:45 and 1:25.) . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Monday, at 2:30; through Saturday, May 30. (A train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11.) . . . **PIMLICO**, Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 23.

SPORTS-CAR ROAD RACING—Once again, the Alfa-Romeos, Jaguars, and Ferraris will churn around and around and around the unbanked turns of this four-mile course. Four races, plus a parade and race of such old wheezers as Stutz Bearcats, Stanley Steamers, and Mercers. Sponsored by the Sports Car Club of America. (Bridgehampton, L.I. Saturday, May 23; first race at 10 A.M.)

TRACK—I.C.A.A.A. Outdoor Championships. (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. Friday and Saturday, May 29-30.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Daily at 8:40; through Saturday, May 23. (Trains will

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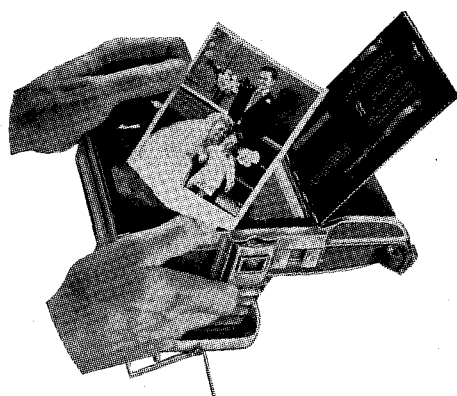
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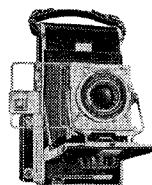
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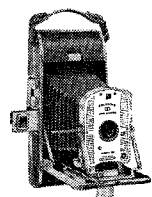
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leave Grand Central Station for the track Thursday and Friday at 6:53, 7:23, and 7:53, and Saturday at 7:45.) . . . **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40, from Monday, May 25, through Saturday, Sept. 26. (Trains will leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 7:04; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent until June 16, when the Trusteeship Council will convene; however, there will be periodic sessions of the Security Council and various commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. (United Nations Permanent Headquarters, First Ave. at 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays. For tickets, call PL 4-1234, Ext. 634, the day before you want to go, or write to Admissions Office, United Nations, New York, ten days in advance.) . . . **Hour-long tours of the Headquarters, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building about every ten minutes, daily. . . .** Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 22 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

POETRY CENTER READINGS—Sunday, May 24: Dylan Thomas reading from his own and others' works. . . . Thursday, May 28: Dylan Thomas and a company of actors reading "Under Milk Wood," his new play in verse. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Evenings at 8:40.)

FLOWER SHOW—A display of iris, presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 157 W. 58th St., at 7th Ave. Wednesday, May 27, from 1 to 4:30.)

CORONATION CEREMONIES—A page of an illuminated manuscript showing Edmund being crowned King of East Anglia in 856, prints of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century coronations, and incunabula and other material concerning the order, history, and customs of the ritual in England; through July 31. (Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St. Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 9:30 to 5.)

THE SEA AND THE CITY—About thirty ship models, one of Henry Hudson's Half Moon (1609) and another of the clipper Flying Cloud (1851); pictures of New York's harbor from 1653 to 1889; and other memorabilia tracing the city's maritime growth during the last three hundred years. Through Oct. 12. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Memorial Day, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The current show, called "Messengers from Space," deals with theories regarding the origins and behavior of meteors, comets, and asteroids, and, in addition, dramatizes the formation of the Meteor Crater in Arizona; through May 31. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Memorial Day, 10 to 5)—Thursday, May 21, at 1:45: French furniture from several periods; Dresden, Berlin, and other decorative porcelains; eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings; and other objects of art. The property of the late Grace H. Mitchell and others. . . . Friday, May 22, at 1:45: Terrace and garden furniture and decorations, including sculptures in limestone, cast iron, marble, and other mediums, belonging to Mme. Renée Guibal, Haut-du-Val, France. . . . Wednesday and Thursday, May 27-28, at 1:45: Adam-Hepplewhite, Sheraton, Chinese Chippendale, Louis XV, and Louis XVI furniture; porcelains, including Minton, Dresden, and Berlin; laces and linens; sterling-silver and silver-plated ware; contemporary French paintings; and other decorations. Owned by Adele Lagstein and others. Exhibition starts Friday, May 22.



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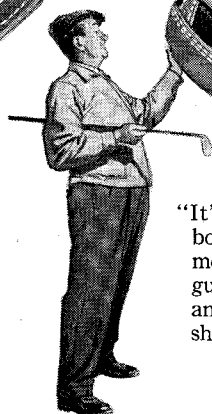


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



CALL ME MADAM—Maybe the book of this musical film, which concerns the adventures of an American Ambassadress in some monarchy where singing and dancing are all the rage, is a trifle loose-knit, but you ought to enjoy Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor, Vera-Ellen, George Sanders, and Billy De Wolfe as they go about taking up some of the slack. An adaptation of the Lindsay-Crouse musical comedy in which Miss Merman appeared on Broadway. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through May 26.)

COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA—Shirley Booth, in her first movie appearance, turns in a piece of acting that ought to set a standard for the ladies of Hollywood. In this story of an alcoholic and his slatternly spouse, Miss Booth gets valiant assistance from Burt Lancaster, Terry Moore, and Richard Jaeckel. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through May 23.... Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through May 26.... Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; May 22-24.... Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting May 22.... Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-1380; May 23-26.... 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; May 24-27.... York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; starting May 27.)

FANFAN THE TULIP—Gérard Philipe simulating a number of the gymnastic feats of Douglas Fairbanks in a French burlesque of movie costume drama. The picture includes lively jibes at some of the haphazard aspects of love and war. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

MOULIN ROUGE—John Huston's decorative description of the career of Toulouse-Lautrec, which includes some of the best color photography you've ever laid your eyes on. José Ferrer is cast as the artist and Colette Marchand gives him estimable support as the most important lady in his life. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060; through May 26.)

ROME, 11 O'CLOCK—In this melodramatic Italian medley, the high points in the careers of several young ladies are sifted out. The ladies in question have in common the fact that they were involved in the collapse of a stairway while lined up to apply for a petty job.

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The President's Lady," Susan Hayward, Charlton Heston.

BROADWAY, B'way at 53rd. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama," a demonstration of a new movie-projection technique. (Nightly at 8:40. Matinees Mondays through Fridays at 2:40, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5. Extra showings Saturdays at 11:40 P.M. Reserved seats only.)

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through May 26: **MOULIN ROUGE**.
From May 27: "Battle Circus," Humphrey Bogart, June Allyson.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through May 27: "Split Second," Stephen McNally, Alexis Smith.

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Cesare Zavattini is responsible for the script, which is based on an actual occurrence, and Giuseppe de Santis for the direction, which is solid. Carla Del Poggio, Lea Padovani, Lucia Bose, and Elena Varzi are among those present. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

REVIVALS

THE ADVENTURES (1947)—An English comedy about the anti-British activities of a patriotic Irish girl during the Second World War. With Deborah Kerr. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through May 26.)

THE AFRICAN QUEEN (1952)—Down an African river with Katharine Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; May 21.)

THE BICYCLE THIEF (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 21.)

THE BLUE ANGEL (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer, and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through May 26.... Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; May 24-27.)

BRIEF ENCOUNTER (1946)—A British cinema expansion of Noel Coward's one-act play "Still Life." With Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting May 27.)

ENCORE (1952)—Three Maugham stories. A British film, with Nigel Patrick, Kay Walsh, and Glynis Johns. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through May 23.)

HARVEY (1950)—Something about a rabbit. With James Stewart and Josephine Hull. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; May 21.)

HIGH NOON (1952)—Cow-country stuff, with Gary Cooper mixing it up with malefactors. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; May 21.)

KISS OF DEATH (1947)—Gangster homicide in New York. With Victor Mature and Richard Widmark. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; May 24.)

MAJOR BARBARA (1941)—The English screen

version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. With Wendy Hiller. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 22-25.)

THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. An English picture, with Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; May 21.)

MIRACLE IN MILAN (1951)—An Italian comedy about a boy who turns the local shantytown into a popular residential area. Directed by Vittorio De Sica. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 21.)

PYGMALION (1938)—More G.B.S. A British film, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 22-25.)

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (1935)—Leslie Howard, Merle Oberon, and the French Revolution. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; May 24-27.)

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE (1951)—Tennessee Williams' story of a shabby New Orleans family. With Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; May 21.)

TALES OF HOFFMANN (1951)—A big British amalgam of opera, ballet, and cinematography. With Moira Shearer, Robert Helpmann, and Robert Rounseville. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

THIS HAPPY BREED (1947)—Noel Coward's hymn of praise to the British middle classes. An English film, with Celia Johnson and Robert Newton. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting May 27.)

THUNDER ROCK (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan light-house. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through May 23.)

THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency. A Mexican film, with a cast of amateurs. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through May 23.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through May 24: "The Thin Man" (1934), with William Powell and Myrna Loy.... Starting May 25: "Top Hat" (1935), with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED
IN THE SECTION ABOVE

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Desert Rats," James Mason, Richard Burton.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Young Bess," Jean Simmons, Stewart Granger, Deborah Kerr.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Desert Song," Kathryn Grayson, Gordon MacRae.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Salome," Rita Hayworth, Stewart Granger, Charles Laughton.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through May 26: "Trouble Along the Way," John Wayne, Donna Reed.
From May 27: "Titanic," Clifton Webb, Barbara Stanwyck.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Thunder Bay," James Stewart, Joanne Dru.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Juggler," Kirk Douglas, Milly Vitale.

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
ROME, 11 O'CLOCK (in Italian).



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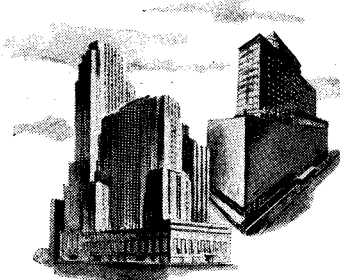
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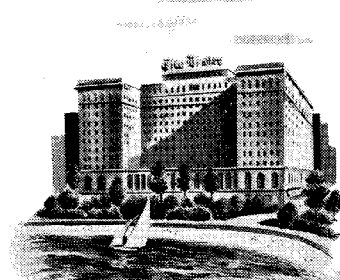
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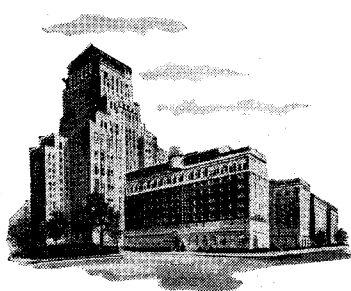
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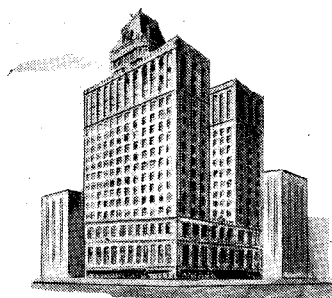
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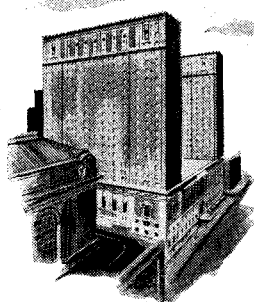
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The Drake



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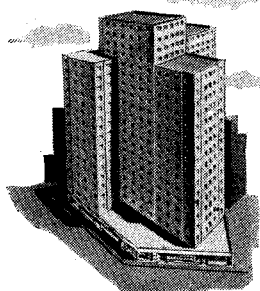
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PHOTO: MAXWELL COPLAN

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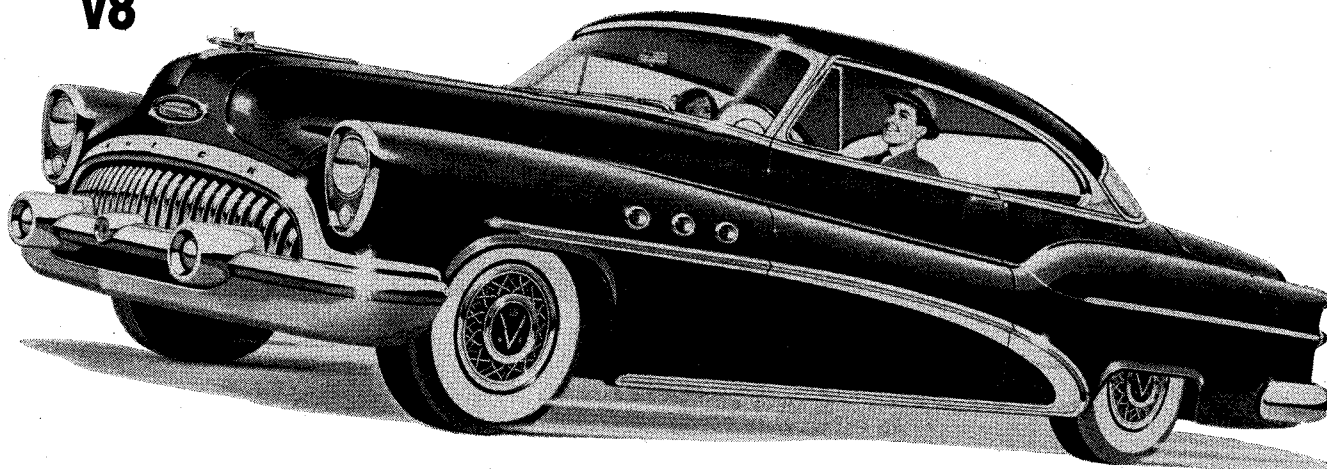
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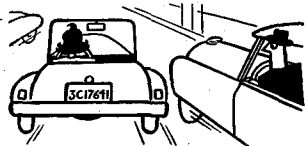
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AT twenty-one minutes past ten last Saturday morning, driving to Long Island over the Triborough Bridge, we drew up alongside a determined-looking lady in a café-au-lait Mercury convertible on whose



license plate the phrase "The Empire State" had been painted out with black paint. The expression she had expunged has long struck us as offensive, and, on out-of-state trips, as a positive incitement to xenophobia. Sympathetically, we stepped on the gas, passed the lady, flung a glance backward, and waved at her. She looked at us coldly. On the chance that her eyes may light on this paragraph, we wish to explain our wave: it was a salute to her blow against chauvinism, not an invitation to dalliance.

WE have always known that judges in high courts have a tendency to reverse. It was called to our attention last week that they also have a tendency to revise. In an opinion handed down some months ago by Judges Hutcheson, Russell, and Strum of the United States Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit, a decision of the United States District Court for the Northern District of Alabama was reversed. One sentence of the opinion read as follows:

We think it plain that the district judge, misled by the false analogy of the short sale form adopted as the efficient means and by the legal craftsmanship exhibited in the confection and carrying out of the plan, mistook shadow for substance, appearance for reality, and accepted, without sufficient scrutiny, an arrangement which, seeming in form fair and genuine, was in substance a whited sepulcher full of dead men's bones, a Trojan horse in outward seeming

fair, but, hidden within, Greeks bearing gifts.

Well, sir, one month, two months slid by and Hutcheson, Russell, and Strum made no move to do anything about that sentence. Recently, though, the judges came through with a revised version of it, as follows:

We think it plain that the district judge, misled by the false analogy of the short sale form adopted as the efficient means for, and the legal craftsmanship exhibited in, the confection and carrying out of the plan, mistook shadow for substance, appearance for reality, and accepted, without sufficient scrutiny, an arrangement which was without legal substance or effect tax-wise.

Not knowing much about the law, we are unable to make up our mind about what sort of judges Hutcheson, Russell, and Strum are, but, having dabbled in literature to some extent, we're able to say that they are not perfectionists. Having messed up that sentence to start with, they simply went back and fixed it as best they could. Presumably they are now busy writing an opinion on some other case. Loping along after perfection is one thing, but actually trying to attain it and possess it is something else again. As Hutcheson, Russell, and Strum probably know, perfection is a whited sepulcher full of dead men's bones, a Trojan horse in outward seeming fair, but, hidden within, Greeks bearing gifts.

Revelation

WALTER S. MACK, a dapper salesman whose career we have followed with fascination through lively romances with Pepsi-Cola and Nedicks Orange Drink, invited us and a hundred or so other guests to a "Revolutionary Revelation" lunch at the Waldorf the other day. We went. After nearly two hours' worth of drink and food, none of it notably unconventional, Mr. Mack stood up behind a table on which were arrayed various bottles and

cans, and rapped for attention. Behind him was a mirror with a printed strip saying "Nothing is so powerful as an idea whose time has come" pasted on it. "I hope you all feel in a very revolutionary spirit," said Mack, a Republican whose name was once bandied about as a possible mayor of New York. After that gambit, he plunged into an earnest spiel about such revolutionary revelations of the past as jet aircraft, television, and three-dimensional films, and then drifted into a discussion of foodstuffs. Our pulse quickened. "I'm about to reveal a fundamental change in methods of operation in the soft-drink industry," he announced gravely. "This revolution had to come. Neither you nor I nor anyone else could stop it. I am about to launch a line of soft drinks in non-returnable, no-deposit, fool-proof, cutproof, drinking TIN CANS!" He paused triumphantly. You could have heard a pile driver drop.

A fleet of waiters scurried out of an anteroom toward the lunch tables



and gave each guest two tin cans, one stamped "C. & C. Ginger Ale" and the other "C. & C. Super Coola." They had cone-shaped tops surmounted by standard bottle caps. "Let me tell you what I found when I got mixed up in the soft-drink industry," said Mr. Mack while these revelations were being passed out. He gave a brief history of the cola business. Then he explained that National Phoenix Industries, a corporation of which he is president, two years ago bought Cantrell & Cochrane, a venerable soft-drink outfit, of which he is also president (as he is of Nedicks, too). He seized a defenseless bottle of Pepsi-Cola from the display in front of him. "Look at this!" he said scornfully, and we couldn't help



"Come, come! One of you must be next."

remembering how he used to say he loved the stuff. That was before he switched to Nedicks. And now . . . He grabbed a bottle opener and pried the cap off the Pepsi-Cola. "Look what happened!" he shouted. "A little piece of glass broke off!"

A man at our table, sipping coffee and critically examining his unopened Super Coola can, remarked, "This has a haunting resemblance to a Pepsi-Cola can Walter was promoting three or four years ago." Mack, oblivious to the clatter of cans, went on to tell a chilling story about what happened once to a child who ran full tilt into a rock while holding a bottled soft drink in his hand. Then he explained that his new tin can is capable of withstanding high carbonation pressure, thanks to a design that the Continental Can Company (of which he is not president) developed for him. "Don't ask me what's in the lining," he said. "Ask Continental Can. They won't tell you." With one hand, he next held up a box containing twenty-four cans of Super Coola, to demon-

strate how light they were. Then, straining like a wrestler, he hoisted on high a case of twenty-four Pepsi bottles. At the conclusion of this feat, puffing slightly, he declared, "An old Coca-Cola executive said to me the other day, 'Walter, this tin can of yours is greater than "Ben-Hur."'" And another thing—we have wrapped up Vitamin C in these soft drinks. Five flavors, all vitalized. That is the reason why I have the temerity to say to you, 'Here is something in the trend of modern living—this little atomic container that you have before you today.'"

We sampled the contents of our two cans, which tasted pretty much like, respectively, all other colas and ginger ales of our experience. Then we started to leave, staggering under the weight of a giant bottle opener, or Super Coola can opener, that an attendant had urged upon us. Mack was having his picture taken, holding aloft a tray jammed with Super Coola cans. "I told the boys I wouldn't run for mayor," he was saying to a man beside him. Mack caught our

eye. "Goodbye!" he called merrily. "I'm having a lot of fun. It's super-ka-dooper."

Hallmark

A LOCAL publisher, wishing to make a person-to-person call to M. F. Ashley Montagu, the anthropologist and author, in Princeton, but not knowing his phone number or street address, dialled long distance, gave the name and town, and heard the New York operator call Information in Trenton and supply the name. "One moment, please," said the Trenton operator. After a brief interval of silence, the New York operator went on to say, "That's in Princeton, Operator." "Oh, I knew that," said the Trenton lady. "People with that kind of name *always* live there."

Culver City's Loss

GWEN VERDON, the red-headed dancer who is causing such a commotion in "Can-Can," was born and reared in Culver City, California, where her father is an M-G-M electrician. "It's now indistinguishable from Beverly Hills, and so forth," she said when we called on her last week, "but when I was a girl

it was a little tiny city of its own on the outskirts of Los Angeles, close to the ocean. My brother and I used to climb up to the oil wells, and we'd fish in a creek for crawdads. The tail is good to eat. You catch them by dragging a bucket along the bottom of the creek. The creek is now called La Ballona River." We asked what a crawdad is, and she described a large crayfish. How about the business of dancing, we asked, and she said, "My mother used to dance with Ruth St. Denis and the Cansinos, and later had a ballet school for children and adults. I went to it until I was twelve, when she gave it up. As far as I was concerned, everybody danced. In my teens, I danced with the Ada Broadbent Ballet Group of the Civic Light Opera Company summers. I married Jim Henaghan, a newspaperman and screen writer, when I was sixteen. We have a ten-year-old boy, James O'Farrell Henaghan. I gave up dancing when I married, and took it up again five or six years later, when we were divorced. I got in a show called 'Bonanza

Bound,' which ran six days in Philadelphia, and then joined the Jack Cole dancers in Florida. After that, I did some pictures for Twentieth Century-Fox—mostly dancing parts. We used to have to work from six-thirty in the morning until six in the evening. You can lead a much better life in the theatre than in pictures. It's much easier. I can be home and in bed by twelve-thirty and up at nine. Sometimes I stay up until five in the morning and walk down Fifth Avenue—no cars, nothing. Oh, it's beautiful!"

Miss Verdon advised us that her real given name is Gwyneth. "Welsh," she said. "But nobody in the family is Welsh. Mother was fascinated by the name. You know, my last two years in high school—I graduated just before I was married—I worked as a model, and got through my schoolwork by hiring a tutor. I made more money than I paid the tutor, so I figured it was practical. I played the trumpet in the school band. I wanted to finish school, because I think the better your educational background is, the more you can learn. I love to take in new things, especially paintings and sculpture. I paint—very badly, but I enjoy every minute of it. I own one Picasso clown. I especially like his harlequins. I'd love someday to own a Braque tapestry. The colors he uses! I can hardly wait to get over to the new Sculpture Garden at the Museum of Modern Art. I don't like parties much, but I'm being very social for a while on account of the show's success. Then I have to receive all these awards! I've just been elected the Shirley Booth of the dance world, I forget by whom, or what. I've had a very full and exciting life because I've been interested in so many things, and one leads to another. Indian dancing made me study Indian religious beliefs, for instance. Now, in this show I like the opening best, where all the girls troop into the courtroom and make a scene. We're all free, untamed rebels—just glandular girls. I eat at Sardi's, around five-thirty. I don't like to eat meals. I like the tasty

things that lead up to meals—the hors d'oeuvres are so much better than a steak. And snails! I was in Paris two years ago for ten weeks, as dance director at the Lido night club, and I ate snails all the time. I just adore them. I gained twelve pounds. The butter sauce, you know—and then the garlic made me so thirsty that I drank a lot of wine. My son is coming here soon—he's in Culver City with my parents—and we'll go riding in the Park. I've only spent six months of my life in New York, altogether, but I think it's a wonderful city. Especially for a child! The education you can get just by walking down streets! I can't understand why people think children are better off in the country. They aren't, are they?"

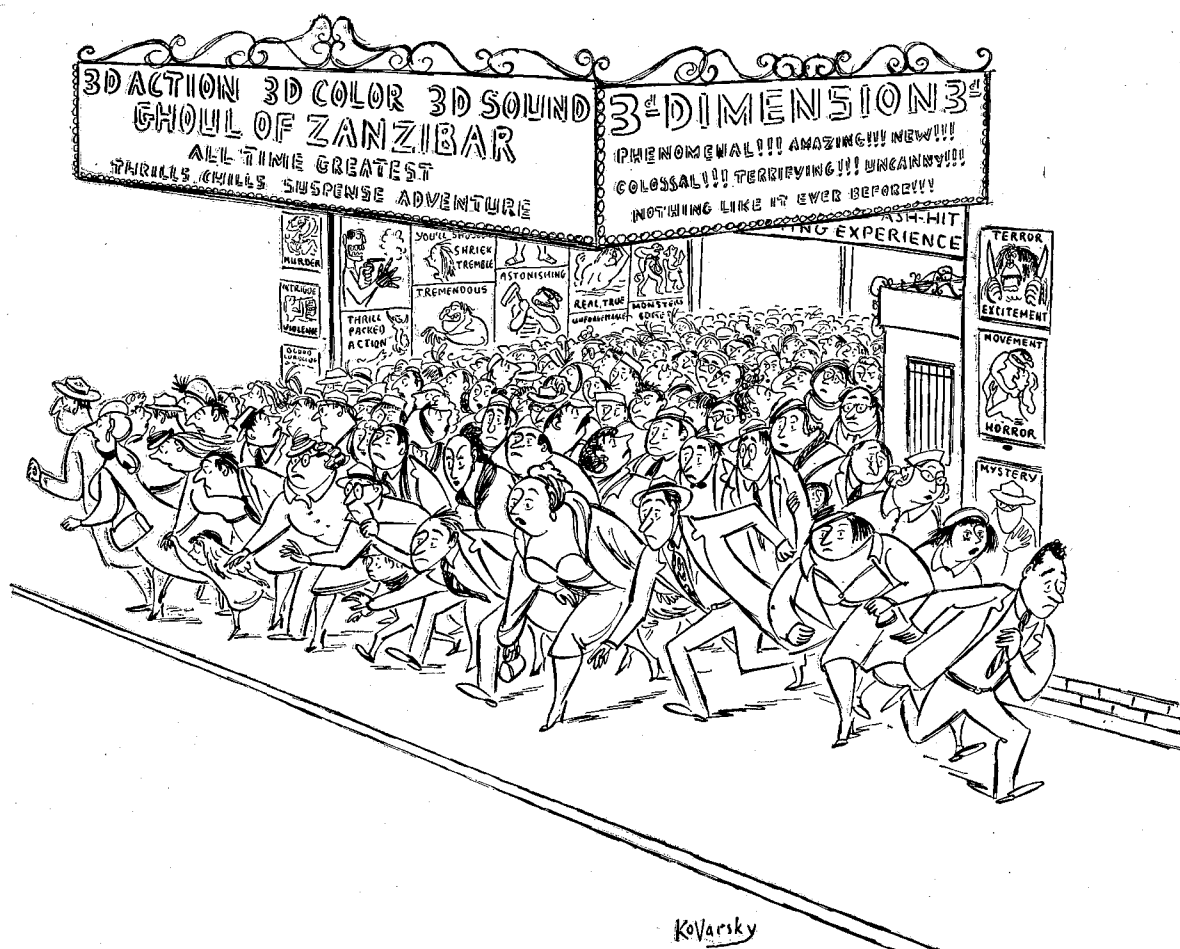
SIGN in a tailor shop on East Twenty-seventh Street: "Two Hour Cleaning—in by 10 A.M., out by 4 P.M."

Country Museum

"MR. VANDERBILT was looking for a place to anchor his yacht," Mr. Harry E. Martinsen, executive director of Eagle's Nest, the former William K. Vanderbilt estate at Centerport, Long Island, now a museum, told us the

other afternoon by way of explaining the genesis of the Spanish-Moroccan Warren & Wetmore house that was the object of our pilgrimage. The Vanderbilt Museum, just started on its fourth available-to-the-public season—it is open from May through October every day except Monday, and embraces, in addition to the main house, a separate Hall of Fishes—contains seventeen thousand items, and in our opinion can't be beat as a repository of stuffed fish, stuffed birds, models and pictures of Vanderbilt yachts, Vanderbilt portraits and watches (including ones of and belonging to the Commodore, W. K.'s great-grandfather), groups of Sudanese antelopes, ceremonial capes from Albania, fifteenth-century Portuguese Caen-stone fireplaces, books on Napoleon, whale-tooth necklaces, tortoiseshell crowns, notices of early automobile races ("Chain your dog, and lock up your fowls," a 1904 Nassau County specimen reads), French sword canes, cane guns, duelling pistols, crabs, sea worms, sea lice, fronded sea cucumbers, Panamanian ants' tree nests, shrunken Peruvian human heads, seventeenth-century Japanese armor, python and anaconda skins, and great Australian whelk eggs.

We inspected these variegated treasures—the fruit, for the most part, of



many a Vanderbilt cruise on his yachts Ara and Alva—in the company of Mr. Martinsen and the Museum's curator, Mr. Woodhull Young. From them, we learned that Mr. V. died in 1944, leaving his place and its forty-three acres to his widow, with the provision that after her death it should go to Suffolk County; he also established a two-million-dollar fund for its maintenance. Mrs. Vanderbilt died, *in situ*, in 1947; the place was opened to the public in the summer of 1950, and it has since attracted over a hundred thousand visitors. "We have a staff of twenty-six, including fifteen guards," Mr. Martinsen said. "We're closed during the cold months because it would cost too much to heat the place. The rest of the year, most of the house is open to the public, except for the library, which we hope to show next spring, and the apartments occupied by Mr. Young and myself."

Mr. Martinsen guided us through the old Vanderbilt living quarters, which look out over Northport Bay and house an Italian-marble bathtub (Mrs. V.'s) reputed to have cost seventy-five hundred dollars; Mr. Vanderbilt's First World War ribbons; an 1818 deed to the Vanderbilt burial plot on Staten Island; an 1861 photograph showing Abraham Lincoln and the Commodore, among others, sitting on the veranda of the Grand Union Hotel in Saratoga; a seventy-thousand-dollar pipe organ concealed behind a tapestry that cost goodness knows what; and a guestbook containing such magic names as Theodore Roosevelt, Wallis Windsor, Edward, Sonia Henie, and Jerome Zerbe. Mr. Martinsen took us out on a terrace overlooking what used to be a six-hole golf course; the fairways are still cropped regularly, but it is no longer used. The first tee is on the roof of the Hall of Fishes, right above a Bahamian butterfly fish named *Chaetodon consuelae*, after Mr. Vanderbilt's sister.

From a few notes we took on some of the things Mr. V. collected, and the labels he had affixed to them, he appears to have been an eclectic, sentimental, scientific, and objective collector. In one case, side by side, are "Old type handcuffs and keys, circa 1865," "Ancient Hebrew ceremonial wand from old Syria," "German Saw Bayonet picked up on the Battle Field of Verdun by William K. Vanderbilt," and "Old coins found in old Poole House at Deepdale, L.I." Near the model of a Samoan war canoe is "Child's toy sailboat picked up by the Ara, W. K. Vanderbilt in command.

It was found sailing gallantly along, far out in the Gulf Stream, off the coast of Florida." Another memento we liked was a Samoan high chief's fly whisk, labelled:

Presentation Whisk. This whisk was presented to W. K. Vanderbilt... by a group of Samoan chiefs... who visited the Alva and in a colorful ceremony adopted him into the tribe with the title of "Logoitumua Aumai Tafa Ua Tau." It is interesting to note how insidiously white man's culture gradually undermines that of the native, as exemplified by this whisk. The shaft is a rung of a white man's chair, while the whisk itself is horsehair, a material nonexistent before the introduction of the horse into the islands.

The old, uncorrupted native whisks, it was explained on another card, were made of coconut-fibre fringes.

On our way from Mr. Logoitumua Aumai Tafa Ua Tau's house to our car, in the cobblestoned patio, Mr. Martinsen called our attention to scores of iron flowerpot holders attached to the outside sills of the windows. "It used to take a thousand geraniums to fill them," he said. "We've had to give that sort of thing up. Not enough money. You should see our electric-light bills!"

INTEROFFICE memorandum
I picked up on the floor of the William Morris Agency:

B—thought of the following titles as possibilities for the TV show which you discussed and he would like to discuss them with you:

Stars of Tomorrow
Stars of Today and Yesterday
Stars of Yesterday and Today
Stars of Yesterday and Tomorrow
Stars of Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow

Guttersnipe's Boss

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE, the new editor of *Punch*, is a blue-eyed man of fifty with expressive hands, an animated, mobile face, and a handkerchief in his left sleeve. He was here on a visit last week, to talk at the Overseas Press Club dinner and open a travelling exhibit of his publication's art in Pittsburgh. We caught him one morning



and besought him for the story of his life and times. "My father was a Member of Parliament and an early Fabian," he said. "I was very much suckled on Fabianism and the assumptions of the Left. Father was characteristic of the beginnings of the Labour Party, which was founded by people of piety who had lost their faith. Well, now. After Cambridge, I taught English literature for two and a half years at a college in southern India. Then I lectured for another two and a half years at Egyptian University, in Cairo. Between these jobs, I returned to England and married a niece of Mrs. Sidney Webb. This was like an early Christian marrying into a family of Apostles."

The Apostles' in-law, who had contributed to the Manchester *Guardian* while in Egypt, became its leader writer in 1930. Two years later, he went to Moscow as the paper's correspondent. "I thought I was frightfully hampered," he said, "but compared to now it was riotous freedom. You could travel to collective farms, and you could argue with the censor. The Webb connection gave me a slight aura of sanctity in the eyes of the Russians. But all this disappeared, because I took a deep hatred to the regime and wrote a book, 'Winter in Moscow,' in which I lampooned various journalists and other visitors to Russia. They seemed to me either stupid or corrupt. The book's characters are thinly disguised. It's not a good book, and I don't want to crack it up, but it has a kind of early-Fathers-of-the-Church interest." After Moscow, and a year or so on the *Calcutta Statesman*, Mr. Muggeridge joined the London *Evening Standard* and subsequently spent three years in the country, writing books and book reviews. "My most successful book was 'The Thirties,' a survey of the decade," he said. "It was published in America as 'The Sun Never Sets.' I can't think why."

Mr. Muggeridge was an Intelligence major in the war. He served in Africa, Italy, and France, and was awarded the Legion of Honor, the Croix de Guerre with Palm, and the Médaille de la Reconnaissance Française. "Usual sort of thing," he said. "One went around and did various odd jobs. I was connected a good deal with the French." In 1946, he came to Washington as correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph*, of which he presently became deputy editor, or No. 2 man. From there, three months ago, he moved to *Punch*. "I had never contributed to *Punch* or even read *Punch*," he said. "I think the owners felt it had got a bit inbred and wanted an outside professional journalist. I find



"First class here, tourist at the other end of the island."

the job fascinating, but I don't yet understand it properly. I want to bring in some new writers and make the magazine more topical. Its role should be social history—to record the age. So far, I've been working very much in the dark. I read *Punch* now, of course, not always without a certain difficulty, and I've read some of the back issues. Its satirical writing was much harsher a hundred years ago than it is now. The Royal Family was by no means sacrosanct, as it is today. I think the age of the common man and the welfare state has made people much more mealy-mouthed than they used to be. They hold institutions in contempt, but they're

more obsequiously disposed to the individuals in authority. Take Samuel Johnson. He had an immense veneration for social institutions, but he ridiculed people in authority. What you have now is a growing servility of man and a preparation for the servile state that I fear is on the way. The harsher satire is, the better I like it myself. Humor is marvellous—a sort of earthy poetry—but facetiousness is intolerable. The 1914-18 war I think really frightened the middle and upper classes, who are the readers of *Punch*. They came to want escapism, a sort of Wodehouse dream world. I think to cater to this amounts to dereliction. *Punch* is not sup-

posed to be an escape for nervous middle-class persons. It's frightfully important to have bad taste in humor. Good taste is the death of our trade. Mr. Punch is not a gentleman, and he hasn't been to a good school. He must be a bit of a guttersnipe."

Safe

THIS mysterious tale comes to us from a lady who saw a postman opening a mailbox at Park Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street. From it, he extracted a batch of letters, which he put in his sack, and a large red apple, which he munched as he headed east.

VISITORS TO THE POND

WHEN Senator McCarthy turned his attention to H. D. Thoreau, the egghead of Concord, and decided to visit the Walden country to look into the very suspicious fact of Thoreau's pondside interlude, he asked me to go along as guide. I always jump at the chance of an outing and I agreed readily. Copies of "Walden, or Life in the Woods" had been found on the shelves of libraries of the United States Information Service overseas, and the Senator was in a high state of excitement about it. He was particularly anxious that I accompany him to the pond, as he wanted me to read aloud from the pocket edition, which has fine print. Long hours of studying defamatory evidence have affected McCarthy's vision, and there are days when he can hardly see anything smaller than a subpoena.

The minute we stepped from the train at the Concord station, the indescribable innocence and beneficence of Nature began having a bad effect on my companion. It was a lovely afternoon, and I suggested that we walk out to the pond along the tracks of the Fitchburg Railroad, but McCarthy refused irritably and demanded a cab.

"I'd like to walk," I protested.

"And I want to ride," snapped the Senator. It was a contretemps.

"A contretemps!" cried a bystander, and several other Concordians, idling on the platform, gathered around to see the fun.

Seizing the opportunity, I pulled "Walden" from my pocket and turned

quickly to page 119, knowing that I could use the text to mollify the Senator. "Here," I said. "We'll let Thoreau himself settle the point whether we walk or ride. Here's the passage: 'I have found that no exertion of the legs can bring two minds much nearer to one another.'"

"There you are!" said the Senator. "We ride."

As I climbed into the cab behind my strong-willed companion, I could see that his spirits were mounting because of the little incident that I had so deftly turned in his favor. At the pond, we paid off the driver and I led the Senator rapidly along the path, showing him Deep Cove and the site of the cabin. McCarthy cased the woodland quickly. He explained that he liked to "get the feel" of a person's background before going after him. As we were standing there, imbibing the past through every pore, a skunk appeared on the path, eyed us curiously, turned, and walked away. The Senator chuckled.

"What's funny, Senator?" I inquired.

"Young man," he replied (he kept calling me "young man," although I am ten years his senior), "young man, one thing you'll find out—everywhere you go in this country you'll come across a skunk." The episode seemed to please him immensely and his mood was now mellow. He was soon grilling me closely about Thoreau's character, habits, and associates.

"How big was the house?" he asked.

"Ten by fifteen," I replied.

"How big was the mortgage?"

"There wasn't any," I said, weakly. The Senator's eyes narrowed. He drew a notebook and pencil from his pocket and scribbled, "Says there was no mortgage."

"I consider it un-American not to have a mortgage," murmured the Senator, as though speaking to himself. "Besides, it's probably a lie."

"Well, this case was a little different," I explained. "The whole house cost only a little over twenty-eight dollars. That was for materials. Thoreau did the work himself."

"I'd certainly like to see a breakdown of those figures," muttered the Senator. So I showed him page 42 and read him the modest accounting.

Suddenly McCarthy turned on me. "Answer a simple question!" he said. "Did this man believe in the American way of life?"

"I will answer that," I replied, "if you will tell me what you mean by the American way of life."

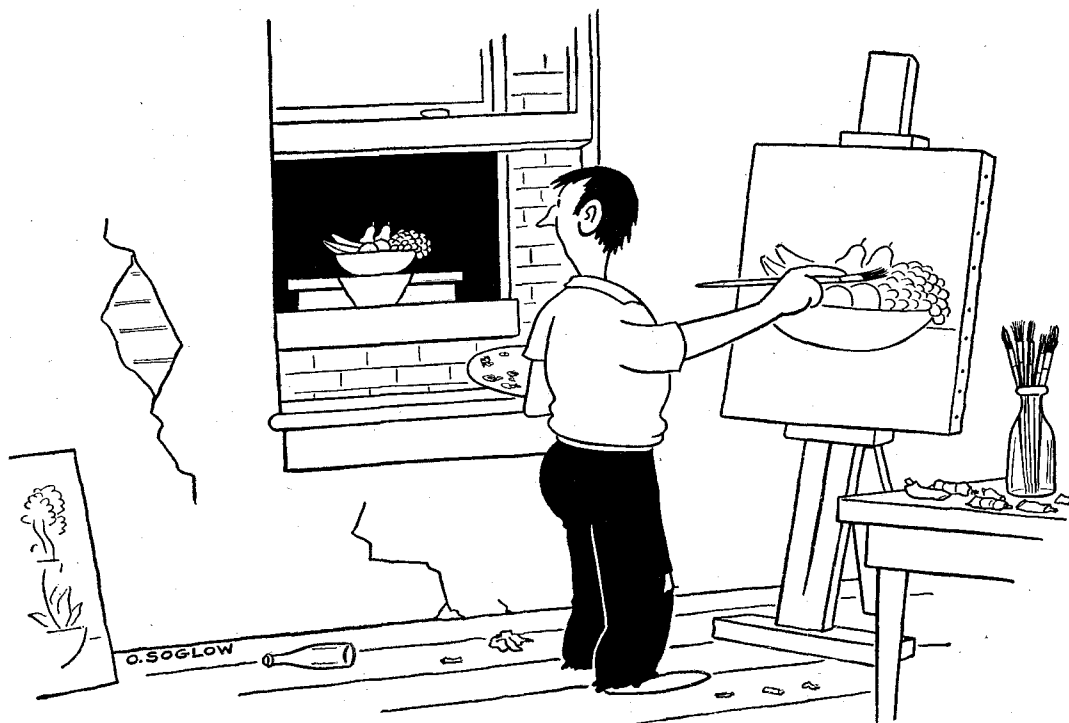
A foxy smile spread across the Senator's face as he detected the trap I had laid for him. "Young man," he said, "I praise Americanism, I don't define it. If you define it, you lose customers. But let's get down to business. Let's get to the book!"

I was more than willing. "Walden" is the only book I own, although there are some others unclaimed on my shelves. Every man, I think, reads one book in his life, and this one is mine. It is not the best book I ever encountered, perhaps, but it is for me the handiest, and I keep it about me in much the same way one carries a handkerchief—for relief in moments of defluxion or despair. So I was glad to get to the book at this juncture. The Senator sat down on the ground and propped himself against a log, and I joined him after kicking an empty beer can out of the way.

"Read from the chapter on Economy and from the chapter on Solitude!" commanded the Senator. "Every screwball who tries to discuss economics gives himself away, and as for solitude, that's damaging in itself. It's un-American to live alone."

SLIPPING the book from my pocket, I opened it to the first page and started to read, at first hesitantly, then gaining confidence.

"When I wrote the following pages, or rather the



bulk of them, I lived alone, in the woods, a mile from any neighbor, in a house which I had built myself, on the shore of Walden Pond, in Concord, Massachusetts, and earned my living by the labor of my hands only. I lived there two years and two months. At present I am a sojourner in civilized life again.' ”

The familiar words had a new, strange sound—a sort of looseness, as though they were sifting down through the branches of the pines and skittering up from the surface of the lake. The Senator attended closely. He was obviously a good listener.

“I should not obtrude my affairs so much on the notice of my readers if very particular inquiries had not been made by my townsmen concerning my mode of life, which some would call impertinent . . . ”

McCarthy leapt to his feet. “Inquiries?” he snorted. “There you are. This guy was being investigated even then, and the inquiries were being called impertinent. Brother, where have I heard *that* before! Anyway, the townspeople must have been wise to him or they wouldn’t have questioned his affairs.”

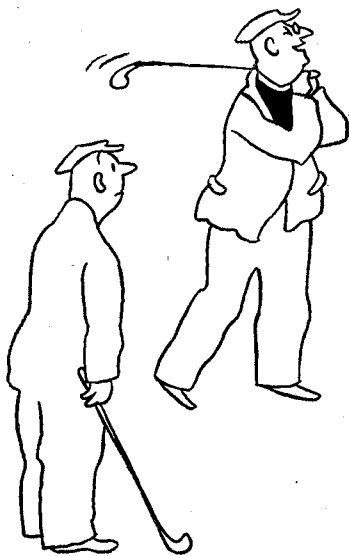
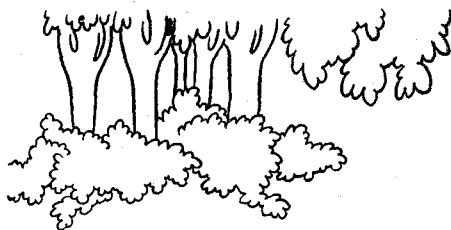
The Senator took out his pad and noted, “Was under fire at the time.” Then he ordered me to continue reading. I complied, skipping around in the text as it suited my fancy, which is one of the privileges of anyone who reads to the blind or the near-blind.

“The greater part of what my neighbors call good I believe in my soul to be bad . . . ”

“Read that again, slower!” commanded the Senator.

I repeated the sentence.

“Well,” drawled McCarthy, “that’s a subversive statement right there. He’s going against the majority opinion of the community. Anybody who does that has no kick coming if he gets investigated.” The Senator grew thoughtful. He repeated the sentence slowly, savoring the words. “You know,” he said, “that sentence came very near being a very sensible remark. I could edit it a little and make it into something completely American, if I wanted to. All you do is just take out three words. Listen to this: ‘The greater part of my neighbors I believe in my soul to be bad.’ Now you’ve got something! Well, I’m not going to clean up Thoreau’s text for him—he’s cutting his own throat fast and I’m going to let him. But it just



GARDNER REA

“My! Will miracles never cease!”

shows what can be done if you’re on the ball. Read some more!”

“I think we may safely trust a good deal more than we do,” I read.

“Poppcock!” cried McCarthy. “Balderdash!” He was visibly shaken by the sound of the word “trust,” and his body was racked with shudders. He flapped his head back and forth, the way a dog fights an itch, as though trying to expunge the idea of confidence from his thoughts. I waited till he subsided, then skipped a few paragraphs and read some of Thoreau’s remarks about shelter and vital heat.

“When a man is warmed by the several modes which I have described, what does he want next? Surely not more warmth of the same kind, as more and richer food, larger and more splendid houses, finer and more abundant clothing . . . ”

“Wait a minute!” said the Senator. “Now d’ya see what I mean? This man was Communist-inspired. That accounts for his sour attitude about housing—those cracks about not wanting larger and more splendid houses, more food, finer clothing. Every good American wants a bigger house, that’s for sure.”

“What about the small ranch-type dwelling so popular today?” I asked, timidly. “The ranch-type house is an

American manifestation, a concession to the compact-living school of which Thoreau was a founder. Thoreau was simply ahead of his time.”

McCarthy uttered something unintelligible. He seemed unimpressed. I was unimpressed myself, but I felt that I had met the challenge adroitly and in a manly fashion. I turned back to the book, but my companion interrupted.

“Was this fellow ever in jail?”

“Yes,” I replied.

“I thought so,” said the Senator. “Why was he in?”

“Nonpayment of taxes,” I said. This cheered the Senator and we were able to return to the text.

“For many years I was self-appointed inspector of snow-storms and rain-storms, and did my duty faithfully; surveyor, if not of highways, then of forest paths and all across-lots routes, keeping them open, and ravines bridged and passable at all seasons, where the public heel had testified to their utility.”

“The public heel?” repeated the Senator. “The Acheson of his day, I reckon.” I responded to the weak joke and we laughed together. A loon on the far side of the pond heard us and laughed back, mocking us across the water. McCarthy’s face clouded at the unearthly sound. A look of anger furrowed his brow. “Nobody mocks McCarthy!” he

growled. He shook his fist angrily at the bird, and tension mounted darkly in the woods. I hastily retreated to the text, wondering vaguely how this strange excursion of ours was helping the United States Information Service, which now seemed incredibly remote.

"I have thought that Walden Pond would be a good place for business," I read, "'not solely on account of the railroad and the ice trade; it offers advantages which it may not be good policy to divulge; it is a good port and a good foundation. No Neva marshes to be filled; though you must everywhere build on piles of your own driving. It is said that a flood-tide, with a westerly wind, and ice in the Neva, would sweep St. Petersburg from the face of the earth.'"

"That does it," said McCarthy, quietly. "He's hung himself right there in a single paragraph. First he admits that his lonely hangout has advantages he's unwilling to divulge, then he bewails the loss of a Russian city. What more do I want? I can get the book yanked from overseas libraries on that one paragraph alone. The taxpayers won't have to foot the bill any longer

for this kind of fruitcake. The lousy jailbird!"

"Not so fast, Senator!" I put in, and rose to my full height. "When you cast aspersions on Henry David Thoreau you are impeaching a great American institution."

"What institution?"

"The motel," I replied with quiet desperation. "It is well known that the man who conceived the motel got his inspiration from Thoreau's pondside hut. In fact, you might say that the tiny Walden house was America's first motel."

I was grasping at a straw. Actually, I found myself grasping at the stalk of a smooth sumac (*Rhus glabra*); it gave way and I swayed into the bushes, fell, and buried my teeth in leafmold. McCarthy smelled a ruse and didn't even dignify my motel story with a reply. "Skip the rest of Economy," he ordered. "and get on to Solitude! On second thought, skip Solitude, too. I've had enough of this bilge. We'll go back to town."

"Along the railroad tracks?" I pleaded, sitting up and spitting leafmold.

"Along Route 126," replied the

Senator. He had his way, as usual, and we trudged wearily into Concord along the highway and put up at the Inn, where we spent a restless night in a double room.

ON the plane carrying us back next morning—I to New York, McCarthy to Washington—the Senator was in a thoughtful mood. He kept steering the conversation back to Thoreau.

"Frankly, what would you say was eating the guy up?" he asked. "Just what *was* on his mind?"

"A fair question," I said, stalling. "Let's see, now—what was on Henry's mind? Goodness! What *wasn't*? Well, for one thing, he was on the defensive; he felt at home in nature as well as in society, and to that extent was freakish. He had a good opinion of wildness. He liked to test ideas on his tongue before swallowing them, and was more than half convinced that a great many enterprises men commonly take for granted are merely desperate. He distrusted complexity and impedimenta as being the great thieves of time, and he believed that behind every man there rises and falls a tide that can float the British Empire like a chip."

"What the hell has the British Empire got to do with this?" asked my companion. "Was Thoreau an Anglophobe?"

"Not at all," I said. "He paid very little heed to governments—was preoccupied with the individual. He was particularly preoccupied with himself."

"I can see that. What else was eating him?"

"Well, he was suffering from the loss of a hound, a bay horse, and a turtledove."

"That sounds like sheer carelessness," replied the Senator. "Go ahead, what else was eating him?"

"He was a writer trying not to act like a writer," I continued. "He was a man possessed. He believed that the natural day was very calm; that if you followed your genius closely enough, it would not fail to show you a new prospect every hour. One of his friends described him as the captain of a huckleberry party—which I have always felt was a patronizing remark and not a very accurate one. It would be truer to say that Henry was the captain of a boarding party: he wanted to board men's minds, not to sell them a bill of goods, merely to assure them that the spirit is capable of elevation. The note he sounded was like the white-throat's—pure, wavering, full of the ecstasy of loneliness. He also advocated



"For heaven's sake, Charlie, give him the quarter."

MUSEUM THOUGHTS

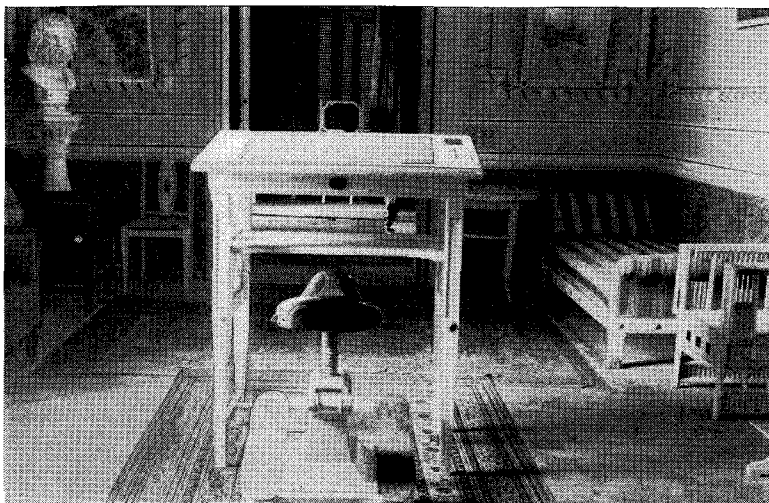
KAISER WILHELM II's WRITING DESK—THE ACHILLEION MUSEUM, CORFU

In Corfu, where the summer's heat
The northern brain may addle,
The Kaiser had a country seat,
And in the seat a saddle.

He was enabled thus to do
His daily equitation
And gallop vigorously through
The routine legislation.

If my authorities are not
Perhaps inclined to banter,
He wrote his speeches at a trot,
His letters at a canter.

And when to Mackensen he'd read
A script of his invention,
Statuelike he sat his steed,
Which came to strict attention.



The ancient glories pass to rest;
Our times have near forgot 'em.
Where the imperial pelvis pressed
Bounces the tourist bottom.

—MORRIS BISHOP

wearing old clothes when you had anything important to do."

"That's bad for business," mused the Senator. "The thing to do is keep producing more and better goods, and that includes clothing and accessories. What would happen if everybody just decided to wear their old clothes? There would be a slump."

"I know," I replied. "It's awfully confusing, and I sometimes wonder. Thoreau never bothered to systematize his philosophy—probably because he knew it had bugs in it; but you were asking about him, Senator, and I'm just filling you in. Henry was careful never to confuse the standard of living with the standard of furnishing. I mean, he foresaw Macy's basement, both its strength and its weakness, its bounty and its deception."

"Are you trying to tell me," roared McCarthy, "that the R. H. Macy Company is a fraud?"

"Quiet, Senator!" I said. "Nothing could be further from my intention or my belief. And let's not stray from the subject of this so interesting discussion. Thoreau felt that the ruts of tradition and conformity are deep; he spent a good deal of his life skirting them, for the pleasure of the sensation and the glory of man. He perceived that the life in us is like the water in a river—

at any time it may rise to extravagant heights and drown out all our muskrats."

"I haven't got any muskrats!" yelled the Senator, who by this time was thoroughly exasperated by the quality of my interpretation, as well as by the eccentricity of the author. With no attempt at concealing his irritation, he made a few notes, then put the notebook away and allowed his eyelids to droop. When I thought he wasn't looking, I pulled a bottle from my pocket, drew the stopper, and took a drink.

"Whuzzat?" asked the Senator.

"That," I said, "is a draught of undiluted morning air. You can find it on page 123." I offered him the bottle. He examined the label carefully.

"I never take a drink till after twelve o'clock."

"Then you're out of luck," I replied. "This stuff will not keep quite till noon-day."

I could see that the Senator's curiosity was aroused. "Well," he said, grumblingly, "I might relax and try a little if it's nonalcoholic. Understand, I never take anything that makes me tipsy." He held the bottle to his lips and drained off a deep slug. The effect was immediate and terrible. McCarthy's eyes dilated. He stiffened. Perspiration broke from neck and fore-

head. The hostess of the plane, noticing his distress, came alongside to offer help. She took the bottle gently from his hand. When he spoke, the words came huskily.

"Throw away!" he croaked. "Poison!"

The hostess disappeared, carrying the fateful bottle.

When the plane reached New York, my companion was still in pain. He was barely able to thank me for my services as guide. The morning air, taken neat, had been overpowering; when one's system is long deprived of that elixir, which alone has the power to cure the general sickness, the shock of the first drink is great. The truth is, the journey had been almost too much for both of us. I think it may well be my last trip to the pond. Perhaps it was just because of the presence of the Senator, but the frogs sounded all the same as I listened—no variation in their voices. It didn't used to be that way, and I don't like such ponds.

—E. B. WHITE

Red blood cells of human beings look like red discs or saucers with pale centers, and are usually about the same size.—Neal O'Hara in the *Austin (Texas) Statesman*.

We're getting darned sick of Texas.

SIX FEET OF THE COUNTRY

MY wife and I are not real farmers—not even Lerice, really. We bought our place, ten miles out of Johannesburg on one of the main roads, to change something in ourselves, I suppose; you seem to rattle about so much within a marriage like ours. You long to hear nothing but a deep satisfying silence when you sound a marriage. The farm hasn't managed that for us, of course, but it has done other things, unexpected, illogical. Lerice, who I thought would retire there in Chekhovian sadness for a month or two, and then leave the place to the servants while she tried yet again to get a part she wanted and become the actress she would like to be, has sunk into the business of running the farm with all the serious intensity with which she once imbued the shadows in a playwright's mind. I should have given it up long ago if it had not been for her. Her hands, once small and plain and well-kept—she was not the sort of actress who wears red paint and diamond rings—are hard as a dog's pads.

I, of course, am there only in the evenings and on weekends. I am a partner in a luxury-travel agency, which is flourishing—needs to be, as I tell Lerice, in order to carry the farm. Still, though I know we can't afford it, and though the sweetish smell of the fowls Lerice breeds sickens me, so that I avoid going past their runs, the farm is beautiful in a way I had almost forgotten—especially on a Sunday morning when I get up and go out into the paddock and see not the palm trees and fishpond and imitation-stone bird bath of the suburbs but white ducks on the dam, the lucerne field brilliant as window dresser's grass, and the little, stocky, mean-eyed bull, lustful but bored, having his face tenderly licked by one of his ladies. Lerice comes out with her hair uncombed, in her hand a stick dripping with cattle dip. She will stand and look dreamily for a moment, the way she would pretend to look sometimes in those plays. "They'll mate tomorrow," she will say. "This is their second day. Look how she loves him, my little Napoleon." So that when people come out to see us on Sunday afternoon, I am likely to hear myself saying as I pour out the drinks, "When I drive back home from the city every day, past those rows of suburban houses, I wonder how the devil we ever did stand it. . . . Would you care to look around?" And there I am, taking some pretty girl

and her young husband stumbling down to our riverbank, the girl catching her stockings on the mealie-stooks and stepping over cow-turds humming with jewel-green flies while she says, "... the tensions of the damned city. And you're near enough to get into town to a show, too! I think it's wonderful. Why, you've got it both ways!"

And for a moment I accept the triumph as if I *had* managed it—the impossibility that I've been trying for all my life—just as if the truth was that you could get it "both ways," instead of finding yourself with not even one way or the other but a third, one you had not provided for at all.

But even in our saner moments, when I find Lerice's earthy enthusiasms just as irritating as I once found her histrionical ones, and she finds what she calls my "jealousy" of her capacity for enthusiasm as big a proof of my inadequacy for her as a mate as ever it was, we do believe that we have at least honestly escaped those tensions peculiar to the city about which our visitors speak. When Johannesburg people speak of "tension," they don't mean hurrying people in crowded streets, the struggle for money, or the general competitive character of city life. They mean the guns under the white men's pillows and the burglar bars on the white men's windows. They mean those strange moments on city pavements when a black man won't stand aside for a white man.

OUT in the country, even ten miles out, life is better than that. In the country, there is a lingering remnant of the pretransitional stage; our relationship with the blacks is almost feudal. Wrong, I suppose, obsolete, but more comfortable all round. We have no burglar bars, no gun. Lerice's farm boys have their wives and their piccanins living with them on the land. They brew their sour beer without the fear of police raids. In fact, we've always rather prided ourselves that the poor devils have nothing much to fear, being with us; Lerice even keeps an eye on their children, with all the competence of a woman who has never had a child of her own, and she certainly doctors them all—children and adults—like babies whenever they happen to be sick. It was because of this that we were not particularly startled one night last winter when the boy Albert came

knocking at our window long after we had gone to bed. I wasn't in our bed but sleeping in the little dressing-room-cum-linen-room next door, because Lerice had annoyed me and I didn't want to find myself softening toward her simply because of the sweet smell of the talcum powder on her flesh after her bath. She came and woke me up. "Albert says one of the boys is very sick," she said. "I think you'd better go down and see. He wouldn't get us up at this hour for nothing."

"What time is it?"

"What does it matter?" Lerice is maddeningly logical.

I got up awkwardly as she watched me—How is it I always feel a fool when I have deserted her bed? After all, I know from the way she never looks at me when she talks to me at breakfast the next day that she is hurt and humiliated at my not wanting her—and I went out, clumsy with sleep.

"Which of the boys is it?" I asked Albert as we followed the dance of my torch.

"He's too sick. Very sick, *Baas*," he said.

"But who? Franz?" I remembered Franz had had a bad cough for the past week.

Albert did not answer; he had given me the path, and was walking along beside me in the tall dead grass. When the light of the torch caught his face, I saw that he looked acutely embarrassed. "What's this all about?" I said.

He lowered his head under the glance of the light. "It's not me, *Baas*. I don't know. Petrus he send me."

Irritated, I hurried him along to the huts. And there, on Petrus's iron bedstead, with its brick stilts, was a young man, dead. On his forehead there was still a light, cold sweat; his body was warm. The boys stood around as they do in the kitchen when it is discovered that someone has broken a dish—uncoöperative, silent. Somebody's wife hung about in the shadows, her hands wrung together under her apron.

I had not seen a dead man since the war. This was very different. I felt like the others—extraneous, useless. "What was the matter?" I asked.

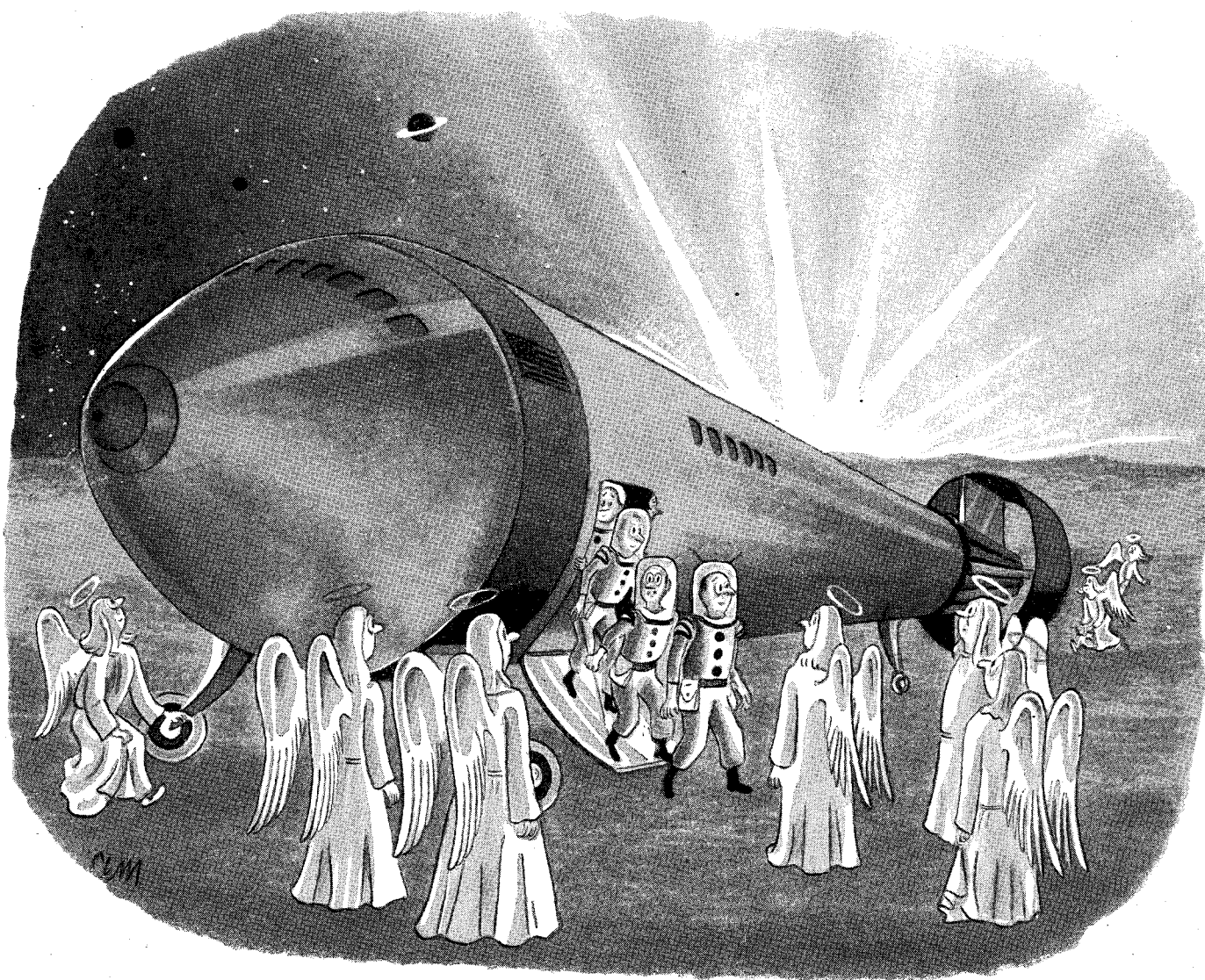
The woman patted at her chest and shook her head to indicate the painful impossibility of breathing.

He must have died of pneumonia.

I turned to Petrus. "Who was this boy? What was he doing here?" The light of a candle on the floor showed that Petrus was weeping. He followed me out the door.

When we were outside, in the dark, I waited for him to speak. But he didn't.





"Now, come on, Petrus, you must tell me who this boy was. Was he a friend of yours?"

"He's my brother, *Baas*. He come from Rhodesia to look for work."

THE story startled Lerice and me a little. The young boy had walked down from Rhodesia to look for work in Johannesburg, had caught a chill from sleeping out along the way, and had lain ill in his brother Petrus's hut since his arrival three days before. Our boys had been frightened to ask us for help for him because we had never been intended ever to know of his presence. Rhodesian natives are barred from entering the Union unless they have a permit; the young man was an illegal immigrant. No doubt our boys had managed the whole thing successfully several times before; a number of relatives must have walked the seven or eight hundred miles from poverty to the paradise of zoot suits, police raids, and black slum townships that is their *Egoli*, City of Gold—the Bantu name

for Johannesburg. It was merely a matter of getting such a man to lie low on our farm until a job could be found with someone who would be glad to take the risk of prosecution for employing an illegal immigrant in exchange for the services of someone as yet untainted by the city.

Well, this was one who would never get up again.

"You would think they would have felt they could tell *us*," said Lerice next morning. "Once the man was ill. You would have thought at least—" When she is getting intense over something, she has a way of standing in the middle of a room as people do when they are shortly to leave on a journey, looking searchingly about her at the most familiar objects as if she had never seen them before. I had noticed that in Petrus's presence in the kitchen, earlier, she had had the air of being almost offended with him, almost hurt.

In any case, I really haven't the time or inclination any more to go into everything in our life that I know Le-

rice, from those alarmed and pressing eyes of hers, would like us to go into. She is the kind of woman who doesn't mind if she looks plain, or odd; I don't suppose she would even care if she knew how strange she looks when her whole face is out of proportion with urgent uncertainty. I said, "Now I'm the one who'll have to do all the dirty work, I suppose."

She was still staring at me, trying me out with those eyes—wasting her time, if she only knew.

"I'll have to notify the health authorities," I said calmly. "They can't just cart him off and bury him. After all, we don't really know what he died of."

She simply stood there, as if she had given up—simply ceased to see me at all.

I don't know when I've been so irritated. "It might have been something contagious," I said. "God knows?" There was no answer.

I am not enamored of holding conversations with myself. I went out to shout to one of the boys to open the

garage and get the car ready for my morning drive to town.

AS I had expected, it turned out to be quite a business. I had to notify the police as well as the health authorities, and answer a lot of tedious questions: How was it I was ignorant of the boy's presence? If I did not supervise my native quarters, how did I know that that sort of thing didn't go on all the time? Et cetera, et cetera. And when I flared up and told them that so long as my natives did their work, I didn't think it my right or concern to poke my nose into their private lives, I got from the coarse, dull-witted police sergeant one of those looks that come not from any thinking process going on in the brain but from that faculty common to all who are possessed by the master-race theory—a look of insanely inane certainty. He grinned at me with a mixture of scorn and delight at my stupidity.

Then I had to explain to Petrus why the health authorities had to take away the body for a post-mortem—and, in fact, what a post-mortem was. When I telephoned the health department some days later to find out the result, I was told that the cause of death was, as we had thought, pneumonia, and that the body had been suitably disposed of. I went out to where Petrus was mixing a mash for the fowls and told him that it was all right, there would be no trouble; his brother had died from that pain in his chest. Petrus put down the paraffin tin and said, "When can we go to fetch him, *Baas*?"

"To fetch him?"

"Will the *Baas* please ask them when we must come?"

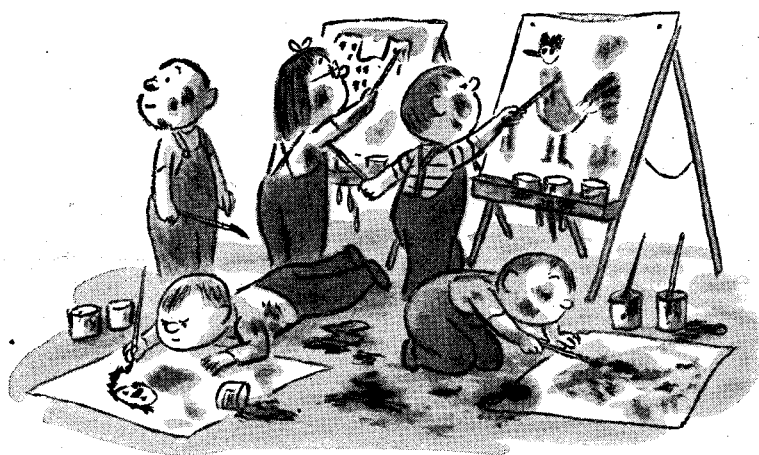
I went back inside and called Lericé, all over the house. She came down the stairs from the spare bedrooms, and I said, "Now what am I going to do? When I told Petrus, he just asked calmly when they could go and fetch the body. They think they're going to bury him themselves."

"Well, go back and tell him," said Lericé. "You must tell him. Why didn't you tell him then?"

When I found Petrus again, he looked up politely. "Look, Petrus," I said. "You can't go to fetch your brother. They've done it already—they've *buried* him, you understand?"

"Where?" he said slowly, dully, as if he thought that perhaps he was getting this wrong.

"You see, he was a stranger. They knew he wasn't from here, and they didn't know he had some of his people here; so they thought they must bury him." It was difficult to make



Art



Engineering and architecture

a pauper's grave sound like a privilege.

"Please, *Baas*, the *Baas* must ask them?" But he did not mean that he wanted to know the burial place. He simply ignored the incomprehensible machinery I told him had set to work on his dead brother; he wanted the brother back.

"But, Petrus," I said, "how can I? Your brother is buried already. I can't ask them now."

"Oh, *Baas*!" he said. He stood with his bran-smear hands uncured at his sides, one corner of his mouth twitching.

"Good God, Petrus, they won't listen to me! They can't, anyway. I'm sorry, but I can't do it. You understand?"

He just kept on looking at me, out of his knowledge that white men have everything, can do anything; if they don't, it is because they won't.

And then, at dinner, Lericé started. "You could at least phone," she said.

"Christ, what d'you think I am? Am I supposed to bring the dead back to life?"

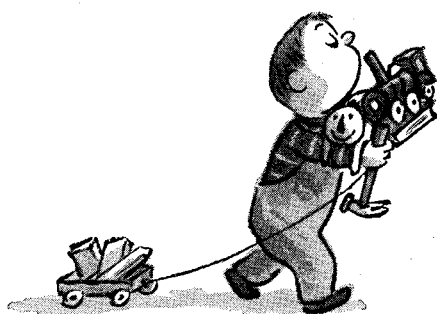
But I could not exaggerate my way out of this ridiculous responsibility that had been thrust on me. "Phone them up," she went on. "And at least you'll be able to tell him you've done it and they've explained that it's impossible."

She disappeared somewhere into the kitchen quarters after coffee. A little later she came back to tell me, "The old father's coming down from Rhodesia to be at the funeral. He's got a permit and he's already on his way."

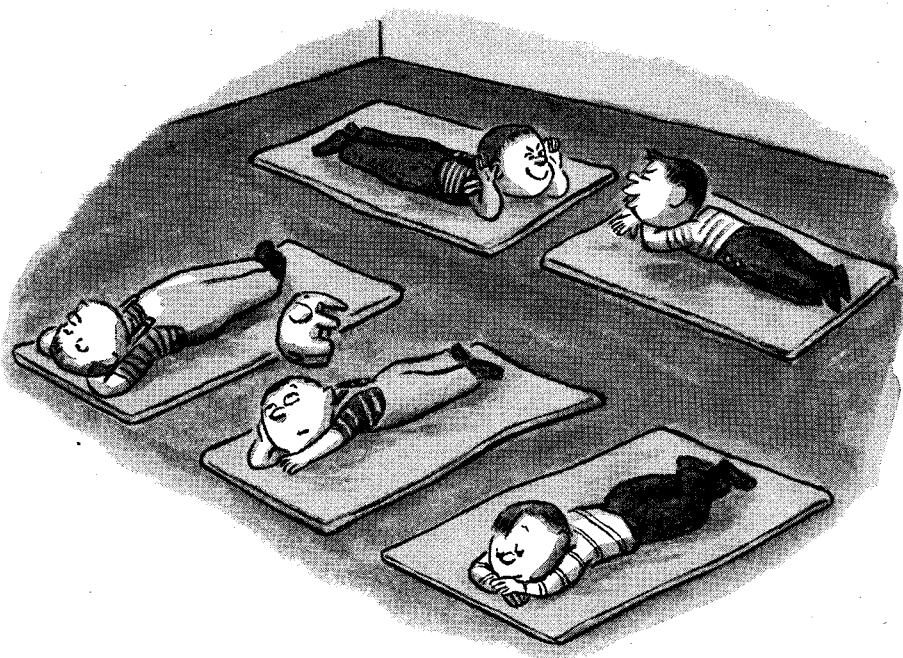
Unfortunately, it was not impossible to get the body back. The authorities said that it was somewhat irregular, but that since the hygiene conditions had been fulfilled, they could not refuse permission for exhumation. I found out that, with the undertaker's charges, it would cost twenty pounds. Ah, I thought, that settles it. On five pounds

SMALL FRY

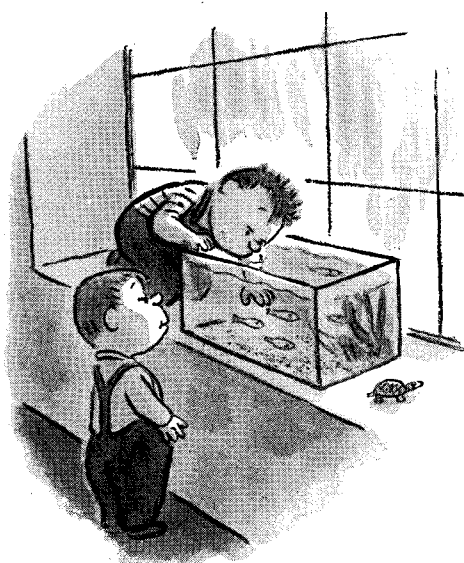
NURSERY SCHOOL



Special project



Nap time



Nature study



Percussion orchestra

a month, Petrus won't have twenty pounds—and just as well, since it couldn't do the dead any good. Certainly I should not offer it to him myself. Twenty pounds—or anything else within reason, for that matter—I would have spent without grudging it on doctors or medicines that might have helped the boy when he was alive. Once he was dead, I had no intention of encouraging Petrus to throw away, on a gesture, more than he spent to clothe his whole family in a year.

When I told him, in the kitchen that night, he said, "Twenty pounds?"

I said, "Yes, that's right, twenty pounds."

For a moment, I had the feeling, from the look on his face, that he was calculating. But when he spoke again I thought I must have imagined it. "We must pay twenty



Rhythms

A THIN FAÇADE FOR EDITH SITWELL

WHEN

Dr.

Edith (Hon. D. Litt. [Leeds], Hon. D. Litt. [Durham])

Descends in Mayfair from her brougham

Tall as a chimney stack,

Her

straight

back

Encased in a pelisse as black

As cloven Lucifer's silk sack,

She

Enters a bluestockinged club

And, through the Grub Street antics

Of best-selling Corybantes

Who

From castles and from hovels

Meet to contemplate their novels,

Elicits sudden hushes

'Mongst the pudding-colored plushes.

Her hat is a black wheel,

With six spokes of tempered steel,

From her swan's neck hang medallions

Brought from Tenerife in galleons,

And her fingers are afire

With cut amethyst, sapphire,

When

At ease with duke and Cockney,

A transmigratory Procne,

She folds her flutt'ring wing and tail

And perches on the Chippendale.

Yet in that grace marmoreal,

Mantilla'd and Escorial,

Deep

As the sea

On which sails the slant Chinese

She

Sounds the mad note of Ophelia,

The sad organ of Cecilia,

The song of Dian as, a-hunting,

She outraced the brute and grunting

Dryads of the lewd and moody wood.

Up to no good!

She orders Martinis

And quick as Houdinis

The waiters in gaiters return in a trice.

They know as well as we

It

—was

she

Who took a verse a-dying

And with her sweet bazooka

Sent its fusty fragments flying.

Encircled by critics

Benign and mephitic,

By poets long dead and *nouveaux*,

She blesses, caresses, and what she dismisses

She kills with the dart of a *mot*.

So.

At lunch as the bards nip

Mutton and parsnip,

The homage like *fromage*

Comes in with the fruit.

"Ah, laureate lady,"

Says one as he reaches

Toward apples and peaches,

"Once cottoned and bent to,

Your tones *quattrocento*,

Who then could descend to

The deserts of prose?"

"You are sweet," says she

(Purring and stirring the oolong),

"To admit you've been smitten

By these bits that I've written."

"Not at all," says he,

"For the charm, don't you see,

Is a matter, *à fond*, of English *esprit*:

When

Bertie and Harry,

Dirty and hairy,

Loaf by the docks of the gull-splattered sea

In Plymouth and Harwich and Dover,

Who's to oppose their sordid repose,

Who's to amuse them but you?"

"Lunch is over!" says she.

—JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN

pounds!" he said in the faraway voice in which a person speaks of something so unattainable that it does not bear thinking about.

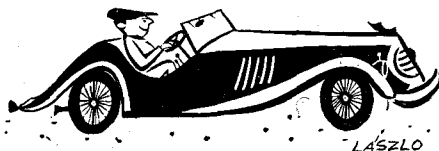
"All right, Petrus," I said in dismissal, and went back to the living room.

The next morning before I went to town, Petrus asked to see me. "Please, *Baas*," he said, awkwardly handing me a bundle of notes. They're so seldom on the giving rather than the receiving side, poor devils, that they don't really know how to hand money to a white man. There it was, the twenty pounds, in ones and halves, some creased and folded until they were soft as dirty rags, others smooth and fairly new—Franz's money, I suppose, and Albert's, and

Dora the cook's, and Jacob the gardener's, and God knows who else's besides, from all the farms and small holdings round about. I took it in irritation more than in astonishment, really—irritation at the waste, the uselessness of this sacrifice by people so poor. Just like the poor everywhere, I thought, who stint themselves the decencies of life in order to insure themselves the decencies of death. So incomprehensible to people like Lerice and me, who regard life as something to be spent ex-

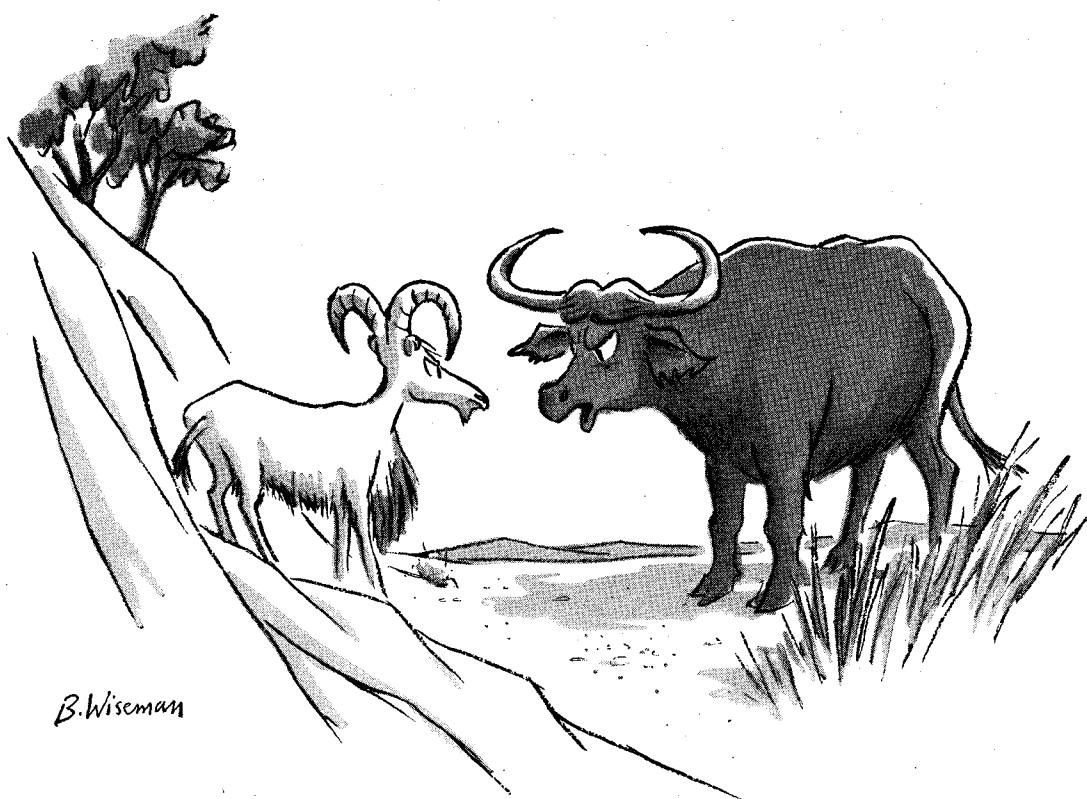
travagantly and, if we think about death at all, regard it as the final bankruptcy.

THE servants don't work on Saturday afternoon anyway, so it was a good day for the funeral. Petrus and his father had borrowed our donkey cart to fetch the coffin from the city, where, Petrus told Lerice on their return, everything was "nice"—the coffin waiting for them, already sealed up to save them from what must have been a rather unpleasant sight after two weeks' interment. (It had taken all that time for the authorities and the undertaker to make the final arrangements for moving the body.) All morning, the coffin lay in Petrus's hut, awaiting the trip to the little old burial ground, just



outside the eastern boundary of our farm, that was a relic of the days when this was a real farming district rather than a fashionable rural estate. It was pure chance that I happened to be down there near the fence when the procession came past; once again Lerice had forgotten her promise to me and had made the house uninhabitable on a Saturday afternoon. I had come home and been infuriated to find her in a pair of filthy old slacks and with her hair uncombed since the night before, having all the varnish scraped off the living-room floor, if you please. So I had taken my No. 8 iron and gone off to practice my approach shots. In my annoyance, I had forgotten about the funeral, and was reminded only when I saw the procession coming up the path along the outside of the fence toward me; from where I was standing, you can see the graves quite clearly, and that day the sun glinted on bits of broken pottery, a lopsided homemade cross, and jam jars brown with rain water and dead flowers.

I felt a little awkward, and did not know whether to go on hitting my golf ball or stop at least until the whole gathering was decently past. The donkey cart creaks and screeches with every revolution of the wheels and it came along in a slow, halting fashion somehow peculiarly suited to the two donkeys who drew it, their little potbellies rubbed and rough, their heads sunk between the shafts, and their ears flattened back with an air submissive and downcast; peculiarly suited, too, to the group of men and women who came along slowly behind. The patient ass. Watching, I thought, You can see now why the creature became a Biblical symbol. Then the procession drew level with me and stopped, so I had to put down my club. The coffin was taken down off the cart—it was a shiny, yellow-varnished wood, like cheap furniture—and the donkeys twitched their ears against the flies. Petrus, Franz, Albert, and the old father from Rhodesia hoisted it on their shoulders and the procession moved on, on foot. It was really a very awkward moment. I stood there rather foolishly at the fence, quite still, and slowly they filed past, not looking up, the four men bent beneath the shiny wooden box, and the straggling troop of mourners. All of them were servants or neighbors' servants whom I knew as



"What do you mean mine are upside down?"

casual, easygoing gossipers about our lands or kitchen. I heard the old man's breathing.

I had just bent to pick up my club again when there was a sort of jar in the flowing solemnity of their processional mood; I felt it at once, like a wave of heat along the air, or one of those sudden currents of cold catching at your legs in a placid stream. The old man's voice was muttering something; the people had stopped, confused, and they bumped into one another, some pressing to go on, others hissing them to be still. I could see that they were embarrassed, but they could not ignore the voice; it was much the way that the mumblings of a prophet, though not clear at first, arrest the mind. The corner of the coffin the old man carried was sagging at an angle; he seemed to be trying to get out from under the weight of it. Now Petrus expostulated with him.

The little boy who had been left to watch the donkeys dropped the reins and ran to see. I don't know why—unless it was for the same reason people crowd round someone who has fainted in a cinema—but I parted the wires of the fence and went through, after him.

Petrus lifted his eyes to me—to anybody—with distress and horror. The old man from Rhodesia had let go of the coffin entirely, and the three others, unable to support it on their own, had

laid it on the ground, in the pathway. Already there was a film of dust lightly wavering up its shiny sides. I did not understand what the old man was saying; I hesitated to interfere. But now the whole seething group turned on my silence. The old man himself came over to me, with his hands outspread and shaking, and spoke directly to me, saying something that I could tell from the tone, without understanding the words, was shocking and extraordinary.

"What is it, Petrus? What's wrong?" I appealed.

Petrus threw up his hands, bowed his head in a series of hysterical shakes, then thrust his face up at me suddenly. "He says, 'My son was not so heavy.'"

Silence. I could hear the old man breathing; he kept his mouth a little open, as old people do.

"My son was young and thin," he said at last, in English.

Again silence. Then babble broke out. The old man thundered against everybody; his teeth were yellowed and few, and he had one of those fine, grizzled, sweeping mustaches that one doesn't often see nowadays, which must have been grown in emulation of early Empire builders. It seemed to frame all his utterances with a special validity, perhaps merely because it was the symbol of the traditional wisdom of age—an idea so fearfully rooted that it carries still something awesome beyond

reason. He shocked them; they thought he was mad, but they had to listen to him. With his own hands he began to prize the lid off the coffin and three of the men came forward to help him. Then he sat down on the ground; very old, very weak, and unable to speak, he merely lifted a trembling hand toward what was there. He abdicated, he handed it over to them; he was no good any more.

They crowded round to look (and so did I), and now they forgot the nature of this surprise and the occasion of grief to which it belonged, and for a few minutes were carried up in the delightful astonishment of the surprise itself. They gasped and flared noisily with excitement. I even noticed the little boy who had held the donkeys jumping up and down, almost weeping with rage because the backs of the grownups crowded him out of his view.

In the coffin was someone no one had ever seen before: a heavily built, rather light-skinned native with a neatly stitched scar on his forehead—perhaps from a blow in a brawl that had also

dealt him some other, slower-working injury, which had killed him.

I WRANGLLED with the authorities for a week over that body. I had the feeling that they were shocked, in a laconic fashion, by their own mistake, but that in the confusion of their anonymous dead they were helpless to put it right. They said to me, "We are trying to find out," and "We are still making inquiries." It was as if at any moment they might conduct me into their mortuary and say, "There! Lift up the sheets; look for him—your poultry boy's brother. There are so many black faces—surely one will do?"

And every evening when I got home, Petrus was waiting in the kitchen. "Well, they're trying. They're still looking. The *Baas* is seeing to it for you, Petrus," I would tell him. "God, half the time I should be in the office I'm driving around the back end of the town chasing after this affair," I added aside, to Lerice, one night.

She and Petrus both kept their eyes

turned on me as I spoke, and, oddly, for those moments they looked exactly alike, though it sounds impossible: my wife, with her high, white forehead and her attenuated Englishwoman's body, and the poultry boy, with his horny bare feet below khaki trousers tied at the knee with string and the peculiar rankness of his nervous sweat coming from his skin.

"What makes you so indignant, so determined about this now?" said Lerice suddenly.

I stared at her. "It's a matter of principle. Why should they get away with a swindle? It's time these officials had a jolt from someone who'll bother to take the trouble."

She said, "Oh." And as Petrus slowly opened the kitchen door to leave, sensing that the talk had gone beyond him, she turned away, too.

I continued to pass on assurances to Petrus every evening, but although what I said was the same and the voice in which I said it was the same, every evening it sounded weaker. At last, it became clear that we would never get Petrus's brother back, because nobody really knew where he was. Somewhere in a graveyard as uniform as a housing scheme, somewhere under a number that didn't belong to him, or in the medical school, perhaps, laboriously reduced to layers of muscle and strings of nerve? Goodness knows. He had no identity in this world anyway.

It was only then, and in a voice of shame, that Petrus asked me to try and get the money back.

"From the way he asks, you'd think he was robbing his dead brother," I said to Lerice later. But as I've said, Lerice had got so intense about this business that she couldn't even appreciate a little ironic smile.

I tried to get the money; Lerice tried. We both telephoned and wrote and argued, but nothing came of it. It appeared that the main expense had been the undertaker, and after all he had done his job. So the whole thing was a complete waste, even more of a waste for the poor devils than I had thought it would be.

The old man from Rhodesia was about Lerice's father's size, so she gave him one of her father's old suits, and he went back home rather better off, for the winter, than he had come.

—NADINE GORDIMER



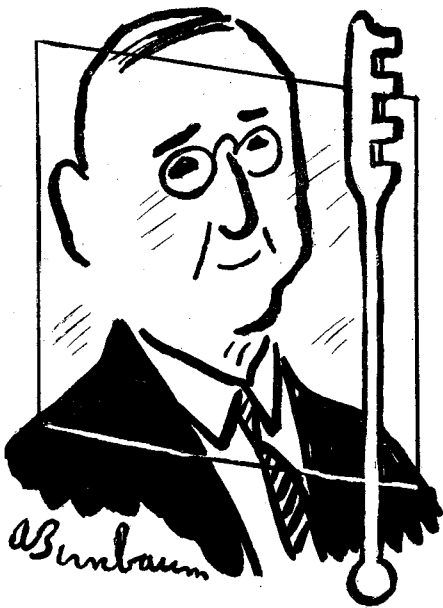
"Damn it, Henderson, that was supposed to be a coffee break!"

Lost. First National envelope containing Peggy Lane and \$40, in Grant's basement.—*Adv. in the New Haven Register.*

Finder's keepers.

PROFILES

PAUSE FOR REFLECTION



Louis Haft

THE Haft Glass Company, Inc. ("Everything in Glass"), occupies the ground floor of a battered, gray brick, bean-pole loft building on West Forty-second Street, just west of Ninth Avenue. The firm was founded in a basement on Maiden Lane by a Polish immigrant named Nathan Haft in 1857, it moved to its present location in the winter of 1894, and it is one of the oldest glass-and-glazing establishments in New York City. For some years shortly before the First World War, it was also one of the largest and most prosperous, with clients throughout the United States and Canada, but it has long since slumped and shrunken. It is now, though still widely known and highly respected in the trade, little more than a neighborhood store.

I had heard about the Haft Glass Company from one of its occasional customers, and the other afternoon when I was over that way, I dropped around for a look at the place. A look was all I got that day. The door, which stands at the end of a twilight vestibule, flanked by a flyspecked display window and a flight of stairs that leads to the floors above, was locked, and just below the knob hung a pencilled sign: "Having lunch at Poison Pete's. Be back. L. Haft." The edges of the card were frayed and smudged and it was fixed to the panel with a rusty screw. There was no telling how long it had been there. As I turned away, I glanced in the display window. It was dim and dusty and crammed with mirrors, and the first thing I saw was a staring multitude of myself. Then, stepping closer, I made out, propped in a corner, another sign. Like the notice on the door, it was printed in pencil, on what ap-

peared to be a piece of shirt board. "Whither goest thou in such haste?" it read. "Pause for reflection. See yourself as others see you. L. Haft." Nearby, placed between the mirrors, tilted against the glass, or curling up from the floor, were others, at least a dozen of them, similarly signed. I edged along the window, accompanied by all my faces, and read them. Several were in verse. One read:

Count that day lost whose low descending
sun
Sees prices shot to Hell and business done
just for fun.

And another:

What does it matter if he's white or black
or blue
Christian, Mohammed, or Jew.
Does he have faith in God?
Then trust him
He will see you through.

The rest were maxims: "You must stand for something or fall for anything;" "Some of us learn how to make money, but how many of us learn how to live;" "You can't take it with you. Especially if you haven't got it;" "Want to lick cancer? Love thy neighbor. That's the answer. No hatred, no cancer;" and "Don't be sorry if the bottle is half empty. Be glad it is half full." Partly obscured by the last was one more. I had to stoop to see it. It read, "Don't go away mad. Just go away." I straightened up, and did.

A COUPLE of days later, I tried again. This time I had better luck. It was around three o'clock when I reached the store and the place looked as deserted as ever, but the Poison Pete sign was gone and the door was unlocked. I pushed it open and walked in. Just inside, to the right, was another door, not quite closed, with a pin-up bathing beauty pasted on the panel. A gritty workbench and an oil-drum trash can stood against the opposite wall. Beyond them stretched a cavern, some ninety feet deep and twenty feet wide, with a stamped-tin ceiling and a splintered floor. It was creepy with shadows and smelled of age, and its walls were lined with racks of sheet glass. In the distance, circling slowly in a furtive draft, hung a single naked light. The only other light came from behind the inner door. I went over and gingerly knocked. For a moment, nothing happened. Then, abruptly, a man's voice said, "You mean it used to be. But not

any more. Pittsburgh Plate is the best in the world. Has been for thirty years. So forget about France. How's your brother? . . . Poppycock! . . . Well, give him my regards, and thanks." A telephone clanked in its cradle, a chair scraped, a floor board creaked, and a small, bony, sad-eyed man of indeterminate age appeared at the door. He had on a stiff brown suit and an inconspicuous tie, and he was polishing a pair of rimless glasses with a wisp of Kleenex. "Yes, sir," he said. "What can I do for you?" I introduced myself and told him why I was there. He put on his glasses and stared at me. "My boy," he said, "I hope you haven't come far. Because you're a good many years too late. The Haft Glass Company is practically a thing of the past. However." He stuck out his head. "Glad to meet you. I'm Louis Haft. My grandfather founded this business, my father built it up, and I'm hanging on for dear life. Come on in."

I followed Mr. Haft into a stuffy cubbyhole office. He took my coat and hooked it on a nail on the wall. Then, squeezing past the gaping door of a monstrous, black, four-wheeled iron safe, he sank down at a desk in a corner, tipped back against a pillar of filing cabinets, and yawned. There was an ice-cream-parlor chair at his elbow. I balanced myself on its tiny seat and looked around. The desk was one of three in the room. One of the others filled an entire wall. It was an old-fashioned bookkeeper's desk of the stand-up type, with a waist-high counter, seven feet long and as steep as a roof. A honeycomb of pigeonholes stuffed with old letters and oily rags and sample squares of glass surmounted the counter. Another, somewhat smaller safe sat on the floor underneath. It was surrounded by a litter of empty bottles, and there was a hole in the door where the combination had been. Between the larger safe and a rubbishy heap of corrugated paper boxes stood an ancient roll-top desk, painted black and with brass fittings. On it were a bottle of iodine, a box of Kleenex, a tin of mercurochromed Band-Aids, several jars of highly colored pills, and four framed photographs. Three were conventional studio portraits—a handsome woman, two smiling children, and an elderly couple. The other was a tintype of a bearded old man with a little black *yarmulke* on his head. A small sign, like those in the window, was tacked

on the wall above this desk. It read, "Don't wait for the hearse to take you to Church." I glanced at Mr. Haft. He gave a cheerful grunt. "Pretty good, isn't it?" he said. "It hits you with a smile and leaves you with a thought. I wish I could claim it for my own, but I can't. I copied it out of a magazine. My own creations are all in the window out front. I suppose you noticed them?"

I said I had. "Are they all your own creations?" I asked.

"At least half," he said. "The rest, more or less. I may borrow an idea, but I don't often steal. I'll jiggle it around in my head until it comes out my way. So I call them mine. Take the one about pause for reflection. That's a very good example. The words may be old, but the thought is brand-new. Or was twenty years ago. As a matter of fact, that particular sign is the first one I ever made. It's what got me started. The way it happened was pure accident. That was back around 1934. My father was still alive

in those days and still running the business, and I was just working for him. So, except when he was off somewhere, I had a certain amount of time to think. Well, I got to thinking one day about our front window. All it had in it was some sample mirrors that had been there since as far back as I can remember. Which is pretty far. I may not look it, but I'll be seventy-two in November. In other words, it was time for a change. It needed some pepping up. I thought of this and I thought of that, and finally I thought of a sign. The minute I did, I had it. It just popped into my mind. I sat right down and wrote it out and stuck it in the window. I don't know when Pop first noticed it. He never said. Things like that didn't interest him. He never put much stock in advertising. He relied on salesmanship. Otherwise, though, it was a great success. Just the ticket. Everybody stopped

and read it. I'd peep out and watch them pull up and look. Then they'd break into a grin. That made me feel pretty cute. It wasn't like the business. It was something I could take full credit for myself. It was mine.

"After that—well, you know how it is. You find something you like to do and you keep on. I guess you might call it my hobby. I enjoy it. It's a way of making friends. You give and you get. I had a big man in the Cancer Society come in just the other day. He was passing by and he read my sign on the subject and it impressed him. He wanted to congratulate me. He thought there might be something in what I said. I think so, too—hatred is the root of every evil—so we had a fine talk. The result was a new friend. I gave and I gained. He wasn't the first. Not by a thousand. It happens all the time. But, of course, Pop was right. From his way of looking

at it, I mean. Signs and sayings and philosophy are one thing. Business is another. They don't have much connection. If I had as many customers as I have sign-gazers, I'd be the talk of the town. I'd need an army of people on my payroll. As it is, I have three, and only two of them are regular. They do the bulk of the cutting, and they handle all routine deliveries and installations. The other comes in on occasion. According to union regulations, it takes at least three men to move a sheet of glass of over a hundred and fifty united inches. United means length plus width. I'm everything else—office, estimator, and sales force. Pop had close to a dozen men at his peak. That was in addition to me and the rest of the family. I have two younger brothers and four sisters. When necessary, we all pitched in. There were times when Pop could have used almost any number. For quite a



"I'm sorry, sir. That isn't my restaurant."

B. TOBEY



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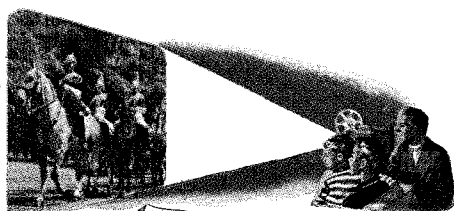
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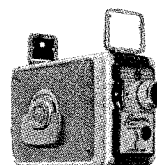
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while, he did well over a hundred thousand dollars' worth of business every year. That was back when a dollar meant something, too. The best I can do is a fraction of that. I could tell you exactly, but who cares? Except me. My brother Mark was the first to pull out. Then, one by one, the girls got married and scattered. Abe stayed on till 1934. He's in business for himself now, and doing well. So is Mark, I hear. He's in ladies' sportswear. I'm not surprised at how they've done. They're a lot like Pop, in some ways. They're hustlers. My trouble is I'm not. Naturally, I like to make a profit. I'm not sitting here all day for my health. But I don't have much interest in burning up the world. Never did. I just take what comes my way. When the Lord made me, He left something out. I don't agree that time is money. I think money is time.

"In that respect, I take after my grandfather. That's him on the desk over there—the old fellow with the beard. The others are Pop and my mother, my wife, and my two grandchildren. Jeffrey's sixteen and little Randy is ten. They're my daughter Helene's children. Her husband is a professional man. He's a lawyer. Those four—Helene and her family—are about all I've got left of anything. I have dinner with them at their place up on West Seventy-ninth Street every Wednesday and Friday night. The rest of the time, I'm here. It's the nearest thing I've got to a home. I live in the West Eighties, but as far as I'm concerned, that's only a place to sleep. There's nothing else there any more. Mama and Pop both died in 1941. Then, six years ago, I lost my wife. A wonderful, wonderful woman. She—But we won't go into that. And, of course, Grandpa has been dead for years. Since 1894, to be exact. I remember him, though. He was just the kind of man he looks. Everybody loved him. Good and kind and knew his trade to perfection, but no push. The drive was missing. No matter how hard he worked, nothing seemed to happen. His heart just wasn't in business. All he asked was to make a living. Live and let live. His family and the synagogue, they were his life. Especially the synagogue. He was a member of Congregation Shaare Zedek, down on Henry Street, for almost forty years. Most of that time, he was its president.

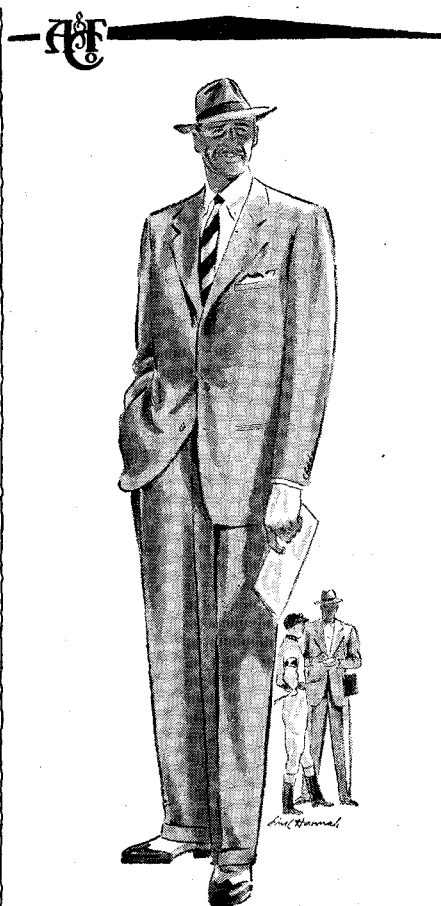
"So was Pop, as a matter of fact. He was elected in 1924. Not down on Henry Street, of course. Shaare Zedek moved up to West Ninety-third Street,

where it is now, some time before that. But it was odd, wasn't it? The coincidence, I mean. There wasn't anything odd about picking Pop for president. He was the right man in every way. I doubt if they ever had a better. He had ability, and he had devotion. He was truly religious. The Sabbath meant something to him. Pop had three big pleasures in life. He loved pinochle, he loved a nice whiskey toddy, and he dearly loved a good cigar. The kind he liked was called Madison Avenue. They were handmade and three for a dollar, and he never smoked less than fifteen a day. Except Saturday. He remembered the Sabbath. Nothing interfered. He kept it holy."

MR. HAFT was silent for a moment. Then he took out his watch, gave it a glance, and carefully put it away. His chair dropped back to the floor. "I like a good cigar myself," he remarked. "Also, about this time of day, I generally take a little refreshment. Will you join me in a drink? Or maybe you'd rather have something else." He swung around to the row of filing cabinets and pulled open one of the drawers. "Let's see," he said, peering in. "The cupboard's kind of bare today. Peppermints? Salted peanuts? Gumdrops? Or I can offer you a Hershey bar or a Milky Way. I'm afraid that's about all there is."

"A drink would be fine," I said. "I don't often eat candy."

"No?" Mr. Haft said. "Well, neither do I. I don't dare. I only keep it for the sake of hospitality. Some people don't drink. But when somebody drops in—a customer or a salesman or whatever—I like to be able to offer them something. I'm funny. I prefer a smile to a frown. So I do what I can to get it. And then, of course, there's the kids in the neighborhood. When they get hungry for candy, they all know where to come. For me, though, the stuff is poison. One bite, and I'd be as sick as a cat for a week." He slammed the drawer and opened another. There was a clink of glass on glass. He took out a bottle of bourbon about two-thirds full and two whiskey glasses and stood them on his desk. Then he reached back in the drawer and brought up a handful of bread sticks wrapped in a paper napkin. He shook a drift of bread crumbs from one of the glasses, filled it to the brim with whiskey, and handed it to me. "To tell the truth," he said, filling the other glass, "there isn't much I can eat. The doctors have me on a very strict diet. I live on dry meat, boiled potatoes,



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Put it in my cup

A druggist in Arcola, Illinois, who remembered when barbershops kept individual shaving mugs for customers, started inscribing the names of his regulars on coffee cups. Today he has 162 of these cups on the rack behind the soda fountain. And a big lot of loyal customers.

 Makes us envious. The editors would like to inscribe each issue with each subscriber's name, saying in effect:

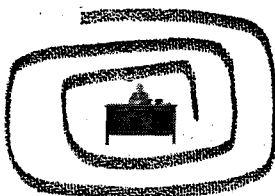
 "This issue was created just for you." And the reader likes this only-girl-in-the-world feeling, too. It's a kind of an editor-subscriber love affair.

 The editor of Nation's Business feels close to his subscribers because he was a businessman himself not long ago. He spends a lot of time talking to his customers, worrying their worries, dreaming their dreams.

 And he glows with satisfaction when along comes a letter from a senator, saying:

 "You bet I read the article and shall use it when we get into military appropriations." And another: "Please put me in touch with the author. I want to do some salmon fishing in British Columbia." And another: "We were deeply interested in the article since we feel our 13-year-old boy could be benefited by the speech training described."

 Then the editor knows how the druggist feels when good customer, Harry Everett orders coffee "in my cup." Nation's Business, a general magazine for businessmen, Washington 6, D.C.



(Advertisement)

hard rolls, and bananas. My stomach started acting up in the summer of 1926 and it's never been the same since. The reason I remember so well is Pop went to Europe that year and left me here in full command. That was some year. It would have been bad enough even if I'd felt like myself. We still had some business then. Quite a bit. So much so that all the time Pop was gone—twelve months—I took exactly four days off. Including Saturdays and Sundays. And most of the time I was so sick I could hardly lift the phone. It was torture." Mr. Haft shook his head and raised his glass. "Fortunately," he said, "whiskey doesn't seem to bother me. If I eat a little something along the way, it even seems to help. Well, here's to you and me and the brotherhood of man."

We swallowed our drinks. Mr. Haft shuddered, put down his glass, and broke off an end of bread stick. He popped it into his mouth and nodded toward the bottle. "How about another?" he suggested.

"Not right now," I said.

Mr. Haft looked relieved. "Good," he said. "I agree. We'll enjoy it more later. After we've had a look at the shop. Such as it is. But first, a good drink calls for a good cigar." He turned again to the filing cabinets. "I get these up the street," he said, sliding a box of pale panatelas across the desk. "In my opinion, they're the best there is. They're no Madison Avenue, of course. That's been out of the picture for years. But they're clear Havana and they're made right. And don't be bashful. Nobody else is. Take a couple. You'll want one for after dinner."

When we had lighted our cigars, Mr. Haft cleared away the bottle and the glasses and returned the box to its drawer. The bread sticks he left on the desk. He then leaned comfortably back in his chair and blew a long plume of smoke at the ceiling. "My first today," he said. "The doctor recommends I hold off until my lunch has had time to settle. Otherwise, there's apt to be trouble. Pop usually had his first cigar going before he was half through breakfast. Well, I'm not the man he was. By no stretch of the imagination. Least of all when it comes to health. Pop was made of iron. To the best of my knowledge, he was never what you'd call sick but one day in his life. That was the day he died. I remember he called me into his room that evening. He was sitting there, with a cigar in his mouth and a glass of whiskey at his side, holding his left wrist. 'Louie,' he told me, 'I've got an evil pain. Nothing seems to help. I

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think I'm going.' I tried to tell him different—it didn't seem possible—but he knew. He passed away in the night. He went to sleep and never woke up. It was his heart. He'd gone full speed for eighty-one years and it finally just gave out. Pop had every natural gift. He was a born businessman. He had fight and he had brains and he had quick decision. But that wasn't all that took him to the top. The main reason was he was bound and determined to get there. I told you my grandfather founded this firm. He did. In the year 1857, he rented a room in a basement down on Maiden Lane and he hung out his sign. That was how we began. So he started it. But it was Pop that made it a business. In a way, he came up fast. Take this building, for example. We own it. Five of us—my four sisters and me—we all hold equal shares. It's been in the family since 1894. Pop built it when he was only thirty-four. On the other hand, he started early. He was an only child and he had to do his share. Grandpa had him cutting glass before he was hardly ten, and at fifteen he was already out getting orders. In 1879, when he and Mama got married, he was practically in charge. He was still a long way from seeing daylight, though. Pop never talked much about those early years, but he did tell me one time the story of their wedding day. They got married in a hall down on Fourteenth Street. After the knot was tied, they came out and started for home. When they reached the corner where the horsecars for Henry Street stopped, Pop opened his purse and took out a nickel and handed it to Mama. 'What's this for?' she wanted to know. Her carfare, he told her. 'My carfare,' she said. 'What about you, Isaac?' Pop said he hemmed and hawed and tried to change the subject, but he finally had to tell the truth. He



don't be vague...

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was going to walk. That one nickel was all the money he had. 'In that case,' Mama said, 'we'd better save it. We'll both walk.'

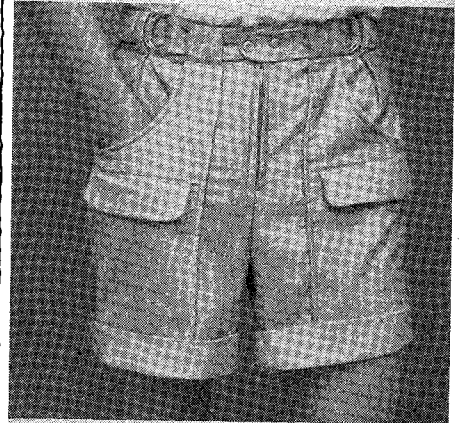
"That also shows you the kind of mother I had. Pop married a real partner. She even learned how to cut glass. Not just for fun, either. She was willing to work at it. I've seen her tackle a job that would daunt the average man, and come through with flying colors. And she had a head on her. She and Pop only lived on Henry Street for about a year before they moved uptown. The reason they moved was Mama. There wasn't any future on the lower East Side, she decided, and the best way to get established uptown was to live there. The first place they lived was a flat at Eighth Avenue and Forty-second Street, and that's where I was born and got my start. After that, we lived all over this part of town—four or five different flats and rooming houses—but I don't have much memory of any of them. Except for a few little glimpses, all my earliest recollections are centered right here. This building is more than just the place where the Haft Glass Company really began. For a good many years, it was home. Pop built it with that in mind. The basement and the fourth and fifth floors were for storage, the third floor was our workroom, we had our office and more storage space on the ground floor, and the second floor was a great big apartment that ran right through the building. It was my impression the day we moved in that Pop had made us a palace. Compared to what we'd known before, it was. The windows were always full of sun and we got any breeze that was stirring. It was the last word. We had the first telephone for blocks around. It hung on the side wall there, a little beyond that long crack. I remember the people trooping in just for the novelty of looking at it. And we had the first electric lights. We were the first in that department for what seemed like years. Pop did it by special arrangement with the trolley company. When they started work on the Forty-second Street line, he went right down and had a talk with one of the engineers. The result was, as soon as their power lines reached this block, they made a tap and ran a wire in to us. I don't know how much it cost. Probably plenty. But that was the way Pop operated. He had vision. Better light meant better work.

"I remember the difference. I'd been down in the shop for quite a few years when the lights came on. I started full time at the age of thirteen. I didn't

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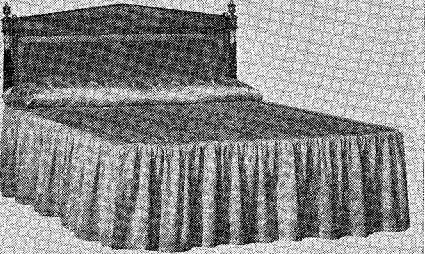


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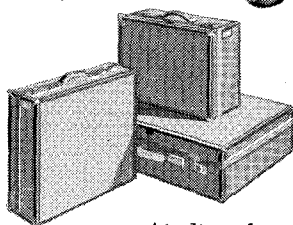
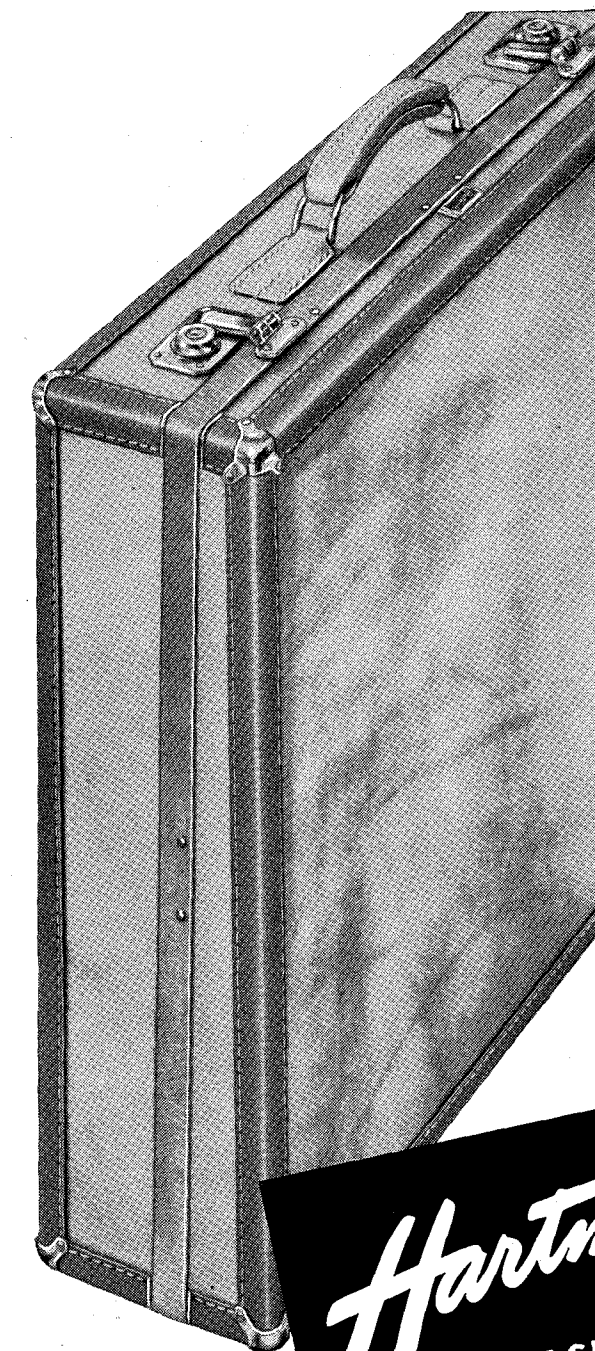


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exactly have to. It wasn't the way it had been with Pop. The days of struggle were over. But I'd taken all the schooling I cared for—I had seven years at P.S. 67—and he could use me. Not that he ever said so. He didn't need to. It was understood. The business was beginning to soar and every little bit helped. In Grandpa's day, we were about what we are now. We distributed glass and installed it. Glass and mirrors. Pop broadened out and became a jobber as well. That's when the volume zoomed. Our specialty was tenement houses. Pop knew all the contractors—they were his friends. He liked them all and they all liked him. When their business boomed, we boomed along with it. It's hard to believe it now, but back in those days if we didn't supply and glaze the sash in at least four hundred tenement houses, we thought we'd had a bad year. That was our bread and butter. Our cake was stores and clubs and fine Fifth Avenue mansions. Pop had contacts all over the country. One of the biggest was an English concern that operated in Canada. Every year, around Christmas, a cab would pull up out front and half a dozen Englishmen would come marching in. That was the signal to break out the cigars and start the whiskey flowing. Maybe they'd come back two or three days in a row. At the end, they'd settle up for the work we had done that year and Pop would sign a contract for the next. I say 'sign.' That's only a manner of speaking. Pop never signed a contract in his life. He didn't consider it necessary. His word was as good as his bond, and he assumed the same of everybody else. If they failed him, that was the last of them. I've seen him lend a business acquaintance as high as five thousand dollars, and nothing passed between them but the money and a handshake. On some of the big jobs we did, price wasn't even discussed. They knew that when the bill arrived, it wouldn't be a penny more than right. Who can do that now? Pop was old-fashioned. He was an honest man.

"I don't mean that honesty was the secret of Pop's success. If it was, we'd still be right up at the top. I feel as strongly on that subject as he ever did. When I hear a lie, my whole inside reacts. The secret of Pop's success was Pop. And the times. We began to slip in the depression. Then I took over. That was too much for it. You could hardly expect a business to recover from two straight blows like that. I've managed to hold on to most of our old customers. They still call up. But I doubt



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very much if I'm still getting all of their business. They don't have the same old fire in their voice. I don't suppose I'll ever completely lose them. Or fail to pick up a new one every now and then. The name of Haft still means something. It's been an honorable name for three generations, and I think I can say that I haven't spoiled it yet. The only thing wrong with this business is me. I'm just not shrewd enough. I'll give you an example. I had a steady customer some years ago. He came in every couple of weeks, always bought a few dollars' worth of glass—and always paid cash. That's the way it went until one day he was a quarter short. He said he'd pay me later. Pop was still alive then, and I don't remember how it came about, but that night I happened to mention it to him. 'Louie,' he said, 'you've made a mistake. Never let that type of man owe you anything. What you should have said was forget it. Then he'd come back. Now he won't. You'll never see that man again. He'll go to somebody else.' Well, Pop was right. That was the end of my steady customer. Pop was really a wonder. He was my teacher for sixty years, but I never quite caught up with him. It's a little like a fellow that used to work here back in the twenties. He dropped in one day a couple of years ago, just to say hello, and we got to talking about cutting glass and one thing led to another until finally he challenged me to a contest. I've forgotten what it involved—who could cut the best free-hand oval, or some such. Anyway, when I won, he was amazed. 'I don't understand it,' he told me. 'Why, it was you that taught me how to cut glass. You told me all I know.' 'Sure,' I said. 'But I didn't tell you everything I know.' That's the way it was with me and Pop. Everything I learned about business, I learned from him. Only, he didn't tell me everything he knew. I guess he figured it wouldn't make much difference."

The telephone gave a sudden stuttering peal. Mr. Haft turned and stared. "Probably the wrong number," he said. "It usually is. However..." He plucked the receiver to his ear. "Haft speaking. Oh, hello, Abe." There was a pause. "Well, that didn't take you long. Nice work." He shook his head. "No. No, I guess not. ... O.K." Mr. Haft hung up, took a last pull at his cigar, and stubbed it out in an ashtray. "That was one of my men," he told me. "They've just finished up a little job down at London Terrace and they're coming right in. Consequently,

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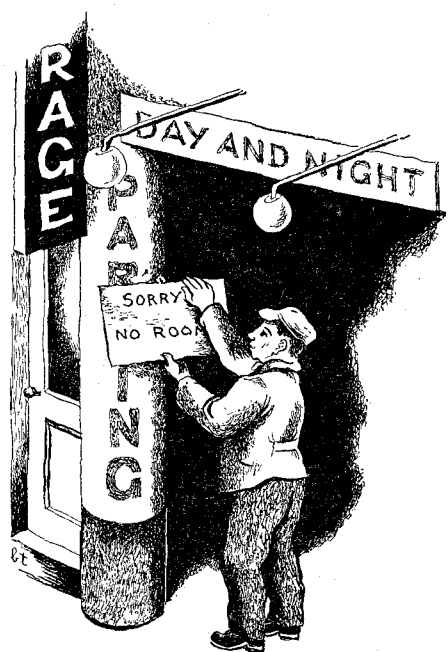
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I SAID I was ready. Mr. Haft stretched and pushed back his chair. I edged after him, around the open safe and through the door and out into the dim immensity of the shop. After the office, it looked bigger and darker than ever. We headed down a rumbling aisle toward the lonely light at the rear. Mr. Haft waved a pallid hand. "Most of these racks are general stock," he said. "Window lights and picture glass of various grades and thickness—across-the-counter stuff—and what they call opal glass. Opal is flashed on one surface. There's a coating to diffuse the light. Photo-engravers use it, and X-ray people. I've also got a certain amount of colonial glass. Colonial-type, I should say. It's fake. A factory in England makes it for the antique trade. I'm one of the few I know that will bother with it. Every now and then, though, I get a call from some lady decorator. The bulk of the big stuff—heavy plate and mural mirrors and partition-size frosted and wire and corrugated glass—is down in the basement or up on the third floor. All the other floors, including our old flat, are let for lofts. We don't need them. Or, rather, the way things are now, there's more profit in rent. At least, it's regular."

We skirted a final barricade of racks and emerged into a dingy clearing flooded with dingy light. There were shelves stacked with cans of paint and putty and linseed oil along the two side walls. The rear wall was a row of gray, faintly daylight windows. Below one of the



Taking the family?



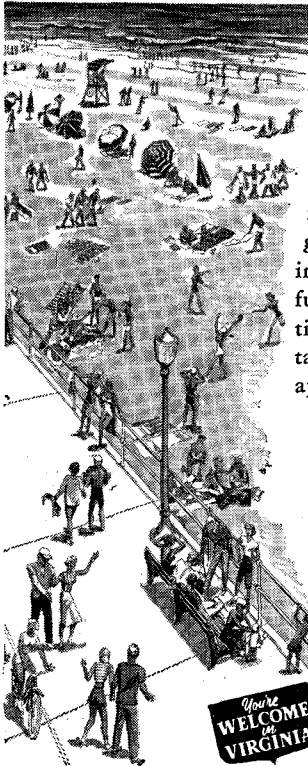
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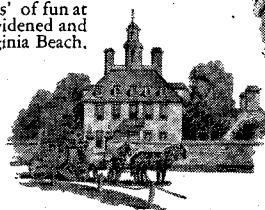


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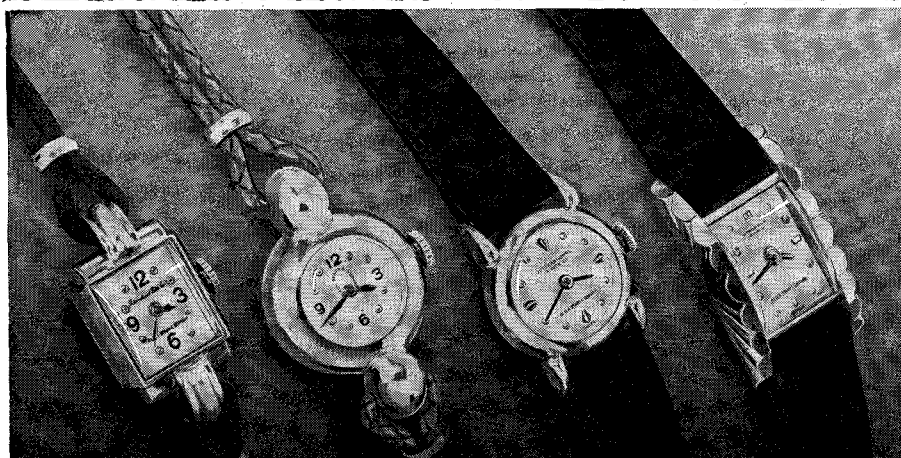
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windows was a rickety grindstone. In the middle of the clearing, directly beneath the dangling bulb, sat a huge worktable, surrounded by a sleet of broken glass. It was rooted to the floor on eight great legs and its surface was covered with a padding of faded gold-and-crimson carpet. On it lay a brass-tipped wooden square, a couple of brass-tipped rules, and a cigar box full of ten-cent-store glass cutters. Mr. Haft picked up one of the cutters and felt the cutting wheel. "Dry as a bone," he said. He walked over to the nearest shelf, rummaged around for a moment, and came back with a two-foot scrap of window glass and a saucer of what smelled like kerosene. He dropped the pane on the table in front of him and set the saucer nearby. Then he fixed me with a happy smile. "Now, my boy," he said, "I'm going to give you a little demonstration. I imagine you've seen glass cut before. Probably many a time. But I very much doubt if you've ever seen the job done right. Anybody can learn to handle a cutter. I could teach you enough in a couple of hours to get you into the union. But teaching and experience will carry you just so far. If you're going to cut glass so it means something, you've got to have the gift. Style can't be bought. You're either born with the feeling or you're not. I've got my limitations, but not when it comes to glass. I understand it. I've got that seventh sense. Even Pop admitted that."

Mr. Haft cleared his throat. "We'll begin with the cutter," he said, holding it up. "There are two important things. First, how to hold it. Only one way is right—between the first and second fingers, with the thumb coming in against the side to steady it. Like so. It's the way some people hold a pencil. Except, notice the angle. The shaft stands almost perpendicular. I'd call it ninety degrees. The second thing is the cutter itself. Before I can cut, the cutting wheel must be lubricated. We don't use diamond-point cutters any more. For most work, hard steel is better. Also, a diamond-point cutter is a one-man tool. The owner shapes it to his way. If you use my diamond cutter, you'll ruin it for me. So steel is more convenient. Ideas on lubrication differ. Some prefer turpentine. But to me there is nothing but kerosene. The other is too hard. Kerosene has a softness, a gentleness. It's just right. Watch how I dip it in—just the cutting wheel, and just long enough. Now we're ready to start. The object is a straight break from top to bottom, cut freehand but true. So you can see what



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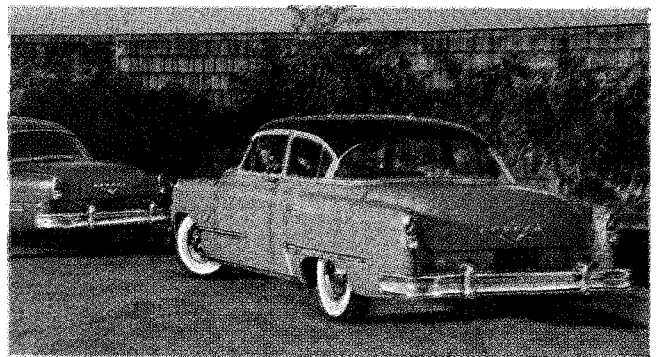
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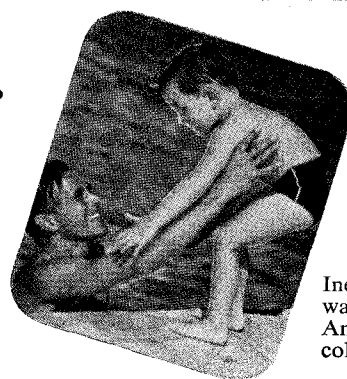


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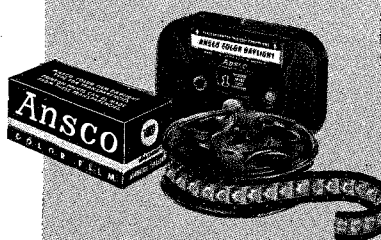
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happens, I'll go slow. Once the wheel is in position, nothing moves but my arm. Not the fingers. The arm muscles make the sweep. But the pressure comes from the fingers. And the pressure is firm. Listen for the whine—the squeal. Hear it? That means I'm cutting glass. If there's no whine, you're only scratching. But look—perfection! Every inch an even bite. And, of course, as straight as a rule. The secret was the pressure. I wasn't afraid to give it some muscle. Fear is why so many cutters never really learn. You can't count on them. The average cutter is like everybody else. He's afraid of glass. He doesn't understand it. Down deep, it's got him buffaloed. This is classed as a dangerous trade. His mind is always worrying about accidents—bloody wounds. He may not think it is, but his muscles know better. The result is every so often they react against him. Then comes too light a cut, and a ruined piece of glass. You can't go over a cut a second time. It won't break evenly. It won't even start. That's the next step—to start the break. A little tap with the back of the cutter on the underside will do it. Once, twice, and done. See the little spot of cloud? Now the glass is weak from top to bottom along the cut and ready to break. The way to break it depends on the size. If this were a big piece, I'd slide a rule underneath, on a line with the cut, and press on the tilted side. But for one this small, and because I know how, my hands are enough." Mr. Haft put the cutter aside. Then he gripped the pane with both hands, one on each side of the cut, near where the cloud had appeared. "Notice that the cut surface is up," he said. "And how when I snap, the pressure is down. Away from the cut. Always down and away from the cut, and always—like this—quick!" He snapped. There was a sudden crack and an echoing tinkle. He held out two cleanly parted panes.

"Very nice," I said.

"Fair," Mr. Haft said. "I see a couple of chips. Probably a flaw in the



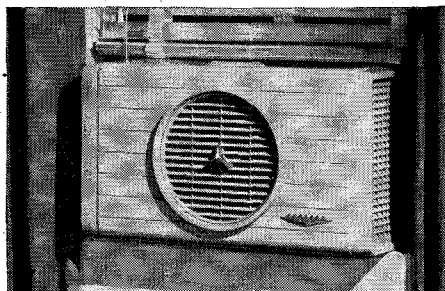
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glass. But no matter." He discarded the smaller of the panes and slid the other over in front of me. "Now, then," he said, retrieving the cutter. "Let's see how much you've learned. Here—take a sweep. Just for the fun of it."

I took the cutter from him and slipped it between my fingers, and brought the cutting wheel down on the glass.

"A little more angle," Mr. Haft said. "Just a— that's it. O.K. Let her rip." I pressed, and drew the cutter carefully back. But it didn't rip. It was like trying to cut ice with a stick. The wheel skittered across the pane, leaving behind a faint and wavering scratch. I looked at Mr. Haft.

"Not bad," he said. "I've seen some beginners do worse. You could learn. But it's a little harder than it looks, isn't it?"

"Quite a bit," I said. "I suppose heavy glass is even harder."

"Harder?" Mr. Haft said. "You mean to cut? No. Just the opposite. Window glass is far more difficult. That's why I used it to show you. Look at the thickness of that piece. It's barely three thirty-seconds of an inch. The only kind that takes more skill is picture glass. That runs to one-sixteenth or less. What makes glass hard to cut isn't strength. It's weakness. You have to put some pressure behind the cutter with any type of glass. But when you're working on thin glass, you have to gauge it just right. Go too easy and you ruin it. Go too hard and it shatters. When you get into heavy glass, the only problem is making a good clean cut. It all cuts. Except, of course, glass brick. Even wire glass. If you break it right, a bend or two will snap the wire. As a general thing, the better the glass, the easier it is to work. The easiest glass I ever cut was the best they ever made. It was Belgian plate from a special factory in the town of Charleroi. American glass is hard to beat these days, but nobody makes that kind of plate any more. It was a treat to touch it. It cut like butter."

Mr. Haft reached out and picked up the cutter. He ran the wheel slowly across his thumb. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I've still got some—a few odds and ends. I guess they go back to Maiden Lane. I ought to get rid of it, I suppose. I know Pop would. It's junk and takes up space. But I like to go up every once in a while and sort of take a look at it. In a way, it... I don't know." He shrugged. "I guess we all do a lot of things." Mr. Haft turned and pitched the cutter into the cigar box. "Well, sup-

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THE CASE OF THE TRANSATLANTIC TRANSFORMATION



Once there was a blasé boulevardier named Pierre who had to make a business trip to the United States. He shrank from the idea. He'd heard all about America. "No savoir-faire, no culture, no Champs Elysées, only baseball champs," wept Pierre into his aperitif. "So...no parties for Pierre. Finish business, rush home. Voilà." But one night, his biggest customer tossed a party, and Pierre's invitation amounted to a subpoena. "I go," he mourned, "for France and for francs!" Pierre went. Pierre was astounded. The guests did not wear lumberjackets. Nobody mentioned batting averages. And the cocktails—Pierre took one sip and kissed his host on both cheeks. "Cinzano!" he cried. "I would know that wonderful vermouth anywhere in the world! Cancel my passage. Vive America! Vive Cinzano!"

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pose we go back to the office," he said. "My feeling is that it's time for that other drink." —BERTON ROUECHÉ

**GRATEFUL WOMAN PENS BRIEF
NOTE OF APPRECIATION TO
DECATUR POLICE**

[From the Decatur (Ill.)
Herald-Review]

A FEW WORDS OF THANKS

In a letter to Decatur police, thanking them for assistance in finding a purse she lost in Decatur, a White County woman gives a full account of the loss of her money.

With names and identifying cities deleted by police, the letter reads:

"Police Force, Decatur,

"My dear sirs:

"I arrived in Decatur, via Wabash Blue Bird Special. It must have been about 11:15 A.M. I was one hour late that morning getting started. Should of left at 4:47 A.M., didn't leave until 5:54 A.M., via St. Louis. Just had five minutes in St. Louis to change trains, then as it was my first trip to (a town near Decatur) and I was in a hurry, I just hailed a cab, snatched up a flowering plant from Daut Brothers flower shop. All that rushing around made me extremely nervous, that's why I lost my purse.

"I had not seen my sister since June, 1949, when they were down here. She is in very poor health and under Dr. — of Decatur. He is treating her for gall stones, and if he can't give medicine to dissolve them, she will have to be under surgery. And so, my motto is, 'give me the roses while I live.' So, I just taken off in haste to see her.

"You told me it was best to drive up there. The reason I didn't have my husband, —, drive me up is this. We are expecting a long distance call most any day now (about illness of one of his relatives) as she is very, very ill, right now.

"We have a two-way radio station here and were to be notified, if any calls long distance came through for him. I had to make a flying trip to Decatur and back before my husband changed to night work, as I have a brother 70 years old, (who she said is in poor health and she has cared for him for many years).

"I was the baby of nine children, and eight years younger than my sister (who lives in Macon County).

"I am writing this to let you know that I'm truly Mrs. —, and not an 'old hussy' up there pulling one. As my husband says, 'I do know police meet all sorts of people and they have to do a little detective work to figure a stranger out.' Furthermore, I have just recovered from a severe attack of the flu and my voice sounds like a fog horn and still worse over the telephone.

"However, I wish to thank the policeman whom I talked to over the phone for your kindness and courtesy to me, a truly 'Bush Ape' from Southern Illinois. If you don't know exactly what a 'Bush Ape' is, just stop by my home and take a good look at me, ha, ha! My husband says I should travel a little more.

"Thanks a million, and if you ever come through here, stop by and I shall feed you Southern fried chicken, and all the trimmings."



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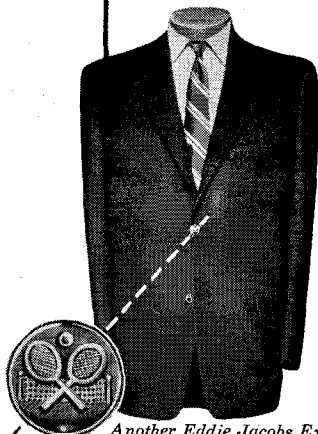
B. Wiseman

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THE RACE TRACK

Here We Go Again



I MIGHT as well come right out with it—and I'm not like the fellow who keeps betting on the red or the black at roulette, knowing

his color must come up eventually—I'm going to be surprised if Alfred Vanderbilt's Native Dancer doesn't win the Preakness Stakes at Pimlico this weekend. What's more, I fancy that a lot of people who saw the gray colt run for the Withers Stakes at Belmont Park last Saturday will agree with me, for he won with such ridiculous ease that he left most of us a little breathless. After the flabbergasting moment when he stumbled coming out of the starting gate, the race was no more than a good gallop for him. Native Dancer has never been what horsemen call a fast breaker, but, curiously, he was on his toes in the Withers, and the consequence of his eagerness could have been dreadful; for one thing, he might have unseated his rider. However, he recovered quickly and, moving effortlessly, caught up with Real Brother, the leader, in a couple of furlongs, and passed him halfway around the turn for home. I'd say Native Dancer actually wasn't at full speed for more than a dozen strides. At the end, he won by four lengths from Invigorator, the only other starter, who finished two and a half lengths ahead of Real Brother. (The last time there were three runners for the Withers was Count Fleet's year, 1943.) Although the track was still damp from the recent rains, the mile was run in 1:36 7/8; in seventy-nine years, only eight winners of the race—among them Man o' War, Count Fleet, and Hill Prince—have done it any faster.

As was expected, so many people bet on Native Dancer, and so few bet on the two others that there was what's known as a minus pool on the Withers. I was amazed that all the Westchester Racing Association had to pay out of its own treasury to make up the five-cents-on-the-dollar return required on every winning ticket was \$2,455.40. I had thought at least a dozen of the more opulent Saturday horseplayers would toss a packet into the tote on Native Dancer, just to get interest on their money. A mere \$154,909 was wagered on the Withers, and \$127,741 of it was on Native Dancer. (To give you a rough idea of how high the betting went

that afternoon, \$458,589 was wagered on the race before the Withers, and \$434,358 on the one that followed.) Perhaps there aren't any gay plungers hereabouts this year, or maybe they're superstitious; the Withers was Native Dancer's thirteenth start.

NOT being conspicuously gifted with second sight, I have no notion how the Preakness is going to be run. The Preakness Prep might give an inkling, but these notes will be in the hands of the printer before the runners in that little number go to the post. Dark Star will go well in the Preakness, you may be sure, but as I said once before, I doubt whether he'll be able to steal off into the lead, and hold it, the way he did in the Kentucky Derby. As for Royal Bay Gem, he'd better get cracking early. Pimlico has a very short homestretch, quite unsuitable for a last-minute run, no matter how spectacular. I'm especially interested in Correspondent, who caught my eye in the Derby; Arcaro, who expected to ride him in this race, as he did in the Derby, has been quietly dropped, and Summers, who rode him in California, has been given the mount. Arcaro will be on Jamie K., with whom he won twice at Belmont recently. Then there's Tahitian King, winner of the Swift Stakes at Belmont last week. He has finished right behind Native Dancer more often than any other colt. Besides, he has trained soundly, and I can't remember when he looked in better condition. Some observers thought his race in the Swift was nothing extra, but he disposed of Sun Warrior with very little effort and stood off the challenge of Isasmoothie easily, which was all he had been expected to do. Who else will run for the Preakness is anybody's guess, but it seems to me that whoever they are, they won't be anything to worry about.

THERE have been quite a lot of two-year-olds out in the past fortnight, but it's still much too soon to list those likely to be headliners at Saratoga. However, full marks this week go to C. V. Whitney's Catspaw. Early in the meeting, he won from twenty-six other colts in one of those small cavalry charges down the Widener Course, and the other afternoon he repeated the performance, though not against so many runners, in the Juvenile Stakes. Another of Mr. Whitney's horses I like is a filly named Little Bear, who re-



In white with cherry trim; white with royal blue trim.

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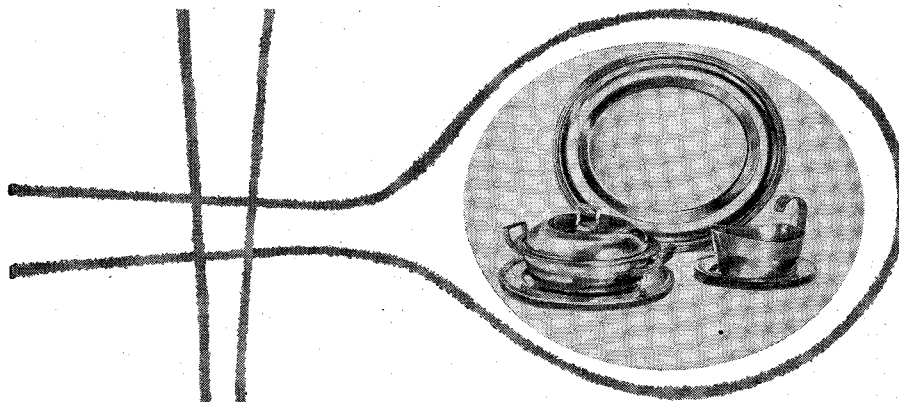
He keeps a steady hand on the helm no matter how choppy the water. And his appearance remains just as unruffled. For this modern mariner is wearing "Breeze-way", Puritan's smart button-through shirt of Heller acetate jersey. There's no fabric more "seeworthy" or more casually comfortable. Free-flowing as a wave (and

just as creaseless), this jersey moves as you do, fore and aft, starboard or port. Cool, light, it's as refreshing as sea spray. Alive with a jersey "bounce", it throws wrinkles overboard, keeps its trim lines afloat or ashore. And Puritan adds a dash of color with a striking candy stripe trim. The price? Only \$5.00. It's smooth sailing!

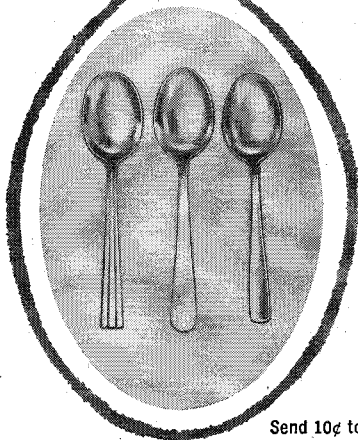
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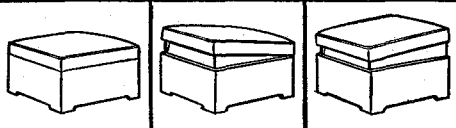
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minds me more than a little of the type of racer Jimmy Rowe used to train for Mr. Whitney's father. Then there is a Whitney colt named Blue Skies, who ran one day, and wasn't in the money, but I venture to predict that we'll hear from him later on in the season. The Greentree Stable showed a filly by Devil Diver, named Mainsail, but she had the bad luck to get into the same race as Maine Chance Farm's Incidentally. She may have better luck next time.

THERE would be no need to fret about the future of steeplechasing if there were more races like the Charles L. Appleton Memorial Stakes, which Mrs. Ogden Phipps' Oedipus won at Belmont last week. The trouble is, every other day or so we have one of those affairs over hurdles, or something over the brush course in which about half the starters fail to finish, and the crowd becomes unhappy about the whole thing. This one was different. Oedipus, who has been at the top of the steeplechase list for the past three seasons, never was in better form, and he had to be, for he gave big weight to his opponents, who were above average. He led all the way, which was rather an accomplishment, inasmuch as it was his first time out this year. Adams, who rode him, has seldom done a better job, and he's ridden more than two hundred winners. As you know, jumping-race riders don't have as many opportunities as boys do on the flat—one mount a day if they're lucky, and the season is a short one. It has taken Adams nine years to run up that total.

—AUDAX MINOR

The Arnold Arboretum announces that the crab apples and the early azaleas will be in bloom on Saturday and Sunday, May 9 and 10.—*Harvard University Gazette.*

What time, for heaven's sakes?

He came to Montana in 1946 after serving in the Fifth U. S. air force, overseas. He will move his wife and small laughter to Billings as soon as he finds a home.—*Billings (Mont.) Herald.*

She better bring her cold comforter along.

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

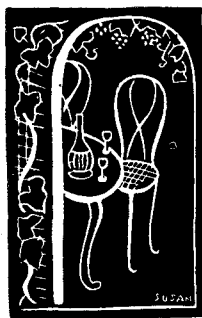
[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Post]

HOUSTON, TEXAS, April 27 (UP)—Lee Synnot, 9, brought his report card home to his father, J. Bruce Synnot Jr.

The teacher had written a note on it: "Careless in his spelling."

TABLES FOR TWO

Ports of Call



FORCED indoors by a shower the other night, I took refuge in that comfortable East Side shelter, the St. Regis, and instinctively headed down a flight of carpeted stairs to the Maisonnette, a small but handsome shrine to paganism that is tucked away in the basement. Drying off at a table, I ordered a drink, and found that some sort of entertainment was about to begin: The music stopped, the lights dimmed, and the band leader's voice, coming sepulchally over the public-address system, announced the imminent appearance of a singer named Jerome Courtland. A flourish from the orchestra, and Courtland, a tall and personable young devil, was upon us and delivering a rousing chorus of "Clap Yo' Hands," a surefire Gershwin number. With a disarming manner and skillful use of his robust singing voice, he ran through as diverting and varied a group of pieces as I have heard in many a nocturnal visit underground—"A Woman Is a Sometime Thing," "When I'm Not Near the Girl I Love," "Black Is the Color of My True Love's Hair," and that magnificent tribute to virility, from Cole Porter's masterly score for "Kiss Me, Kate," "Where Is the Life That Late I Led?" It was a delightful evening; it had even stopped raining when I left.

THE art of Evelyn Knight is something that has often eluded me in the past, but the other evening, when I dropped in at the Plaza's Persian Room, it began to come through clearly. As everyone must know by now, she's a slender, pretty, blond singer with a voice as soft as the spring air. What threw me off before, I guess, was the way she used to indulge in so much arch nonsense with the gentlemen at the ringside tables; this time she concentrated on artfully phrased deliveries of such superior items from the standard repertory as "Summertime" and "St. Louis Blues," to name but two. She also did a slightly long but entertaining ballad about an eighteenth-century English country girl who is on her way to London by stage to meet her true love but is wooed so ardently and by such a wide variety of male acquaintances during the nightly stopovers along the way that by

the time she reaches the city she has forgotten what brought her there. This ballad, sounding for all the world like one of those folk songs transported across the years by generations of wily balladeers, is, I discovered later, the invention of two wily present-day songwriters. Miss Knight, from a perch on the piano, sang it into a hand mike in dulcet tones, innocent as you please.

DENISE DARCEL, who is bounding about the floor of the Cotillion Room in the Pierre these nights, is a girl of such astonishing construction and such determined Gallic incandescence that she damn near causes you to overlook the fact that she can't sing a lick. This game girl, backed up by the tradition of France and a bunch of experienced musicians, presided over by her own piano accompanist, calls up memories of Piaf, Chevalier, Patachou, and other distinguished fellow-artists and compatriots simply by announcing their names and then singing, in her triumphantly hoarse fashion, a few bars from songs identified with them. "France is a woman!" she proclaimed proudly at one point, and I was never before so disposed to agree.

Mata and Hari come out and spar around before Mlle. Darcel appears for the main bout. Dance pantomimists of a high order, they do their justly celebrated imitation of a symphony orchestra (I've grown a bit tired of it by now, though) and any other little thing that strikes their fancy and has taken three or four weeks of patient rehearsal. I thought they were at their best in a number called "Marionettes," in which they bob about, to a variety of rhythms, like—well, like puppets.

"NICE TO SEE YOU," a breezy musical entertainment staged by George White at the Versailles, has some laughs and some pretty girls. The biggest laughs are provoked by Georgie Kaye, a friendly-looking young man who amused me immoderately with his portrayal of an alarmingly eccentric psychiatrist, and by Fay DeWitt, a buxom blonde with mobile features and a fine sense of the ridiculous. Another young man, Lou Nelson, furnishes some happy moments, too, with his bland delivery of a gag routine. As for the girls, there's a red-haired charmer named Marge Duncan, who is an accomplished dancer; an even more accomplished dancer and comedienne named Dorothy



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Keller; and a pretty ingénue, Paula Stewart, who has an attractive voice. There are, in addition, two tall, composed young beauties who sit at tables along the sides of the floor and flick on little table lamps every now and then to reveal their presence and then comment, in singsong voices, on some sort of plot about a boy and girl that is supposed to be unfolding on the floor. . . . Gogi's Larue has a spring revue, too, though on a more modest scale than the one at the Versailles. Larue's offers Orson Bean, a droll young comedian, and a half-dozen extremely youthful singers and dancers, who work like little demons to put over an original score that doesn't strike fire until the final number, "Back in the Old Routine," a frolicsome soft-shoe duet by an ingratiating comedienne named Billie Hayes and a seemingly indefatigable dancer named Hal Loman. Another dancer, Danny Daniels, who takes no part in the show, has staged the entertainment with vim and vigor. . . . That redoubtable and penetrating comedienne Alice Pearce is heading the bill at the Blue Angel, and it's hard to think of any better news than that. —D. W.

SENTENCES WE DOUBT EVER GOT REPEATED AT STREET CORNERS

[From "Willa Cather: A Critical Biography," by E. K. Brown and Leon Edel]

Members of the class recall that on the day when Hunt returned the themes, he wrote on the blackboard a sentence from one of them, Willa Cather's: "Like the lone survivor of some extinct species, the last of the mammoths, tortured and harassed beyond all endurance by the smaller though perhaps more perfectly organized offspring of the world's maturer years, this great Titan, the son of her passionate youth, a youth of volcanoes and earthquakes and great unsystematized forces, rushed off into the desert to suffer alone." This sentence, surviving in yellowed notes at Lincoln, and still repeated when classmates meet at street corners, reveals much more about Willa Cather than about Thomas Carlyle.

RIDGEWAY, Mo.—This doesn't happen too often.

When George Cole, Joplin, Mo., motored through and stopped for the first time in sixty years in a rural neighborhood where he had lived as a boy he found still there, W. H. Melvin, with whom he swam and played.

All were taken to a Concordia hospital.

Wagner, Chet Clegg and Bryant Clegg were buried to their waists, and Robert Clegg was almost completely covered.

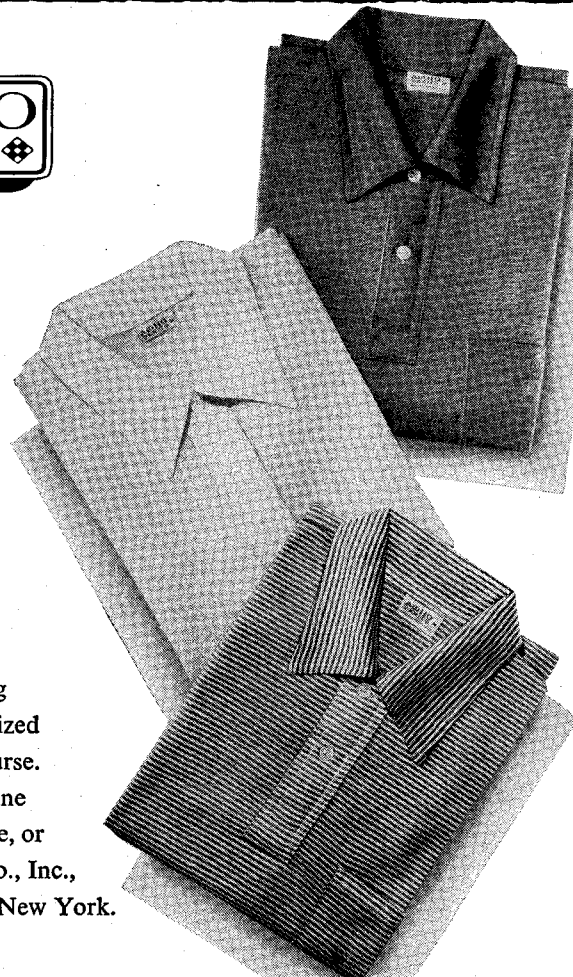
—Kansas City Star.

No, it *doesn't* happen too often. You're right.

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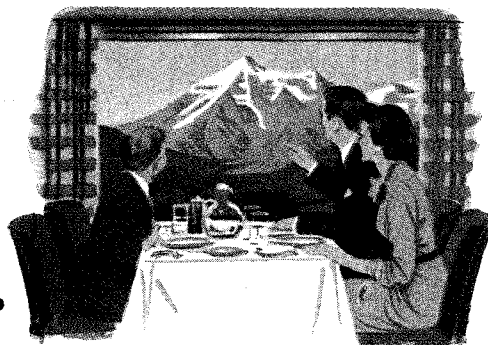
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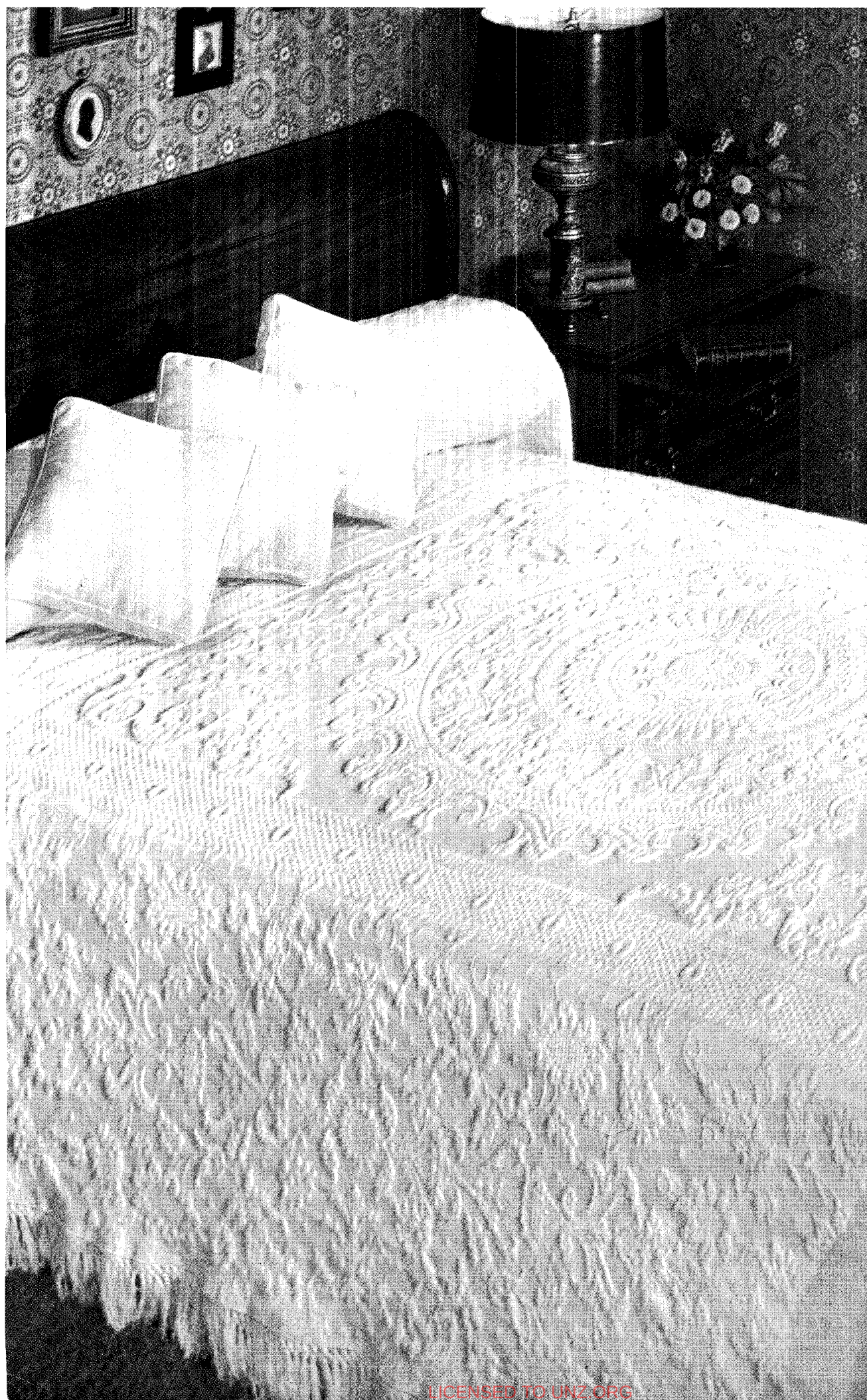


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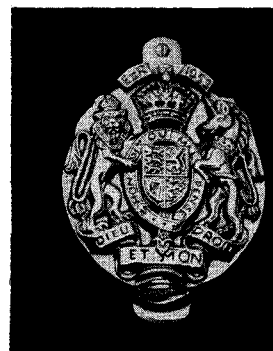
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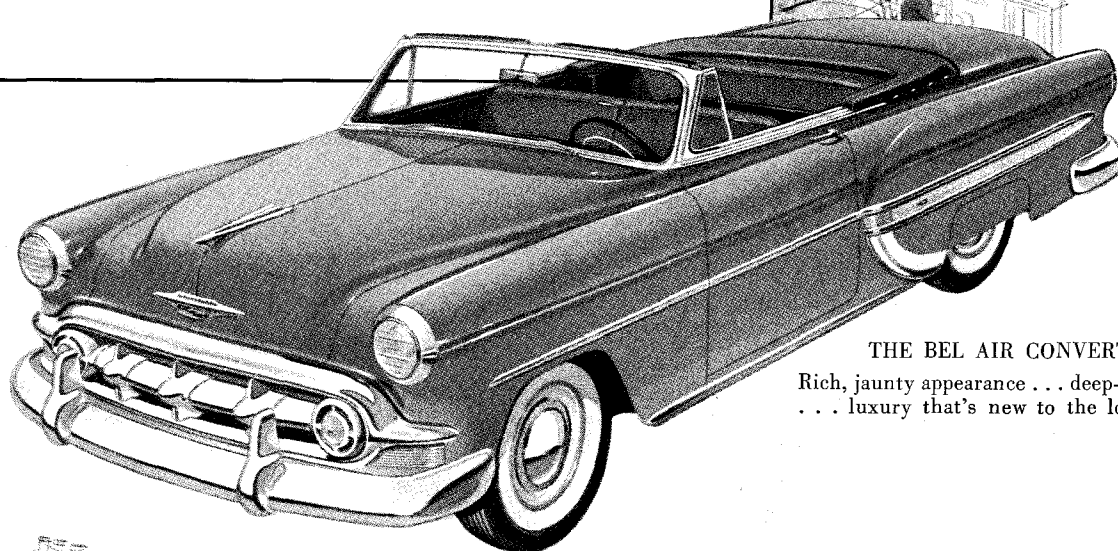
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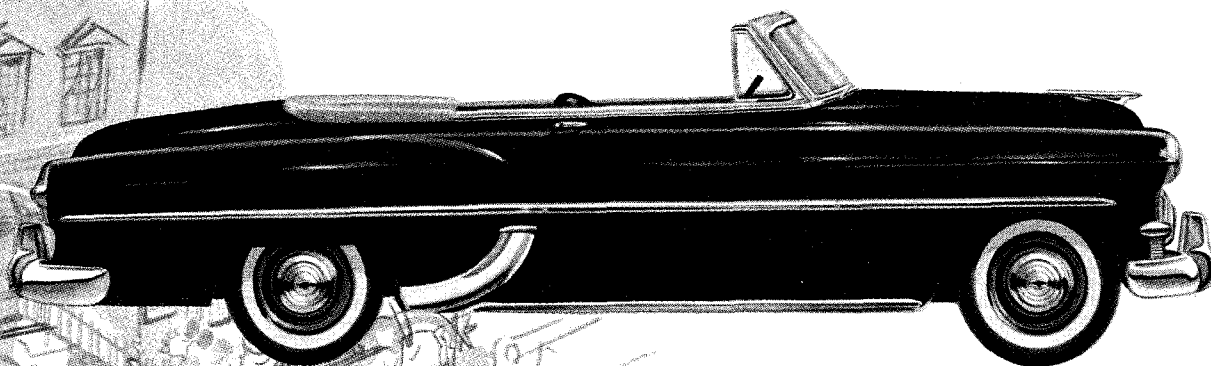


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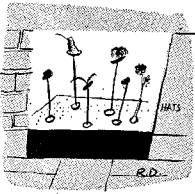
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT



SAKS FIFTH AVENUE's separates in khaki twill overlaid with coarse white cotton lace are good-looking, if slightly bizarre. There's a

high halter top, a slim skirt, a waist-length box jacket, and a pair of shorts, at prices ranging from \$22.95 to \$35. Two equally handsome separates appear in white duck—a double-breasted, brass-buttoned jacket and a wrap-around skirt, with which a wool knit pullover, striped in red, white, and blue, is paired. Bathing suits of a mixture of orlon and silk (it looks like shantung) are trimmed with saw-tooth edging or with pleated ruffles, all quite seaworthy; a tailored beach shirt shows up in aquamarine, sky blue, or pewter gray. A bloomer suit in black ribbed cotton is lightly wired and boned in the proper places, and a matching shirt has four buttoned-down patch pockets. The black piqué cardigan duster that goes over a white cotton bathing suit, boldly embroidered with black diamonds, would also go nicely over any summer frock. All the bathing suits are \$22.95 to \$25.

DE PINNA's khaki cotton twill separates are meant for a fairly rugged life; \$14.95 to \$19.95.

There are two jackets (cutaway or box), three skirts (slender, full, or wrap-around), and short or long shorts. For days or evenings closer to civilization, bright-yellow, Shocking-pink, powder-blue, or lime felt makes coats with stand-away or rolled collar and high waistlines, to say nothing of a sleeveless mandarin jacket and a short raglan wrap-around with a huge collar; \$17.95 to \$29.95.

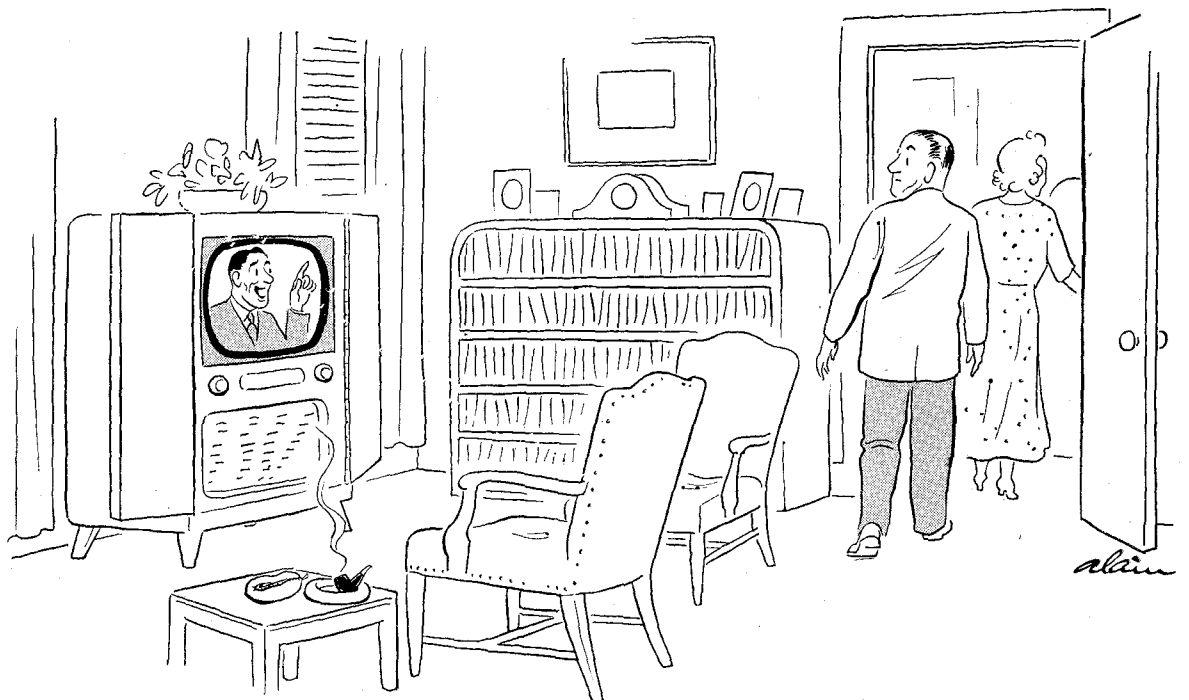
JAY THORPE's Casual Shop deals in sizes 10 to 20. A décolleté sheath dress, tucked from shoulder to hemline, is accompanied by a tucked box jacket or a battle jacket with a band of tucking around the hips. The fabric is

plain or polka-dotted pink-and-white or blue-and-white rayon crêpe; the price is \$89.95 for the battle-jacket deal, \$95 for the other one. A similar version, but more tailored, is \$98.95, in beige or black shantung. Some of the separates here are of rayon and cotton with a red-and-white or navy-and-white tablecloth check. Among them are a shirt, a bare-necked blouse, a button-down-the-front gored skirt, and a wing-collared halter. Prices run from \$11.95, for the halter, to \$15.95, for the skirt.

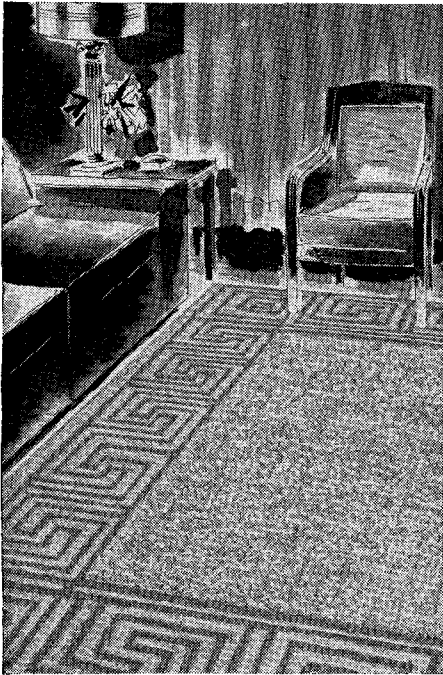
Jay Thorpe's Junior Shop, which concerns itself with sizes 7 to 15, presents a group of shantung cocktail and evening dresses in Nile green, pale pink, pale yellow, or aquamarine. Corded scallops and tucks decorate the slender bodice of a long dress in this group; a sweetheart neckline embroidered with chalk-white beads decorates one of the short dresses. There's also a sheath dress with a bright chiffon handkerchief spilling from a hip pocket. Another batch of evening things, done in dotted swiss, includes a camisole dress in black and yellow, bound around the bodice with narrow bands of black rayon velvet. A black-and-white dotted swiss with a slim five-tiered skirt has a flaming red poppy planted in its black rayon vel-

vet belt. Navy-and-white dotted swiss makes an Empire dress with a sash of crimson rayon taffeta. Prices for the evening clothes run from \$49.95 to \$59.95.

BEST has assembled a splendid showing of gray dresses, priced from \$29.95 to \$69.95 and mostly urban enough for town. One two-piece dress with a short, fitted top, rounded hips, fake crescent pockets, and a white linen overcollar is of slate-gray cotton. Another, finished to resemble dark-gray sharkskin, has a round, collarless neckline, dropped shoulders, and a nosegay of white lilacs at the waist. A one-piece dress of pale-gray linen sports a tremendous bow tie of red satin and a red satin belt. There's a suggestion of the current tulip silhouette in a button-down-the-front gray cotton with enormous pockets on the bosom. A bare-topped, full-skirted dress, also of gray cotton, has a bodice of black-and-gray plaid and a fitted bolero in gray. A cotton sheath is striped gray and black. A wide band of black cotton is appliquéd down the sides, and there's a plain black spencer jacket. Gray cotton sharkskin makes a tight-bodiced dress whose off-the-shoulder berth is edged with white linen. The scooped neck of a sheer gray



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cotton banded with black cotton is filled in with a detachable circle of white piqué.

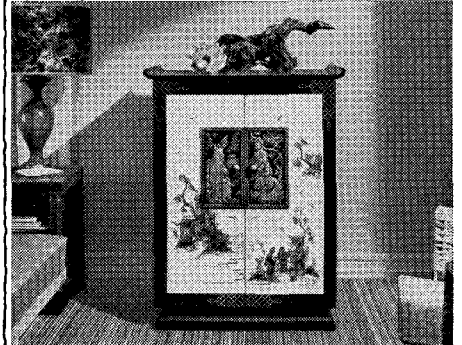
In Best's Beachwear Department are some rousing cotton beach shirts made by American Indians, in solid yellow or sky blue, in black or chocolate printed with rosebuds, or in a turquoise-and-black or a red-and-black calico pattern. One of pale blue and red is trimmed with rickrack. Prices run from \$14.95 to \$18.95.

PECK & PECK's sun dresses and bathing suits are done in matching prints. A suit and a halter dress appear in a green, pink, or blue tree-ring cotton print. The large triangular scarf that's attached to the dress can be draped into a cape or a hood. A modified bloomer suit of white cotton on which black twigs and daubs of bright color are printed is paired with two sun dresses. One of them is sleeveless, square-necked, and full-skirted; the other is a short-sleeved sheath. The long ends of the top of another modified bloomer suit criss-cross over the bosom and tie around the waist. The top is of rose or bright-blue Laton, one of those elasticized fabrics; the printed cotton bloomers are in two shades of the rose or the blue. A matching cotton sun dress has a gathered skirt and a draped halter. The prices start at \$16.95 and go up to \$25.95. This matching idea also applies to sheaths and cashmere cardigans. A sheath of green or royal-blue linen, strewn with sewn-on field flowers and embroidered leaves, is matched by a similarly decorated white cardigan; a pink linen sheath on which white organdie flowers are appliquéd gets a pink cardigan. The cost is \$95 to \$110, complete.

MORE bathing separates, in sizes 7 to 15, are around Altman's Young Colony Shop. Long pointed bodices of black-and-white flowered piqué or of black, olive, or khaki cotton broadcloth are intended to go with little-boy pants of the same materials and colors; in this case, the sizes begin at 9. White chintz sprinkled with rosebuds turns into wrap-around halters, shorts, and bibbed beach shirts with stand-off collars. Gingham in a black-and-white, pink-and-white, or blue-and-white check turns into camisoles, surplice halters, bloomers, and very short little-girl beach dresses with smocked yokes. A bathing dress of black or white piqué has a slashed-up-the-front skirt and ruffled bloomers of plaid cotton; \$15.95, to give an idea of the prices here. The color scheme can be



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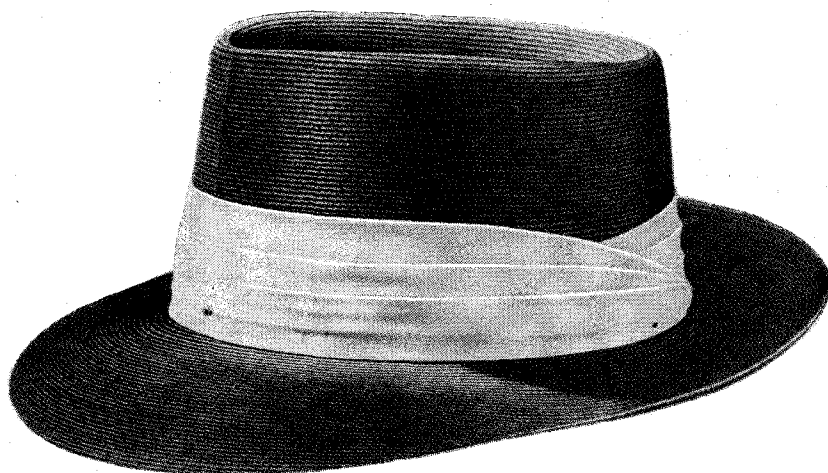
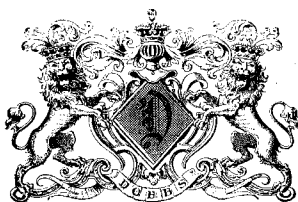
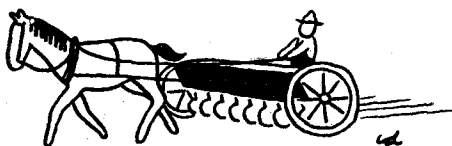
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varied with extra ruffled or plain cotton bloomers in plaids, polka dots, or a floral print; \$5.95. A collection of weekend separates in plaid India Madras includes sleeveless blouses, shorts, skirts with unpressed pleats, and a mannish jacket; \$5.95 to \$22.95.

KATHLEEN, at 118 East 60th Street, gives thought to the bride's mother. For informal weddings, she does one dress of navy or pastel tissue faille, banded with faggoting, and another of avocado shantung with a cowl collar and a high midriff. Her marquissette dresses, in beige, gray, or navy, provide a variety of décolletages, short or ankle-length skirts, and Chantilly-type lace draped over the shoulders and sleeves. A long dress of navy, powder-blue, or dusty-pink nylon net has short sleeves with flaring cuffs of Chantilly-type lace, and long vertical stripes of the lace descend the skirt. Her adaptation of a Jacques Griffe design, in navy French Chantilly, involves a round neck, long, snug sleeves, and an accordion-pleated skirt. Alençon lace is appliquéd from the right shoulder to a great net pouf on the left hip of a dress done in blue-gray, navy, or beige chiffon; another chiffon, in a variety of pastel colors, has a bodice that is entirely Alençon. Mostly, the length of all sleeves is up to Mother. Sizes begin at 12 and occasionally go to 40. Prices go from \$69.95 to \$250, and a dress arrives three weeks after an order is placed.

PINOCCHIO, a new shop at 153 East 70th Street, offers clothes for boys in sizes 1 to 6 and for girls up to size 14. A party dress of pink-and-white or blue-and-white flowered nylon, orlon, and cotton has pink or navy velvet ribbon down the bodice. The price, \$12.95 to \$14.95, includes a ruffled parasol to match. (A duplicate for the mother of the family, in sizes 10 to 16, is \$14.95.) A printed border of baskets of daisies and red roses adorns a play dress of red, black, and white cotton, and the matching stole is edged with red and white ball fringe. Black-and-white checked seersucker makes coveralls, shirts, cuffed shorts with a black cotton bow on one leg, and brimmed hats. Handmade baby dresses of lawn and batiste, trimmed with embroidery, appliqué, faggoting, and smocking, are



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WERNER AND CHARLES OF SWITZERLAND, on the second floor of 16 West 57th Street, do shampoo-brush settings for women with short, curly (natural or machine-made) hair who refuse to sit under a drier on hot days. After the shampoo, the hair is dried by hand, then brushed and manipulated into casual waves. The price of all this is \$3, and you're on your way in half an hour. Permanents start at \$15.

MEYROWITZ's newest sunglasses are made in England. The frames, of clear or colored Lucite, are decorated at the temples with tiny glass sea horses, dolphins, hearts, or abstract designs, all reputedly unbreakable; \$18.50.

CLAIRE MCCARDELL's Sun Specs are shallow and upswept, so there'll be no untanned circles beneath the eyes. The frames are of opaque plastic in white, black, or a variety of the muted shades favored by this designer; \$10, at Lord & Taylor, Saks, and Bergdorf Goodman, among others.

HELENA RUBINSTEIN's beach bag, more than a foot square, is shaped like a portfolio. It's made of a plastic that looks like bamboo, and a red plastic envelope for a bathing suit is attached to the red terrycloth lining. An outer pocket contains a bottle of her Sun and Windproof Lotion, and if you open the bag out flat, terrycloth side up, it makes a perfectly good sunbathing mat. It's \$7.14, including the federal tax.

—G. J.

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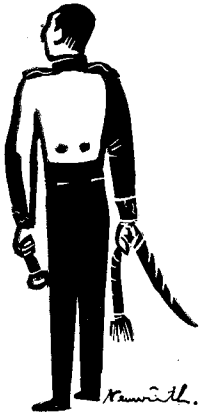
UNKIRK, N. Y., MAY 9—(AP)—THE
A118AB

DUNKIRK, N. Y., MAY 9—(AP)—THE WINE FLOWED LIKE WATER HERE TODAY, AND A HOLIDAY SPIRIT SPREAD.—A.P. news dispatch.

So it would appear. Now, about that freight train...

THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Little Child and a Lot of Sin



"**B**ELLISSIMA," an Italian film in which Anna Magnani figures prominently, has a very soft title, but the sound track that accompanies the action is as cacophonous as a hen yard when the eggs are dropping fast. Practically everybody who turns up is given to whooping and hollering, and before long, the average spectator may find his eardrums nervously revolting against the racket. The plot hardly calls for all the uproar. It has to do with an ambitious mother, mated to a stolid workman, who is determined to transform their small daughter into an actress. A film studio announces a competition to discover the prettiest child in Rome, and the mother enters her offspring, although the little one looks more like Harry Langdon than like Shirley Temple. When the young contestants are called up for a preliminary examination, the movie-struck matron falls in with a sharp young man employed by the studio, who assures her that with the help of several thousand lire he can make straight the daughter's way to stardom. Forthwith, Mother surrenders the family savings to this bounder, employs a dramatic teacher, enrolls her daughter in a ballet school, and goes through the rest of the rigmarole that is considered necessary to prepare small fry for the camera.

Without pursuing this rather conventional theme any further, I'd like to remark that the mother's struggles have no consistent dramatic impact; as a matter of fact, they get to be something of a bore, even though Miss Magnani, playing the lady in question, manages to rise above her material occasionally and give us a glimpse of the sort of acting that has made her famous. It's hard to believe that "Bellissima" was cooked up by Cesare Zavattini, the script writer responsible for "The Bicycle Thief" and "Miracle in Milan," but that's the truth. I remember hearing that the boy in "The Bicycle Thief" won his role by trying to hit Vittorio De Sica, the director, on the head with a rock. It seems to me a youth like that offers a lot more

possibilities than a small girl who, like so many other little mummies, has nothing but a relentless mother to recommend her.

IN "The Seven Deadly Sins," a group of French and Italian actors and directors have pooled their talents to make a series of episodes purporting to reveal the nature of every kind of moral transgression from pride to sloth. None of the episodes will add much to your understanding of the evils under scrutiny, and, indeed, in a couple of cases you may find yourself in sympathy with what should, presumably, be objectionable. I am thinking in particular of a study of envy, adapted from "The Cat," by Colette, in which a young lady, living with a self-centered, cat-loving artist, has to leave her lover because she can't stand the way he keeps mewling over his cat. The crisis is brought on when she chases the beast off a parapet, only to find that a six-story drop merely shakes it up a bit. I share the A.S.P.C.A.'s views on tossing animals off high places, but in this case it seemed to me that it was the lady who needed a little protection, for the animal insisted on keeping an eye on every move she made and trying to mess up her life with her true love. In the way of sturdier stuff, pride is covered fairly entertainingly in a vignette about a well-born lady pauper who goes to a ball at which an emerald is stolen and then refuses to be searched like everyone else because she's filled her handbag with rolls from the buffet. And an item about lust also has its moments. But, all in all, "The Seven Deadly Sins" needs a bit more meat on its bones. However, you'll probably be pleased by the acting of Michèle Morgan, Andrée Debar, Viviane Romance, Gérard Philipe, and most of the others in the cast.

IN an attempt to exploit the sacerdotal gold mine that Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald opened up in "Going My Way," the Warner Brothers have turned out something called "Trouble Along the Way," in which Charles Coburn, as a lovable priest, hires John Wayne, who is supposed to be an impious football coach, to build a money-making team for a down-at-the-heels school. Their antics, and the antics of the others in the film, made me wish the Reverend Davidson would burst in on one of their cozy scenes in all his fine and despicable frenzy, hot on the heels of Sadie Thompson.

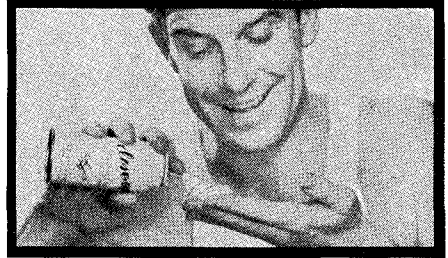
—JOHN MCCARTEN

NEW!

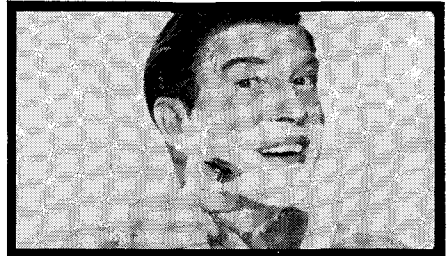
close-up

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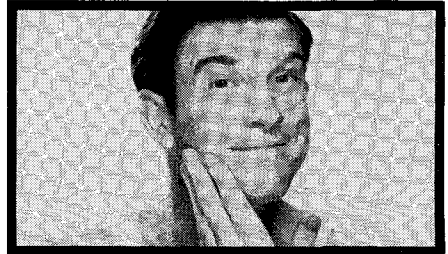
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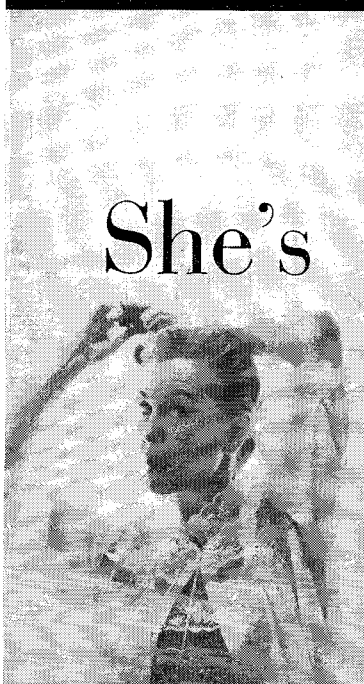
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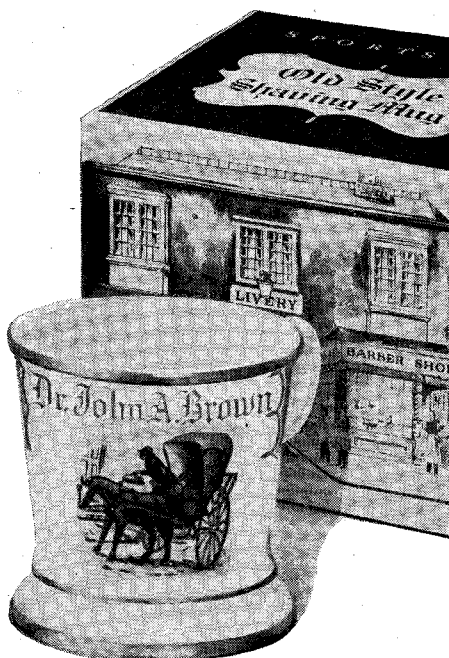


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WITH the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth drawing near, I often find myself thinking back to the spring of 1902, when I was a young lady, and my father, Reggie Brett, was deeply immersed in the problem of the Coronation of Edward VII. As Permanent Secretary of the Office of Works, Father was responsible for much of the planning for that great event. His job wasn't easy. One big difficulty was that Queen Victoria, who had died the year before, had ruled for sixty-four years, and nobody in the government had ever seen a Coronation.

We were living at our country place near Windsor at the time, and I can remember that Father would disappear for hours into a small farmhouse at the edge of a forest that was full of nightingales. There he pored over the Rolls Books—historical records that he had inherited from his father, along with the title Viscount Esher. Even as he examined the Books for accounts of previous Coronations, he kept scouting about for anybody who had seen one. "The old Duke of Cambridge!" he said with elation one day as he came in for lunch. "He's seen two of them." Gradually, from the memories of old men and from all sorts of records, including letters and private memoirs, a pattern began to emerge. Father took his discoveries to the Duke of Norfolk, who, as the hereditary Earl Marshal of England, was in charge of the Coronation ceremony, and it was through their joint effort, and with the help of countless heraldic authorities, that the Coronation of Edward VII was made possible.

Naturally, I was almost breathlessly eager to see the crowning of the King, which was to take place in June, and as the daughter of a peer, I was entitled to a seat in the Abbey. Then, one morning in March, I was stricken with appendicitis. The disease was a mysterious one in those days. There was no general agreement on the proper method of treatment, and many doctors even thought appendicitis was contagious. As I lay writhing on my bed, our old country doctor appeared baffled. My parents, thoroughly alarmed, insisted that our London doctor be called in. He came, took one look at me, and

requested another opinion. Our footman was then sent up to London to find the distinguished surgeon Sir Frederick Treves, and managed to intercept him on his doorstep just as he was starting off for a weekend. Sir Frederick immediately caught the train down to Windsor. After examining me, he announced that he must operate the next day, although he feared that it was too late. The next day, accordingly, I was operated on, at home.

My recovery was so slow that Father told me I would probably have to miss the Coronation. In the days that followed, he did his best to comfort me by sitting beside my bed in the evening and discussing some of the details of the event that were worrying him and that he knew would fascinate me. He also told me some things about other Coronations. I remember he described the spectacular procession through London of the first Queen Elizabeth. Thousands of pounds had been spent on street decorations, he said, and along the royal route beautiful children stood and made speeches of welcome as the Queen rode by in her carriage. Later in the day, at Westminster Abbey, the Queen objected to the anointing oil. "The oil was grease and smelt ill," she remarked to her maids. One evening as I lay in bed feeling particularly un-



happy, Father diverted me with some facts about the Coronation of Queen Victoria. He said she had walked up the nave with a bishop on either side of her, looking tiny in her massive robes but lively as a cricket. When the Archbishop of Canterbury, old and feeble, asked her the questions of the oath, he could not be heard by most of the audience, but the Queen's voice rang out

clear as a bell. Further on in the ceremony, when she complained aloud of the weight of the orb, the symbol of spiritual power, which she carried in one hand, and asked what to do with it, a courtier standing nearby told her politely, "Hold it, Ma'am." There was a bad moment, later on, when the Archbishop of Canterbury awkwardly forced the Coronation ring on the wrong finger of the Queen's hand; she afterwards had a painful time getting it off.

The work Father did was most ex-

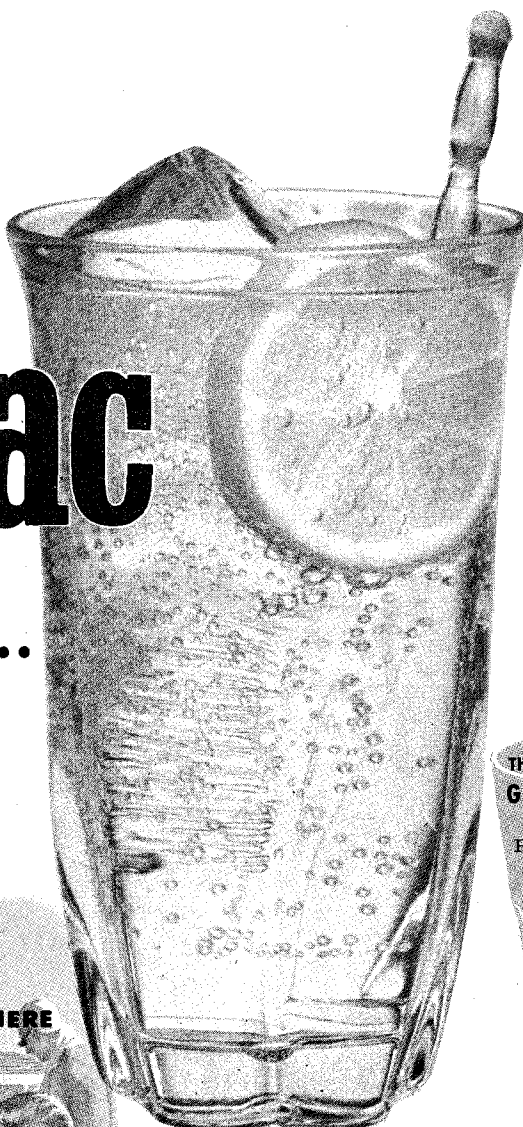


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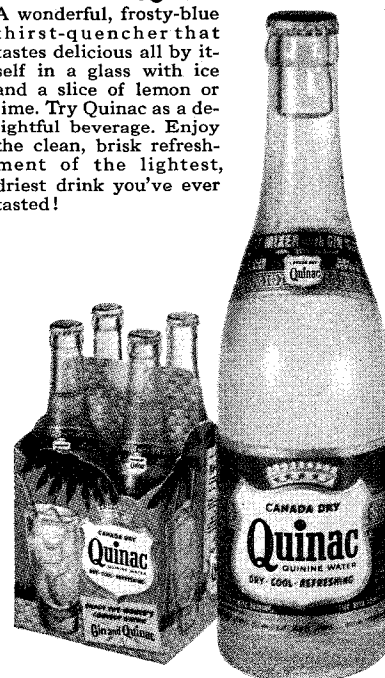
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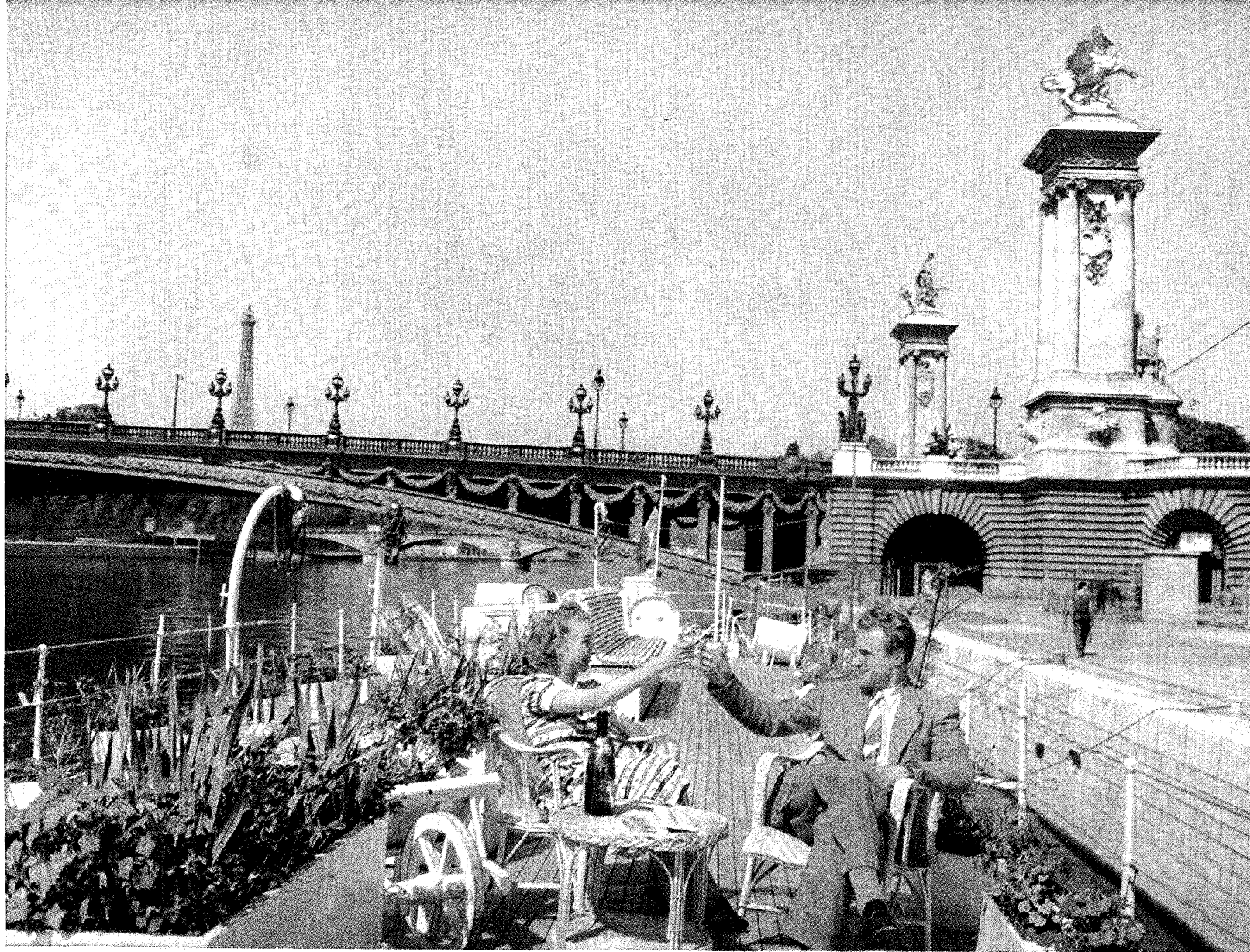
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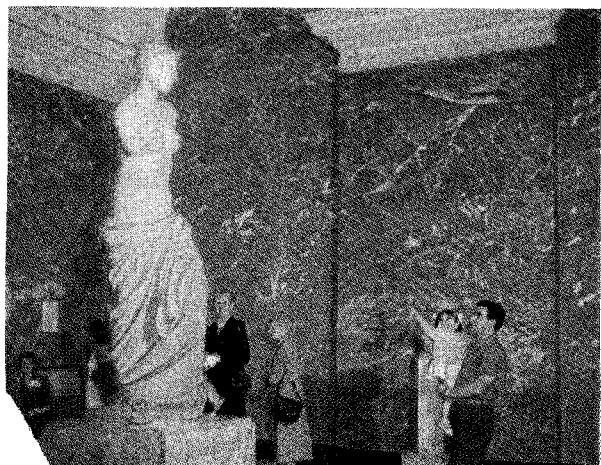
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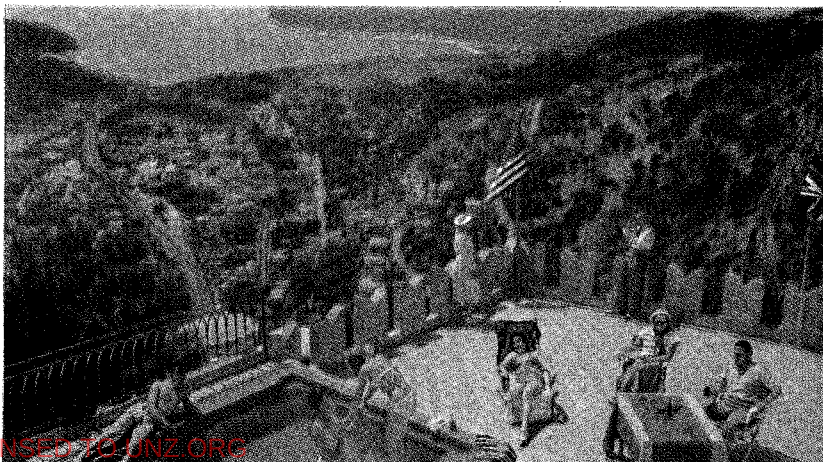
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acting, and he soon was looking worn and haggard. There was no end to the questions that must be settled. One, for example, had to do with trumpets and drums. As Their Majesties entered the Abbey, there would be a devilish fanfare of trumpets and a rolling of drums. The sound was shattering even in the open air; what effect would the vibrations have on the old Abbey? After long and heated discussions, involving not only Father and the Duke of Norfolk, but various architects, builders, and musicians, it was decided to risk a demonstration. The trumpet-and-drum corps from the band of the Horse Guards was marched into the Abbey, the instruments flared and rattled—and the old walls stood firm.

ALONG the streets of London, enormous white poles were erected, on which to hang shields and garlands. Velvet flags were suspended from balconies and windows. Wooden stands were set up along the route the procession would follow, and as each section was completed, a detachment of guardsmen was marched onto it to test it. At a word of command, the men flumped down hard on the seats. If the stands didn't collapse, they were considered safe.

Crowds began pouring into London. Colonial troops and royalty arrived from abroad. Rehearsals went on constantly in the Abbey, sometimes with Their Majesties but more often with stand-ins. The Prince of Wales' little children, who were mischievous and high-spirited, had been taken to see the decorations in the Abbey. They had scrambled over pews, climbed onto tombs and monuments, and returned home covered with dust. The younger of my two brothers was not happy when he heard this report, since he had been assigned to guard the children during the Coronation and see that they didn't disrupt the ceremony.

My family started getting their costumes ready. Mother and Father would both wear crimson velvet robes. Underneath his, Father would wear a black velvet coat, a white silk shirt, and white satin knee breeches; the dress Mother would wear was a beautiful combination of velvet, satin, and lace, with a train that fell in long, sweeping folds. My brothers, as Gold Staff officers, would wear court dress, including coat, waistcoat, and knee breeches of black velvet. My sister would have a white evening frock, with long white gloves, and with three white ostrich feathers pinned in her hair at the back. I would be dressed

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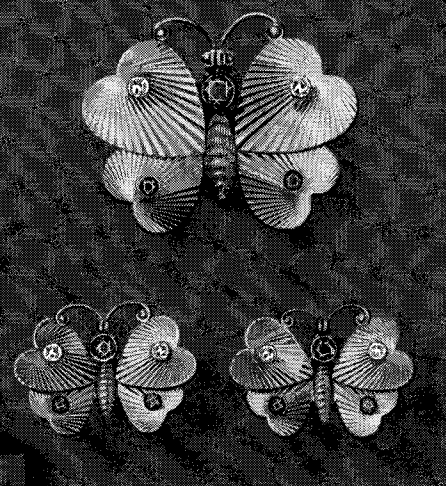
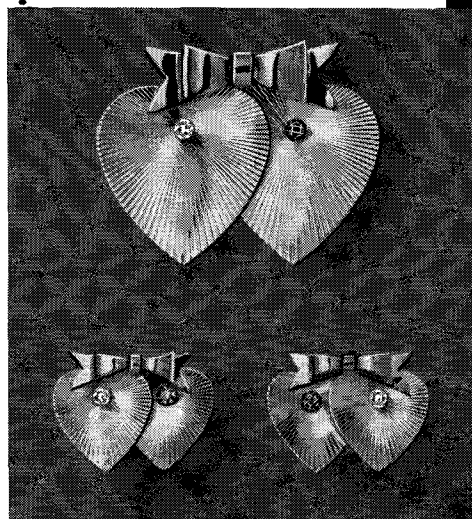
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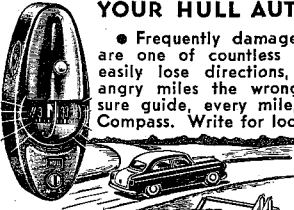
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the same way, if only I were going. The thought of not being there almost broke my heart.

THE King was to be crowned on June 26th. On June 24th, Father went to London for the final rehearsal in the Abbey. For some time, he had been unusually quiet, and he seemed depressed. We children knew that he was fatigued from an almost endless round of state dinners and court receptions, and that he was still working hard on the last details of the Coronation. When he returned home that evening at dinnertime, he looked utterly spent and dispirited. He sat down by my bed, where I was still recuperating—and lamenting my ill fortune at having to miss the Coronation—and said to me quietly, “The Coronation is off. His Majesty has suffered an attack of appendicitis. He may need an operation.”

I gasped. Father went on to say that he felt personally involved in the calamity. As I've said, little was known about appendicitis in those days. Father was faced with the appalling possibility that he had carried a germ from me to the King!

Sitting there, he told me of the scene in the Abbey. Among those present for the rehearsal were the Bishop of London, the canons, and the orchestra and choir, with their director, Sir Frederick Bridge. It was about noon. At three o'clock, the King and Queen were expected. Suddenly a messenger appeared and asked nervously for the Duke of Norfolk. He was not there. So the messenger whispered to my father, and my father whispered to the Bishop of London. The Bishop turned



white. Standing by the empty throne, he announced simply that the King was seriously, perhaps dangerously ill, and that the Coronation was cancelled. There was a moment of awful silence. Then the Bishop knelt by the throne, and everybody else sank to his knees, as Sir Frederick Bridge asked the choir to sing a portion of the Litany. While they sang, the Bishop intoned, "In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our wealth; in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment..." And the choir answered, "Good Lord, deliver us." When the choir finished, the Bishop blessed the assemblage, and one by one the people departed, leaving behind the splendid trappings in the dim Abbey.

London, of course, was shocked. Throngs stood around Buckingham Palace, watching for bulletins, Father reported to me. A friend of his wrote him, "What next, *miserere, Domine*? The festive look of London jars horribly." That look was not to last long. The gay hangings along the streets were taken down. The colonial troops sailed away. The visiting royalty returned to their homes.

In the next few days, my feeling of depression almost equalled Father's, I think, not only because I realized I might have been the source of the King's illness but also because I knew, from what Father said, that the King himself was aware of where the appendicitis "bug" might have come from. But my gloom, as well as Father's, was almost dispelled when the surgeon who had operated on me, Sir Frederick Treves, successfully operated on the King. His Majesty's recovery was rapid, and a new date, August 9th, was set for the Coronation. I felt grateful to the King. I told my parents that if His Majesty would be well enough to attend the Coronation, I would, too. They agreed.

AT last it was four o'clock on the morning of the great day. We had moved up the day before to our house in London, and it was ablaze with light. As my sister and I were struggling into our white dresses, we heard the slam of the front door that meant my brothers had gone off to the breakfast given for the Gold Staff officers and other officials in the Statesmen's Court of the Palace of Westminster.

We grabbed our gloves and joined our parents, who were already in a carriage outside. How gorgeous they looked in their crimson robes! The horses were fidgety, made nervous by the booming

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of the minute guns in Hyde Park. As we rode slowly along the streets jammed with carriages, my father said that Stanley Quick, his private secretary, had managed the day before to smuggle a steel box marked O.H.M.S. (On His Majesty's Service) into one of the crypts of the Abbey. The box contained sandwiches and champagne for our lunch. It would be well into the afternoon before we could get our carriage and leave the Abbey, and, of course, with the heavy traffic, we would be slow reaching home. Lunch at the Abbey was desirable, especially as I had been sick. A crypt was the only place that could be decently used, we all knew, for one would hardly resort to the indignity of eating on a tombstone or in a pew. Father did not explain how Stanley got the steel box past the sentries, police, soldiers, and plainclothesmen swarming about the Abbey; he said he simply didn't know and Stanley had sworn he would never tell. The story of Guy Fawkes and the Gunpowder Plot was still strong in the minds of all good Englishmen. Stanley's feat was not only ingenious but dangerous. My sister and I shuddered with delight.

Our horses plodded along. Soldiers and sailors were lined up at the curbs. Mounted police were clattering up and down. In the crowds that had waited along the royal route all night long, women fainted and children got stepped on or lost.

Once inside the Abbey, my sister and I were led by an usher to a balcony near the roof, where we had a magnificent view of the nave. Directly below us, slanting rays of sunlight were flickering on gold epaulets, bright scabbards, and waving plumes and feathers.

The ceremony went off without any real hitch. When the King entered the Abbey, the huge congregation watched anxiously to see if he would falter because of his recent illness—my illness, perhaps. But the King—I learned later that he had been laced into a metal girdle—walked confidently to the throne. When the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, like the earlier one attending Queen Victoria, was old and feeble, advanced to place the crown on the King's head, he stumbled, but he managed to get it there. At once, the congregation shouted, "God save the King!" England had a new monarch.

AFTER my sister and I climbed down from our perch, we were lost in a swirling mass of people until Stanley Quick suddenly stepped from behind a tomb. Presently, my brothers

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appeared, grinning happily and with time only to give us a friendly nudge before hastening off to attend the luncheon at Statesmen's Court for the Officers of the College of Arms and the Gold Staff Officers. Father was supposed to lunch there, but he preferred to stay with us. Stanley waved at us, and we followed him through the vast crowd, estimated at seven thousand people, and down what seemed like endless stone passages and stairs, into the crypt where he had hidden the steel box. The crypt, a square room with gray stone walls and a single electric-light bulb, was cold and gloomy, and I began to think it wasn't such a good idea, either for me or for anyone in sturdier health. Then Father and Mother opened the door and came in looking gay and full of fun, Father particularly. He seemed immeasurably relieved that the ceremony had gone off successfully.

We sat on the floor in a circle, with the steel box in the center. My parents spread their red robes about them. Father opened the box, and all of us, by now famished, devoured sandwiches of chicken, ham, tongue, or jam. Father cautioned us to speak softly, as we were, of course, not supposed to be in the crypt, and the guards on the Abbey floor above might hear us. Stanley was about to open a bottle of champagne when Father spoke of the loud pop the cork would make. Stanley took care of this by wrapping a napkin around the top of the bottle.

As we ate, Father told us about some peers whose ancestral coronets had slipped down on their faces, because the coronets had originally been made to fit over wigs. He had been amused, too, at some peeresses he had overheard expressing their indignation at the lack of comforts in the Abbey. And he also told us, much to our pleasure, that my younger brother had managed to control the Prince of Wales' little children.

With all our precautions over the popping of corks, we had forgotten to keep our voices lowered. Abruptly there was a loud rapping at the door. My father called out, "Come in," as if this were his own living room. The door was flung open and there stood the Duke of Norfolk, several policemen, and a group of armed guardsmen. The policemen, who recognized my father, turned crimson, and the guardsmen grinned. The Duke, a kind, homely-looking man with a shaggy beard, stared in amazement.

Father rose politely and, with a

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charming smile, said, "My dear Duke, won't you join us?"

The Duke, who seemed tired, looked longingly at our lunch. "I can't," he said reluctantly. "I have to go to the Statesmen's Court. But I don't mind a glass of champagne." As Father handed him one, the Duke glanced around him and asked, "How did you do it?"

My father shook his head. "That's a secret," he said, "but someday I may be able to tell you."

The Duke drank his wine, looked longingly at our feast again, and started to leave.

"And how did you find us?" Father asked.

The Duke nodded toward an embarrassed policeman. "He heard strange noises and was sure it was another Guy Fawkes," he explained. "He insisted we come down to investigate. I borrowed the soldiers and came." He laughed. "You don't know how I envy you," he said, and with a genial wave of the hand

he marched off with the guardsmen and policemen.

Father sat down again, and we all munched away. After we had finished up everything, Father sent Stanley out to see if the coast was clear. Stanley returned in a few minutes to report that most of the crowd had gone. We went out of the crypt, walked back up the stairs and through the passages, and finally emerged into the sunlight outside. Then we got into our carriage and started for home.

"Look," said my father as we were leaving the Abbey yard. A pretty young peeress was sitting on a pile of old planks, with her crimson robe folded around her and her long train spread out behind. Something had evidently gone wrong about her carriage and she had to wait. As she sat there, the sunlight was reflected from the tiara in her blond hair and the jewels in her ears. She was, I have since thought, a lovely emblem of old feudal England.

—DOROTHY BRETT

CAGES

As cages, think of department stores and certain zoos
(Think of thinking) where,
Safe from hawks, the talking mynas and cuckoos
Contrive a reasonable rapport.
One could wax Whitmanesque, trapped in rhetorics
And vistas, thinking of all
The different kinds of cages there are.
But the principle is the same. Webster
Says: "An enclosure or box
Furnished with metal
Bars for confining birds, or

Other animals." The language, a likelier
Cage, is explicit and unspirited,
Allotting slight area for thought to stir
And move about, allowing no room
For doubt. A little boy at the zoo
Once asked his mother if the other
Animals would all turn out
As the zebras did
If kept too long in cages. He little knew
The truth of it. Captives always, more
Or less, carry a residuum

Of captivity forever after, in
The form of mental process, scar, and attitude,
As obvious as if worn upon the skin.
For there is much of camouflage and stratagem
In living, in imprisonment in the safest
Sanctuaries, whose innocently deceiving
Walls restrain and hide
The amphibian and the quadruped,
The orangutan, bird collection, wildebeest,
All of whom, before leaving,
The little boy would get to see, in time.

—MARVIN SOLOMON

THE ART GALLERIES

Modern Sculpture



SCULPTURE, so long—and often, unfortunately, so justly—regarded as painting's poor relation, has been having a revival of interest. The weight and the fragility of the pieces, and the high cost of transportation and insurance, are enough to discourage most dealers, and as for the artists themselves, the expense of the materials is always a burden and the sheer bulk of much of the work makes it difficult to fit into living quarters. Yet in spite of these handicaps sculptors still devote themselves stubbornly to their more or less unrewarding medium, and in recent years they have shown a variety and vigor of experimentation that it would be hard to equal. The Sculptors Guild Annual, at the Museum of Natural History, and the big twenty-fifth-anniversary retrospective affair at the Sculpture Center have already come and gone, and there are two other large shows still on view—the Whitney Museum's 1953 Annual of Sculpture, Watercolors, and Drawings, and "Sculpture of the Twentieth Century," at the Museum of Modern Art. These two make an especially good pair to consider together, for they complement each other neatly—the one (the Whitney, of course) focussing on the present, and the other on the immediate past.

As was true of the Paintings Annual, held earlier in the season, the Whitney event seems heavily weighted in favor of the extreme modern schools, and so the survey is some distance from the truly broad, comprehensive survey of contemporary production one hoped for. But if the conservative pieces are few in number they are generally of high quality (note particularly such examples as Marianna Pineda's sensitive "Head of a Young Girl," Helena Simkhovitch's "Isabel Bolton," and Dorothea Greenbaum's suavely modelled nude woman, called "The Rose"), and all the other departments of the sculpture section are bright, lively, and full of inventiveness. I also liked Calvin Albert's immensely ingenious Surrealist "Seated Chair," in which a slight distortion of the arms and back does indeed produce the effect of a chair sitting on itself; Ruth Vodicka's solidly posed "William Tell,"

in welded steel; Gabriel Kohn's bland-faced, haunting "Sibyl;" Theodore Roszak's study of marine motifs called "Whaler of Nantucket;" and "One to Another," a marvellously moony-looking, hand-holding couple, by Hugo Robus.

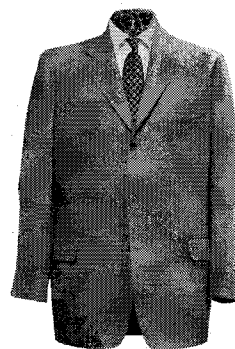
But if the exhibition contains samples of just about the best in modern American work, it also, perhaps by virtue of the very number of the examples, reveals some faults of the newer techniques. For one thing, I couldn't help feeling that the great recent vogue for working directly in the metals—substituting the forge and the welder's torch for the time-honored casting—has, for all the advantages in the immediacy of impact and exact structural power, a few disadvantages, too. Oddly, though one of the original attractions of the method was the supposition that it would promote strict economy of design (on the theory, I believe, that there was something "functional" about it that would enforce a certain austerity of approach), there now seems to be a tendency toward the opposite. For the truth is that the very "building-up" process the method represents permits the addition of any number of small, unnecessary details, and more and more work is coming to be cluttered up in this fashion. I'd cite Juan Nickford's "Fishes" as an example of a basically good design that has been spoiled by this metallic embroidery, and Seymour Lipton's "Spring Ceremonial" illustrates a similar tendency, for the ductility of the metal has tempted the artist into unneeded and ungraceful distortions.

Speaking generally, I'd say that there's also a contrary tendency toward what I call "skeletonizing" of the subject; that is, rendering it more or less in outline rather than in solid masses. The aim, of course, is to suggest lightness and airiness. But often the effect is of insubstantiality, and the method is justified chiefly in pieces like Robert Cook's "Circus," a study of a bareback rider, in which it adds directly to the feeling of the swift and ephemeral. The show has its share of pieces (such as Isidore Grossman's "Burning Building") that fail primarily because they represent a reaching beyond the practicable functions of sculpture into subjects that the medium can express only clumsily. But that, after all, is a good fault on the whole, and it's exactly this striving to enlarge its field of expression that

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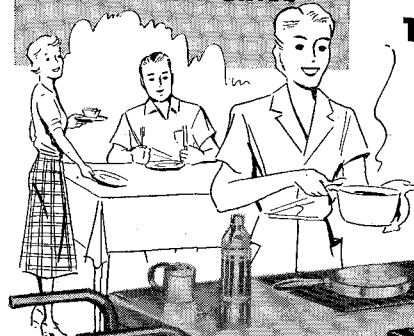
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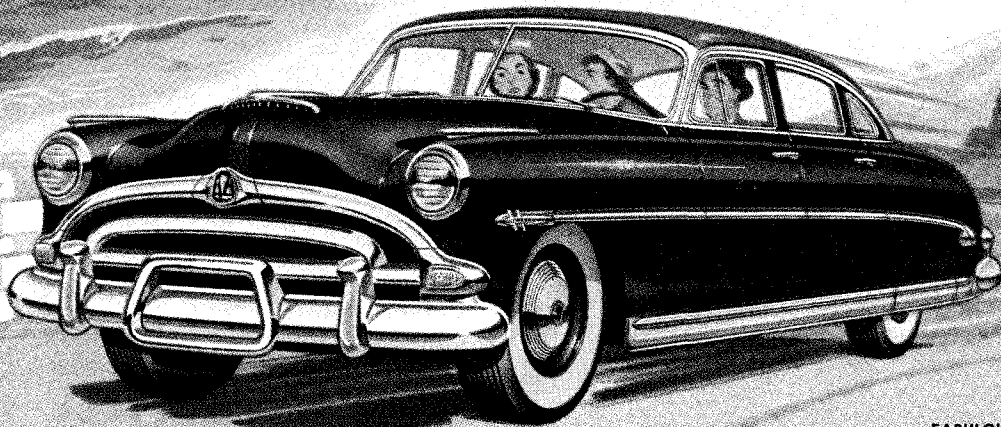
I've been scamping the water-color and drawings sections of the show to concentrate on the sculpture, but both are far too good to let pass without some comment. Both, moreover, are better-balanced collections than the sculpture one and are studded with really excellent pieces. Among the water colors I enjoyed most were Ogden M. Pleissner's "Summer Rain, Montmartre," another of his consistently evocative Paris studies; Florence Kawa's rather Kleeish but graceful abstract "Grey Day;" Ynez Johnston's delicately crazy-quilt "Street Guarded by Stone Lions;" and the appealing side-street scene called "Sunset," by Gregorio Prestopino. Among the drawings, I was struck by Harry Sternberg's Surrealist "Midsummer Night's Dream," a seaside subject; Harold Tovish's boldly drawn "Seated Woman;" Ben Shahn's skillful study of profiles called "Six;" and the enigmatic but technically exquisite "Girl in Doorway," by Leon Kelly.

THE Modern Museum's show, a loan affair that will later travel to the Philadelphia Museum of Art and the Art Institute of Chicago, is a handsome and authoritative collection, and its charm is not diminished by the fact that many of the exhibits are placed in the Museum garden, newly landscaped for the purpose. The main range of the show, as the title indicates, is from the turn of the century to the present. But a few of the exhibits go further back, and the collection actually begins with Rodin, who, one gathers, is being represented as the "father" of the modern movement. This is a slight exaggeration, for to my mind his contribution was largely negative, a breaking-away from the formalized patterns of the work that had preceded his, and there were other influences—notably such exotic ones as African Negro and Eastern art—that bore more directly on the development of modern theory. Sculpture through the Cubist and Futurist periods, at least, was in the curious position of getting most of its ideas secondhand, from the more closely codified theories of the painters of the time, and it was not till recently that it has branched out boldly on its own.

The Rodins, however, stand up well, particularly the big, striding nude called "St. John the Baptist," and there are enough correlations between his work and such things as the early Matisse "The Slave" and Jacob Epstein's Ein-

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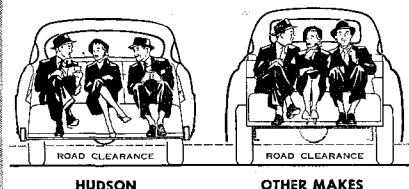
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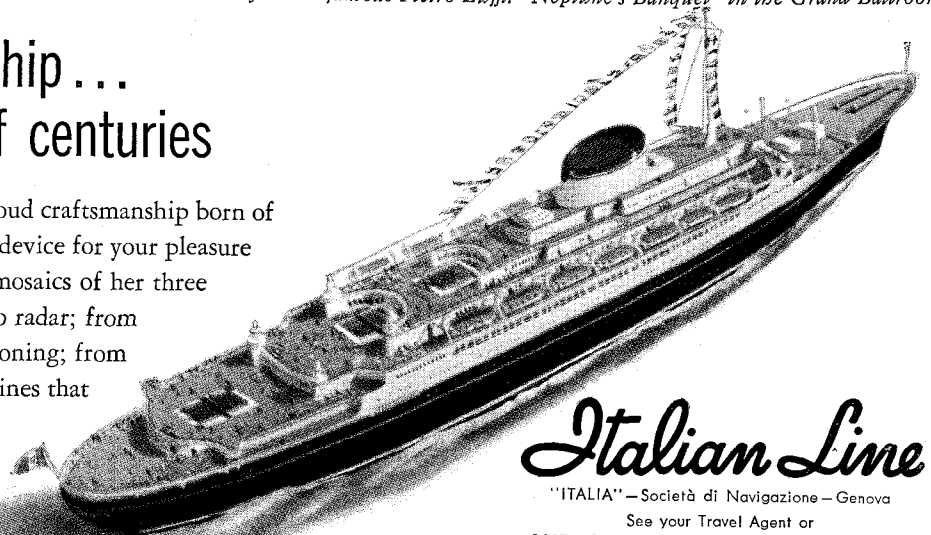
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stein to lend some credence to the theory of his influence. For the rest, the show moves nimbly and capably through the schools that make up the body of the modern movement, from the Cubism of Archipenko and the early Lipchitz and the warm neoclassicism of Maillol to the Surrealism of Arp and Giacometti. There is quite a parade of historic pieces, including Umberto Boccioni's study of a figure in movement called "Unique Forms of Continuity in Space" (perhaps the climactic effort of the Futurist school), Brancusi's sleek "Bird in Space," Lehmbruck's "Seated Youth," and Picasso's Cubist "Woman's Head," not to mention such less famous but almost equally important ones as Julio González's "La Montserrat," Giacomo Manzù's "Child on Chair," Epstein's brooding "Madonna and Child," and, among the American works, Oronzio Maldarelli's graceful "Bianca, II," David Smith's "The Banquet," and the monumental "Standing Woman" by Gaston Lachaise. It's an instructive show and, especially on sunshiny days in the garden, a charming one.

—ROBERT M. COATES

WHAT PUBLICATION D'YA READ?

Who is the Mrs. Calabash that Jimmy Durante refers to in his TV program sign-off? That's what a New Yorker asks. At the Hollywood Brown Derby once worked a beautiful hat check girl, who was very popular with Durante and his pals. They nicknamed her "Mrs. Calabash." This young woman grew weary of Hollywood and returned to her home town of Pittsburgh, Pa., where she married a local boy. She once wrote to Durante asking him to say good night to her on his radio program. Durante obliged by saying, "Good night, Mrs. Calabash, wherever you are." The sign-off aroused so much curiosity and comment that Durante decided to keep it in the act but never to explain it.—E. V. Durling in the *San Francisco Examiner*.

Q. Why at the end of every program does Jimmy Durante say, "Goodnight, Mrs. Kalabash, wherever you may be"?

—J. F., FRACKVILLE, PA.

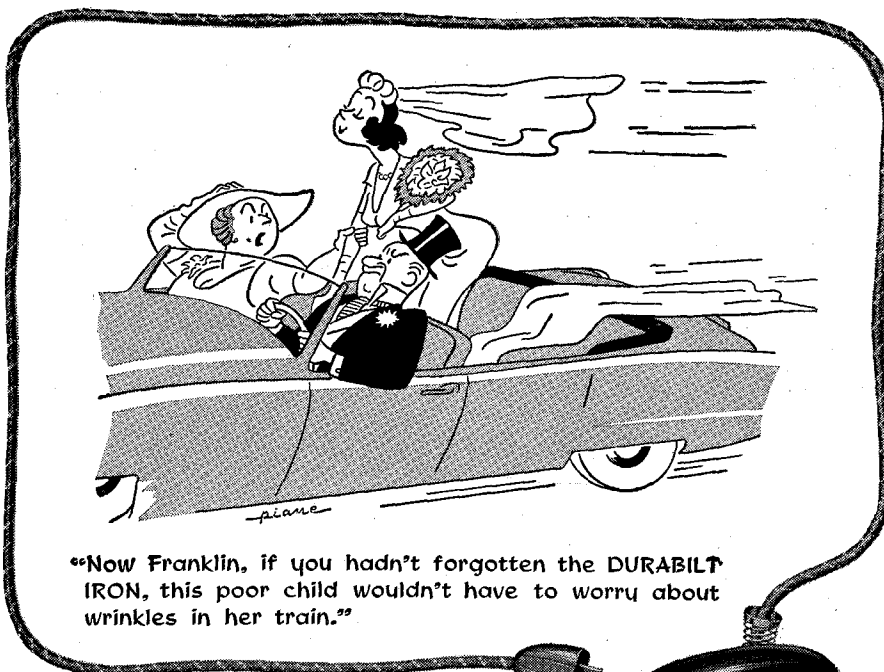
A. A remembrance to his departed wife whom he jokingly called that name.

—Modern Screen.

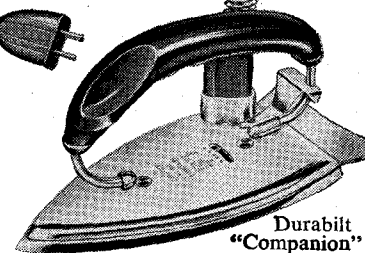
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THAT WAS YALTA

TWO hundred and seventy-five Americans took part in the Big Three Conference at Yalta in 1945, and since then, it seems to me, two hundred and seventy-four of them have had their say about what went on there. These experts, including the late Edward R. Stettinius and Harry Hopkins, James F. Byrnes, W. Averell Harriman, Charles E. Bohlen, and Admiral Ernest J. King, studied the conference from every angle except from the very bottom, looking up, and I would like to fill in that gap, for I was the two-hundred-and-seventy-fifth, and by far the least important, figure on the scene. To begin with, I'd better explain how it happened that I was there. Well, in 1935 I went to Europe on a Guggenheim Fellowship, to study the theatre abroad, and spent five months in Moscow, where I learned to speak a little Russian. In 1943, when I was being interviewed by a Navy personnel officer, I recklessly called this asset to his attention, hoping he would realize that a Reserve officer of such peculiar talent would be wasted standing watch on a destroyer, and that some highly secret liaison or Intelligence assignment in the Balkans or even in Russia would be more appropriate. The upshot was that I quickly found myself at an

WORM'S-EYE VIEW

Army camp in Missouri, where I was put into a team with six other Russian-speaking Navy officers and fourteen sailors, seven of whom spoke Russian, and seven of whom were radio men and didn't; we had been sent there to brush up on our specialties and receive joint training with other foreign-language teams, some Army and some Navy. The German-speaking teams were known as "those Germans," the Greek-speaking teams as "those Greeks," and so on. We, of course, were "those Russians."

For the other officers in my group, the training was not too tough. Most of them were first-generation Russian-Americans, whose names—Keusseff, Santzewich, Cheplick, Romanow, and Kimack—bore witness to their origin. Our senior officer, a lieutenant named George Scherbatoff, had been born a prince in St. Petersburg. All of them had heard Russian spoken at home and in church since childhood. I was born in Indiana, of Scotch-Irish parentage, and had heard Russian for thirty hours at Berlitz and for those five months in Moscow. I studied earnestly in Missouri, but long before our four-month refresher had ended I realized that if

my dream of secret missions to the Balkans ever came true, it might easily prove disastrous to me and to the United States. Our team spent nine months in England and four more in Paris, where we were foisted upon Admiral Alan Kirk's headquarters, but, fortunately for me, we were on scarcely better speaking terms with the Russians then than we are now, and I saw very few of them. I was beginning to relax when top-secret orders came through directing my unit to fly to Naples. The man who relayed the orders to Lieutenant Scherbatoff and me—I was a lieutenant junior grade and Scherbatoff's second in command—remarked knowingly that sending "you Russians" to the Mediterranean would seem to indicate a Big Three Conference in that area, "where you will doubtless be useful at last," he added hopefully. It sounded preposterous to me, but the mere possibility was enough to renew my fear that the shallows of my linguistic prowess were about to be exposed. I could only pray that the whole ship of state would not run aground on them. The orders were utterly non-committal, so I brushed aside this disquieting interpretation and looked forward confidently to a pleasant winter's cruise on the Mediterranean. I did, that is, until I reached Naples with half the team—Lieutenant Scherbatoff and the others were following in another plane—and was immediately summoned to a telephone at the airport.

The voice at the other end of the wire identified itself as Communication Headquarters, Eighth Fleet, and inquired, "Are you one of those Russians from Paris?"

I said I was.

"There's a special plane on the other side of the field waiting to fly you people to Sicily," I was told. "The weather is bad at Palermo, though, so have some lunch there at the field and then call us back. If it doesn't start clearing in an hour, you'd better come into town and we'll get you out tonight on the admiral's flagship."

Such impressive alternatives were seldom offered to an outfit like ours, so I knew something extraordinary was afoot. When Scherbatoff arrived, and I told him about it, he looked delighted.

THE weather did not improve, and the flagship, the U.S.S. Memphis, sailed for Palermo that night with the twenty Russians and their Scotch-Irish





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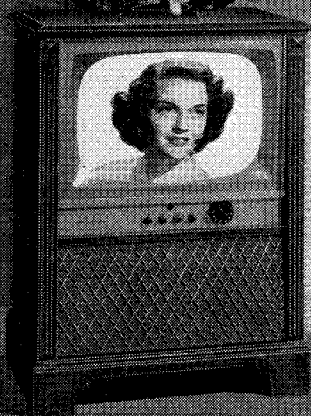


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colleague as passengers. Next morning, in port at Palermo, we were dumped onto the deck of the U.S.S. Catoctin, a communications-and-command ship to which, we learned, we had been attached for temporary duty. What kind of duty the orders did not say, but we knew that ships of that type served as the nerve centers for amphibious operations. A number of Army officers, mostly from the Signal Corps, came aboard, and at noon the Catoctin weighed anchor and headed east, toward Scylla and Charybdis.

After lunch, all the communications and signal officers aboard were summoned to a large conference room. As many of us as could sit, and the remainder lined up along the bulkheads. The door was locked, and the Catoctin's communications officer, a heavysset, moon-faced young lieutenant with thinning blond hair, stood up. "We are on our way to a Big Three Conference," he said, trying to sound matter-of-fact and blasé. "It will take place somewhere in the Black Sea area. President Roosevelt is at present at sea, bound for the same destination. He is aboard the Quincy. The Secretary of State, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and the others will proceed by air. They will rendezvous first at Malta. The code name of the conference is Argonaut. I shall now read the communications plan for the operation."

While the lieutenant explained each stage of the elaborate plan, I listened attentively for some clue to what our role would be, but there was none. It was clear that interpreters would be needed in this complex enterprise, and here we were, but how much would depend on us? I had confidence in my colleagues, but suppose I was caught in the middle of some tricky diplomatic exchange. Had it been taken for granted that I could speak Russian simply because a piece of paper said I could? When the briefing ended and the door was unlocked, I sped to my quarters and snatched up my Russian grammar and vocabulary books. As the Catoctin steamed across the Aegean, I devoted more time to the dictionary than any man since Noah Webster. My sleeping hours were tormented by nightmares in which President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill looked pleadingly at me while a stream of incomprehensible words poured out of Marshal Stalin. I wondered if I could be court-martialed if my Russian didn't measure up.

Five days out of Palermo, at dusk, we reached Istanbul and anchored for the

night at the Marmara end of the Bosphorus. There were flurries of snow next morning as we steamed slowly through the Straits, preceded, as we had been all along the way, by four minesweepers and a Liberty ship, whose presence was the subject of much speculation. I knew that the Montreux Convention forbade the passage of any belligerents' vessels through the Straits and wondered whether we would hit a snag here, but soon realized that somebody had anticipated the possibility and smoothed things out with the Turks. I glanced up from my Russian grammar toward the waterfront of the Golden Horn and Pera as we slipped by, and hoped that all other contingencies had been equally well provided for. Once through the Bosphorus, we headed north into the Black Sea, and the following morning we learned that we would land at Sevastopol. So many rumors flew around during the next twenty-four hours that I can't remember when we were actually told we were going to Yalta, but I do remember that several people thought they were hearing some queer Near Eastern pronunciation of Malta, and that I felt a slight glow of superiority because I at least knew that Yalta existed, and roughly where it was.

WE were the first war vessels of a Western power that had entered Sevastopol since the war began, and when we were abreast of the lighthouse guarding the outer harbor, a shore battery boomed a salute, the gun flashes winking at us through a gray overcast. All we could see of the city was forbidding, snow-encrusted ruins. Fanned out in the harbor were a number of Russian men-of-war, dominated by two or three hulking battleships of World War I vintage, which had a derelict look despite the signs of life aboard. One battleship had great splotches of red lead on its port side, and it reminded me of my Moscow apartment house, which was always having some part of its face lifted. The Catoctin and the minesweepers anchored, but the Liberty ship pulled into a dock and began disgorging jeeps, command cars, trucks, and mounds of supplies.

I received a terrible jolt that night when I learned that the Soviets objected to the presence of a former member of the Russian nobility—Scherbatoff—and that he was to remain aboard and I was to take over command of the team. With great misgivings, shortly after noon next day, I shepherded my men to a convoy of newly landed vehicles, where we joined a scattering of

Signal Corps and Navy officers. There were about thirty of us in all. With a Russian jeep guiding us, we headed southeast across the snow-covered tip of the Crimean Peninsula, toward Yalta, sixty miles away. A jagged range of mountains hove up ahead of us. About three o'clock, the convoy dropped down into the plain above Balaklava—the valley of death into which the Light Brigade rode while Russian cannon volleyed and thundered. A misinterpretation of orders was responsible for that butchery, I recalled, but I pushed the thought out of my mind and decided that the string of jeeps crawling across the plain looked very small and un-Tennysonian.

Toward evening, we reached the mountains and caught sight of the sea again. The road turned northeast then and followed the coast, twisting and winding like the Grande Corniche, high above the water. Well after dark the road began to drop, and there was no more snow. Our blackout headlights showed us greener and greener vegetation, and around eight o'clock the convoy turned into a massive gateway and rolled for some distance along a gravel drive, between rows of trees and shrubbery that had the sleek greenness of tropical plants. Some of the leaves looked like boxwood and live oak, and some like rhododendron and magnolia. We finally drew up beside a large, three-story building with a dormitory air and piled out with our luggage, like a busload of schoolboys returning from the Christmas holidays. In the front hall, we were welcomed by a Pickwickian headmaster, a jolly, rotund man named Donald Lowry, who had been stuffed into the uniform of a colonel, United States Army. He was liaison officer for the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who were running the show, and he said we



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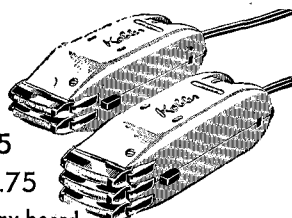
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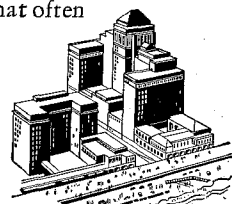
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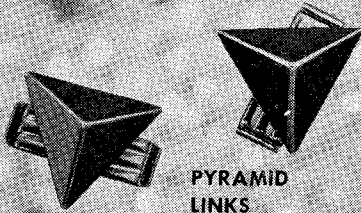


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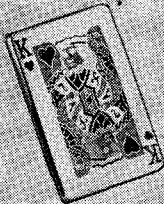
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should now consider ourselves members of his staff. We were in a building at Livadia, the summer home of Czar Nicholas II, he told us. The Livadia Palace, only a hundred yards north, but hidden among the trees, would house the American delegation to the Yalta Conference.

"You must be hungry," the Colonel said. "Come and have dinner, and then we'll arrange your billets." Everybody followed him into a large and obviously newly furnished dining room. Instead of one long table, there were fifteen or more small ones. Only two of them were occupied, one by three or four junior-grade Army officers attached to the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the other by half a dozen men in civilian clothes—the advance echelon, we learned, of the Presidential Secret Service detail. The tables and chairs were golden oak, and on each table was a feebly flowering plant with tissue paper tied around the pot, a carafe of vodka, and two bottles of Caucasian wine, one red and one white. At each place was an array of old-fashioned cut-glass wine goblets. As we distributed ourselves among the tables, I found myself at the one presided over by Colonel Lowry.

"We are guests of the Kremlin," the Colonel said, waving a hand toward the vodka and sitting down. "This building was used in czarist times by the imperial retinue, and was called the Svitski Korpus. When the Germans were here, they used the palace for a High Command post, and when they cleared out, they stripped every building on the grounds of everything. The Russians cleaned up the place, repainted it, and shipped complete furnishings for a hundred rooms down from Moscow, to see us through the conference. That's why everything looks so new."

An elderly man whose costume suggested the combined duties of waiter and busboy (he wore the tailcoat and white tie of the former and the long white apron of the latter) brought each of us a heaping mound of fresh caviar. "All these waiters were shipped down from Moscow, too, and so were our chambermaids," the Colonel continued. "That explains why they *don't* look so new." We sipped vodka with the caviar. Then came soup, a fish course, a meat course, dessert, and tea. When the waiter brought my dessert, he leaned over and inquired, "*Champanskoye?*" Recalling that Russian champagne is cloyingly sweet, I replied "*Nyet, spasebo.*" He seemed disappointed.

Colonel Lowry looked at me amiably. "None of the staff speak English, and

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none of us speak Russian," he said. "That's why you fellows are here, to help me and my men keep house. You'll be our interpreters."

"Is that *all* we'll do?" I asked with sudden hope.

"You'll have enough to keep you busy," the Colonel replied. A moment later, as if he surmised what had been bothering me, he added, "The stars of this show are bringing their own interpreters, so you won't be sitting in on the conference."

It seemed to me that Providence had once again stepped in to save the Republic and me. I could do a magnificent job of telling the Russian servants when the President, Admiral King, or General Marshall wished to get up in the morning, or what they wanted for breakfast. As far as I was concerned, Argonaut could now be counted in the bag. If the Yalta Conference failed, it would not be at my level. I asked the waiter to bring me some *rusски konyak*, and when I did, he looked as if he felt relieved, too.

After dinner, Colonel Lowry gave us the rest of the picture. The big wheels would arrive on Saturday; this was Monday, so we had four days to prepare for them. All told, there would be two hundred and seventy-five Americans. There would probably be an equal number of British, and they would be quartered in the Vorontsov Villa, at Alupka, ten miles away. The Russians, naturally the largest group, were taking over the Yusupov Palace in between, at Koreiz, five miles away. The first thing Colonel Lowry wanted my team to do was learn the layout of Livadia, so we could help with the billeting; we would commence in the morning. The building we were in would house junior-grade officers, members of the Secret Service, and enlisted men. On the ground floor, in addition to the junior officers' mess, where we had just dined, were offices for the Joint Chiefs of Staff and their deputies and principal advisers, and the administrative office of the J.C.S. secretariat, which occupied the reception hall. The hall had already begun to look like the lobby of a Statler hotel, for the billeting desk was there, together with two transportation desks, one for the motor pool and one for the Air Transport Command. Our team was there, too, convenient to everybody. Supply rooms, filing rooms, and the stenographic pool would be set up in the basement, and on the second floor the Navy would install a sick bay and a canteen. The Russians were providing a barber, Colonel Lowry

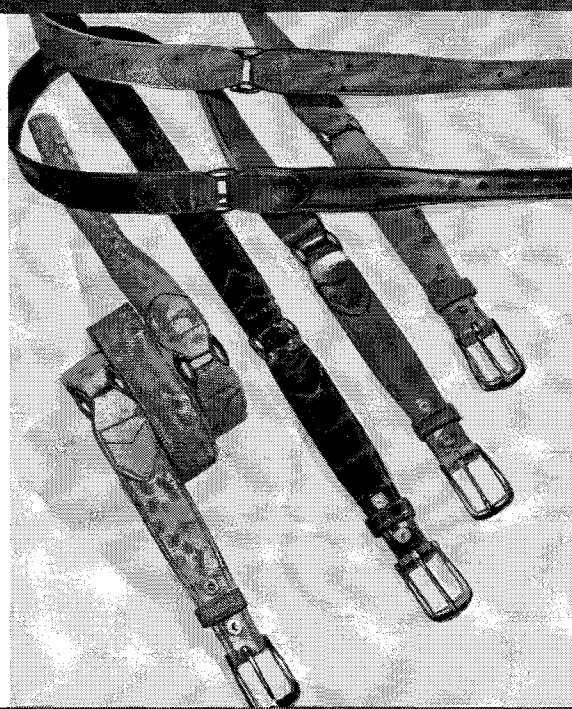
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said, and, we would be delighted to learn, a manicurist. Officers would be quartered on the third floor, and if there were no further questions, we could go there now and pick out rooms for ourselves. Since we were early comers, we had considerable choice. The five other officers on my team and I took a large one with eight beds. The nearest bathroom, which was pointed out to us by a chambermaid with a white towel wrapped around her head and flapping bedroom slippers on her feet, was half a block down the hall.

WHEN we awoke next morning, we looked out our bedroom windows and saw a series of terraced gardens and beyond them the Black Sea. The coastline was reminiscent of the Riviera. There was the same juxtaposition of mountains and sea; luxuriant foliage was punctuated with black-cypress exclamation points, and the steep slopes were dotted with white, yellow, or pink villas. All of it was on a bigger and wilder scale than the Riviera, though, and a little gone to seed. We began familiarizing ourselves with Livadia immediately after breakfast. Colonel Lowry showed us around. In the daylight, the Svitski Korpus looked more than ever like a boarding-school dormitory, but a dormitory whose architect, while bowing to the respectability of Victorian Gothic, had succumbed to some Count of Monte Cristo inclination and then stirred in a little Moorish. Halfway between it and the palace was a small, square, two-story edifice whose original use I never discovered. It had been turned into a message center by the Signal Corps and Naval Communications, who had set up their coding and teletype machines there, and strung wire all the way back to Sevastopol and the Catocin.

The palace was really not a palace at all, in the tourist sense, but a large, three-story country house of honey-colored plaster, trimmed with white marble and perched five hundred feet above the sea. It had the same Victorian air and the same Moorish touches, and contained perhaps fifty rooms in the main part; the kitchens, laundries, and servants' quarters were in wings. The main entrance faced west, away from the sea. We approached the palace from the south, entered through a side door, and made our way through the building to the entrance hall, a fairly large chamber with white marble floors and columns. To the right of the front doors, as one entered, was a small garderobe, and to the left a wide marble staircase,

with a ten-foot lemon tree standing in a tub on the landing. The tree was a present for Mr. Roosevelt, we were told. Opposite the staircase, double doors opened into a ballroom with more white marble columns; the wall on the right was covered with heavy draperies, and on the left tall French windows overlooked a broad inner courtyard. In this room, the plenary sessions of the conference would be held. Mr. Roosevelt was to preside over them because, as President of the United States, he outranked the Russian and British Prime Ministers. Stalin—technically, at least—was responsible to Mikhail Kalinin, Chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet, and Churchill was, of course, responsible to King George VI. A huge round conference table had been set up under the big center chandelier. Opposite the front door was a passage leading to what would be the President's dining room; it had originally been the Czar's billiard room and was of Tudor design, with linen-fold panelling and an arched Tudor sandstone fireplace. The table was large enough for fourteen, and that number of places was already set. The President's study, which opened off the lobby, adjoined the dining room, and his bedroom was behind it. These two rooms were furnished in early Pullman car: heavy, outsize paintings in elaborate gilt frames hung on mahogany-panelled walls; brass lamps with orange silk shades and long fringe were scattered around on tables, and Bokhara rugs and bottle-green plush harem cushions were scattered on the floors. Here and there a handsome Russian Empire piece glowed in contrast to the stolid chests, sofas, tables, and chairs

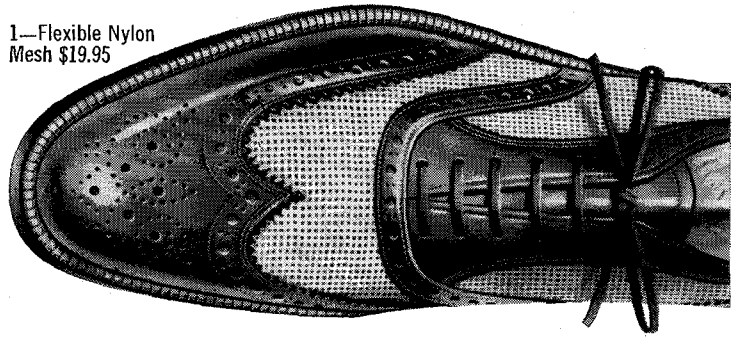


Moscow had scraped together for the occasion.

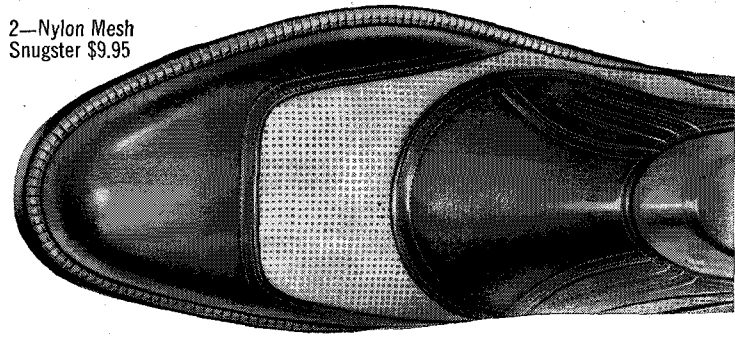
My colleagues and I spent the greater part of the day dutifully exploring the other rooms and drawing up floor plans of the palace. That evening, working with a guest list provided by Colonel Lowry and with written instructions from protocol experts to go by, we began matching names and rooms. Secretary of State Stettinius was, of course, given the second-best apartment, a two-room suite at the other end of the broad hall opening off the President's suite. Along this hall were half a dozen rooms; the one nearest the President was assigned to Admiral Leahy, and the next one to Harry Hopkins. Then came War Mobilization Director Byrnes, then the President's map room, and then a tiny room to be shared by H. Freeman Matthews, Director of the Office of European Affairs, and—I find it somewhat startling in May of 1953 to be writing this—Alger Hiss. Admiral McIntire, the President's physician, and Stephen Early were given a room on the other side of Mr. Stettinius's quarters, and a small bedroom in that part of the house was to be kept for any dignitary who might show up unexpectedly. As it turned out, the President's daughter, Anna Boettiger, occupied this room. She and Kathleen Harriman, the daughter of the United States Ambassador to Russia, were the only American women at Yalta. They were allotted a large bedroom in another wing, near Mr. Harriman's quarters, but Mrs. Boettiger considerably asked for the smaller room, so that Miss Harriman could have a room to herself. Admiral King and General Marshall each drew a room upstairs, over the Secretary of State's suite, in an apartment once occupied by the Czarina. As for the remaining generals and admirals, the luckier, more illustrious ones were given only one or two roommates, and brigadiers and rear admirals were piled in half a dozen to a room. The President's Filipino mess attendants, his personal servants, and a number of enlisted men attached to the White House staff were given the third floor. When places had been found for everybody, I went around thumbtacking cardboard nameplates to doors.

There was one problem that gave the planners considerable concern. There were nine bathrooms on the first two floors of the palace, and while that was an extravagant number by Russian standards, and must have been more than enough to accommodate the Royal Family and its guests, nine bath-

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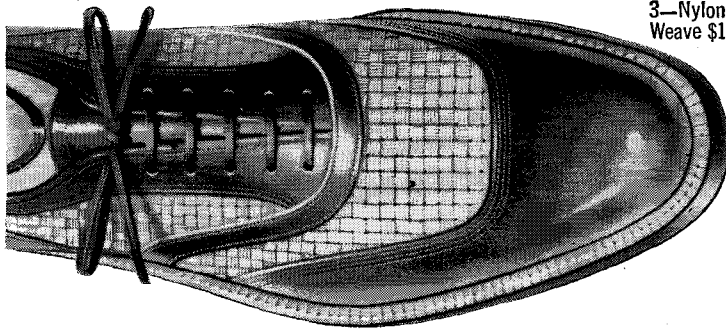
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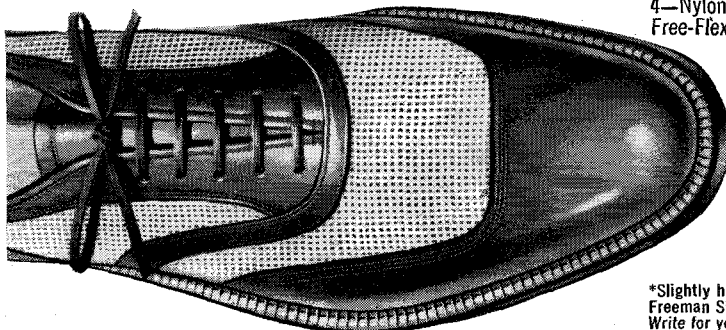
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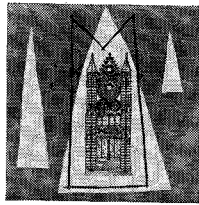


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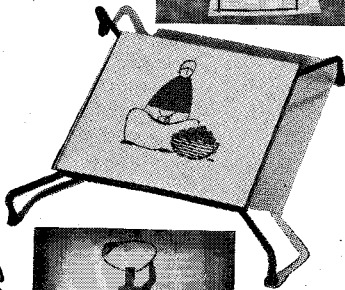
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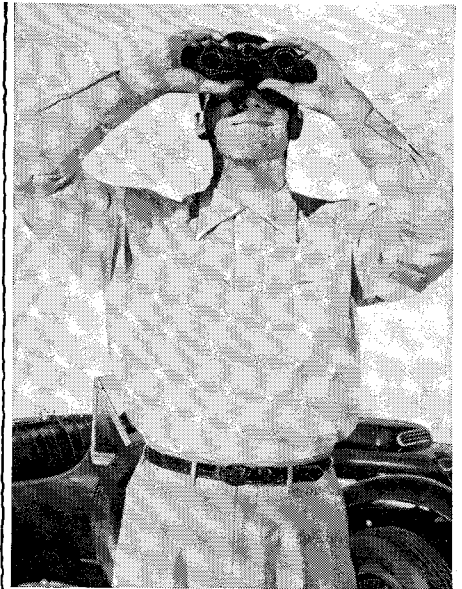
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rooms are hardly enough for a hundred and one men and two women. It seemed ungracious not to give the ladies a bath to themselves, and that left eight for the men. Fortunately, none of them were directly attached to any room. We finally decided to channel the bathroom traffic by schedule, the way it's done in tourist class on ocean liners. Cards instructing the occupants where to bathe and when were placed in each room. So it came to pass that the President of the United States shared his tub with two other people (Harry Hopkins and Admiral Leahy, I believe), the Secretary of State shared his with seven others, and the other ninety conferees jostled their shaving brushes higgledy-piggledy in front of the remaining six mirrors.

We early birds at Yalta had many other duties to attend to before the principals arrived. We found the Russian servants sympathetic and anxious to please. The kitchen staff was capable, except for one thing; the cooks could not grasp the concept of the soft-boiled egg. We had boiled eggs when we asked for them, all right, and there was a certain excitement in opening them, because no one ever knew—least of all the cook—whether it would be raw or almost impregnably hard-boiled. It developed that there were no clocks in the kitchen, and rather than try to provide one, and then establish the relationship between it and a two-, two-and-a-half-, or three-minute egg, we gave up. The scrambled eggs were delicious.

Besides worrying about the house-keeping at Yalta, I was given the job of heading what was called the Information Service. Somebody—in Washington, probably—had prepared a seven-page mimeographed bulletin entitled "Notes on the Crimea," which was to be distributed among the American delegation. One of those "orientation guides" that always found favor with the War Department, it was crammed with a fascinating miscellany, couched in War Department Baedeker: "The best travelling season for a visit to the Crimea is early summer or autumn.... In the sixth century B.C. and the following centuries various Greek colonies settled on the Crimean coast, especially at Chersonesus and Theodosia.... Walk to the Waterfall of Utchan-Su (about 7 miles): the walk goes up a deep ravine through which the Utchan-Su river flows. From the falls there is a fine view of Yalta and the sea." And so on.

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vocative and nostalgic reading, its pertinence seemed dubious, so I undertook to prepare a "General Information Bulletin" that I hoped would be more useful. In it, I advised the White House, the State Department, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and their entourages about many homely matters. For example:

(1) The park and seashore will be out of bounds between 1900 and 0700. The only other restriction in walking is to avoid approaching any Soviet military installations. When a guard asks for your "documenty," "propusk," "pasport," or "bumagi," show him your identification card without hesitation.

(2) Soviet servants will clean rooms and make beds each morning. No other room service is available. In general, monetary tips will probably not be accepted; cigarettes or candy are more acceptable.

(3) No worth-while purchases can be made. . . . An effort, however, is being made to have some typical Russian items shipped in for sale to Conference members at government prices. If they arrive, they will be on display and sale daily during lunch hours in Conference Room "C." Meanwhile, please do not pilfer rooms and dining services for souvenirs.

SO adaptable to any surroundings, no matter how bizarre, does one become in wartime that by Saturday I felt that Livadia was my own, and I looked forward with a personal feeling of hospitality to the arrival of our guests that evening. During the preceding four days, I had got onto fairly cozy terms with the Secret Service, our Russian waiters and chambermaids, my new colleagues of the J.C.S. staff from Washington, and even with two young Russians billeted at the far end of our corridor, who claimed to be from the Foreign Office in Moscow and who walked about the buildings and grounds arm in arm, wearing identical dark tweed caps, and made determined efforts to become our buddies. They spoke fair English, and employed it to tell rather stale jokes. I am sure they were N.K.V.D. agents and made daily reports about all the Americans, doubtless noting which of us laughed at their jokes and which did not.

It was well along in the afternoon before word came that the V.I.P.s were arriving at the palace. My teammates and I were among those who were summoned to help settle them in. Trucks bringing their luggage had preceded them, and suitcases and musette bags were spread over the lobby when I got there. Then the Chiefs of Staff came in. I particularly liked the looks of General Marshall, who was wearing a fur-lined, fur-collared khaki overcoat, so I offered him my assistance. He identified



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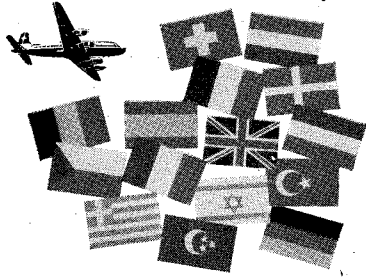
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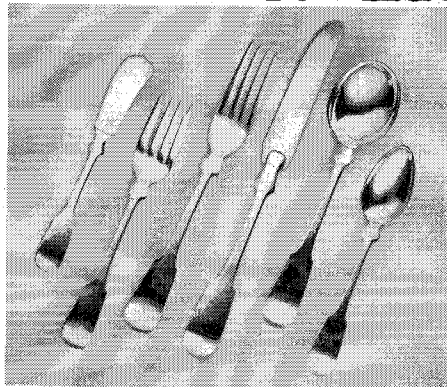


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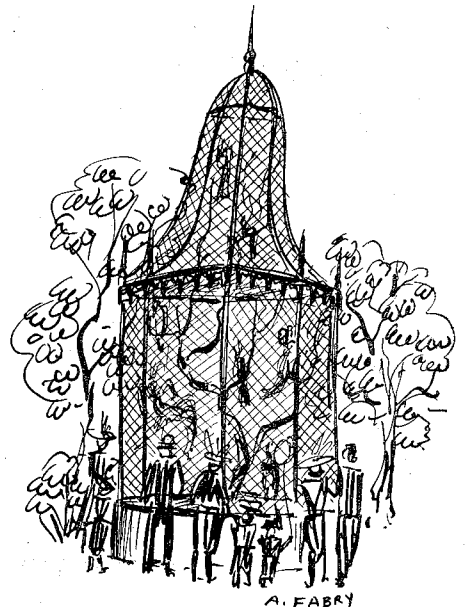
his bags. I got a yeoman to carry them, and said, "Won't you come this way, General." In my excitement, I led him up the wrong staircase, and down the wrong corridor, and in no time at all was completely lost. Although I had thumbtacked his name to his door, I realized with cold panic and a ringing in my ears that I had no idea where that door was. If our naval attaché hadn't rounded a corner at that moment and taken charge of the General, we would no doubt have toured the palace until they sent out the Saint Bernards. The President and his party entered his suite directly through a side door, so none of my team saw him.

Next morning, it was announced that the President would see the high-ranking members of the American delegation at noon, and my team was sent over to set up the props—ashtrays, pads, pencils, water carafes, and glasses—in the big ballroom. We went to work about eleven o'clock, and had just finished when word came that since the weather was bright and sunny, the President would prefer to meet his staff in the Sun Room, overlooking the sea. The Sun Room was at the other end of the building, and it took some fast moving to get the props transferred in time. All of us were anxious to see the President, so we hung around in the corridor outside the Sun Room. Presently, two Secret Service men came down the hall, opening the door of every room along the way and looking in. The President followed about thirty seconds behind them, his aluminum wheelchair flanked by half a dozen more Secret Service men. I had never seen him before, and at six-foot range he was considerably slither and gaunter than I had expected. His face was drawn and lined. To be sure, there was no need for the famous Roosevelt smile, for this was no public appearance, and there were no cheers or applause to acknowledge. I suppose it was altogether appropriate that he should have seemed preoccupied and sombre, but I was unprepared for it. During the several times I was in his presence at Yalta, I never saw him smile.

When the doors to the Sun Room were shut, I took my team back to the Svitski Korpus. After lunch, we were at our desks when a phone call came through from the front gates to the motor-pool officer, next to us, announcing that "All roads are now closed." This meant that Marshal Stalin and Prime Minister Churchill were on their way to Livadia for the first meeting of the conference, and that

nobody could leave the palace grounds and nobody else could enter. Once they arrived, the roads were opened again and remained so until the meeting broke up, when the announcement was repeated. The same thing happened each afternoon during the succeeding week. None of us at the Svitski Korpus were encouraged to visit the palace while the meetings were in progress, but that first afternoon I had an errand that took me there, and I passed the closed doors of the ballroom about six o'clock, a little while after tea had been served. The teacups were being brought out by a couple of stiff-collared British Foreign Office gentlemen. I was impressed by the great quiet that prevailed, as though behind those doors lay someone desperately ill. The British gentlemen moved on tiptoe and the Russian servants who took the cups from them were careful not to rattle the china.

SUNDAY evening, after the first session had ended, I was at dinner when Brigadier General Andrew J. McFarland, United States Secretary of the Combined Chiefs of Staff, sent for me. Colonel General Alexei Antonov, Deputy Chief of the General Staff of the Red Army, had reviewed the situation on the Eastern front for the conferees, and the Russians had provided a copy of his report. It was a twelve-page typewritten manuscript, in Russian. General McFarland asked me if I could translate it. "We need it tonight. It has to go into the minutes of the meeting, and Ware has disappeared," he said. Captain Henry Ware, whom I had known casually in Moscow eight years earlier, and who had stayed there much longer than I and become really proficient in Russian, was



one of the interpreters for the Joint Chiefs at the conference. Not expecting to be called on that first night for professional services, he had wandered into the town of Yalta, five miles away, to go to a movie. "I'll try, sir," I replied, and so on the first day of the conference I found myself saddled with the responsibility of translating a top-level, top-secret document. I asked my colleague Keusseff to help me, and, with our dictionaries in front of us, we set to work. About midnight, when we were half finished, Ware returned and took over. Providence was certainly looking after me.

NOW that the conference was in full swing, the easygoing atmosphere of the week before vanished and everything tightened up. History was in the air. My own contribution to history was to compile each morning a list of every person who had been at Livadia during the previous twenty-four hours, noting who had arrived and who had departed, and when. This was required by the Soviet general who was in charge of the security of the Special Area that had been established for the conference. The Americans moved around a good deal, shuttling between Yalta and Sevastopol or Saki, the airport for Yalta, a hundred and forty miles away. Couriers were arriving every day from Washington, from SHAEF, from the Mediterranean Theatre, and so on. The Russians kept close track of all this activity and maintained the most efficient sort of security cordon around the whole district. Within the palace grounds, of course, we had our own guards, too—white-capped sailors from the Catoclin, who stood watch at the gates to the grounds, at every entrance to every building, and on every stairway landing. In the palace, they shared this duty with Russian secret police, who stood, their hands in the bulging pockets of their plain clothes, in every corridor except those adjoining the President's quarters. There our Secret Service was in charge and mounted a day-and-night guard inside and on the lawn outside the President's windows. Whenever the Big Three were meeting in plenary session, Soviet militiamen with tommy guns were stationed on the roof, while others patrolled the grounds. At the front gates were two details, one consisting of American sailors and the other of Russian soldiers, and at fifty-yard intervals around the two miles of fence that enclosed Livadia, other Soviet sentinels were posted.

On Friday, the fifth day of the con-



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against the list I myself had provided that morning, and authenticating the passes by whatever secret technique the Russians used to authenticate them. At length, he came back, returned the cards, and, instead of sending us on, as our guards would have done, got into the car with us and accompanied us the quarter mile from the gates to the house. He had satisfied himself that we were properly accredited, but he dared not let us out of his sight. This final refinement of security made our precautions at Livadia seem almost happy-go-lucky.

The Yusupov Palace was of gray stucco instead of orange and it had no view of the sea, but it was of the same general style and vintage as Livadia. Keusseff and our driver waited in the command car while the major escorted me into the front hall, a large room in which a good many men were moving about. They looked at me curiously. The major didn't seem to know what to do next, so I stated my mission to an officer near the door, who nodded and went off to find a sufficiently exalted personage to accept my distinguished offering. A lieutenant general came up. "I will take the document," he said, in Russian. I proffered a delivery receipt, which he signed, and I handed over the envelope and retired to the command car. At the front gate, the major dropped off and we rolled back past the five-mile line of guards, who saluted us again. My linguistic prowess had been admirably suited to the hazards of this delicate mission. I was well pleased with myself and the world, and this time I returned the salutes with gracious dignity.

THE only official pictures of the Big Three Conference were to be taken later that afternoon. There were no photographers representing the American press at Yalta, but there were six photographers from the United States Army Signal Corps. The British had a couple of photographers there, and the Russians thirty or forty. Friday was the day the cameramen had been waiting for, and by three o'clock their tripods were set up in the big ballroom and the floor was strewn with light cords. Keusseff and I returned to the Svitski Korpus a few minutes ahead of Stalin's car, and learned that the Secret Service had given permission for the "Russians from Paris" to come over to the palace and see the Big Three. The same funereal hush I had noticed the first afternoon prevailed in the lobby, only it was more evident this time, because there were



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now some sixty people assembled there, all whispering. I stood in the doorway of the President's dining room, watching Molotov and his advisers, who formed a little group in front of a long mirror. On the other side of the hall, Anthony Eden was in whispered conversation with other Foreign Office people; I recognized Sir Alexander Cadogan but none of the others. Mr. Stettinius was talking quietly with some of his fellow-Americans in another corner. The remainder of the crowd consisted of secretaries, Secret Service, Scotland Yard, N.K.V.D., and a handful of sightseers, like myself, to whom nobody said anything. As I was standing there, someone came up behind me and politely asked if I would let him pass. I turned to see a bulky figure in the uniform of a British colonel. It was Winston Churchill, coming from the Secretary of State's bedroom, where he had been taking a nap after the lunch the President had given for him that day. I flattened myself against the doorjamb, and he strode into the lobby, turned right, and entered the President's study. The door closed after him.

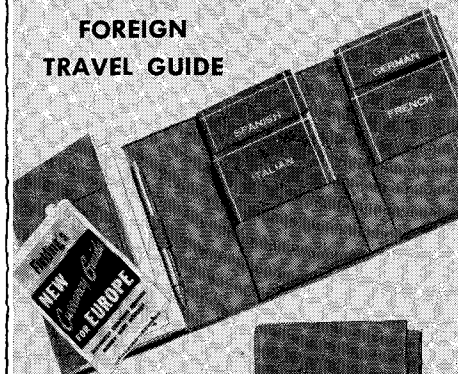
His passage through the crowded hall caused only a small flurry. Obviously, Stalin was the quarry the lion hunters were stalking, and all eyes kept turning toward the front door. When he did arrive, he came through a small side door, beneath the marble stairs, and he crossed to the garderobe without being noticed. As he emerged from it, and started toward the President's study, several chesty men, heavy with medals, formed a crescent around him. I had seen Stalin once before, at a May Day celebration in Moscow, but he was standing five hundred yards away, on the ramparts of Lenin's tomb, and I was peering at him through opera glasses. Now he was no more than ten feet away. I was shocked to see how old he looked. The black, bushy mustache of the cartoons was iron gray, and his hair was practically white. He was also shorter and heavier than I had expected—not more than five feet seven, I judged, and he must have weighed nearly two hundred pounds. He moved slowly, a trace of a smile on his lips. He looked neither right nor left, and his eyes were cast down, almost shyly. Once, out of the corner of them, he caught sight of someone—a Russian, I think it was, perhaps Fedor T. Gusev, his Ambassador to Great Britain—and he halted, turned, and gravely shook hands. Everyone stopped talking while he was crossing the wide hall—the Rus-

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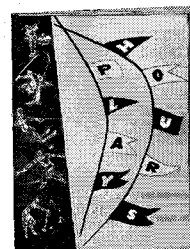
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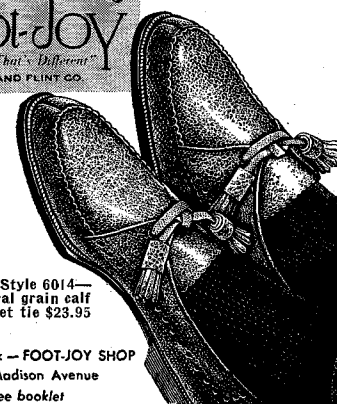


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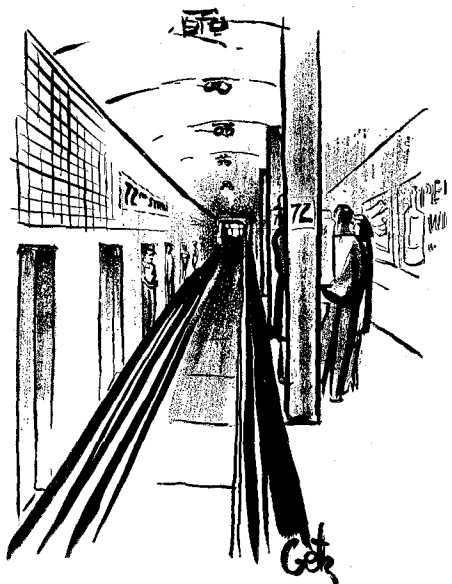
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sians doubtless out of piety, the British and Americans out of curiosity. His chesty escorts delivered him to the door of Roosevelt's study, and he entered alone. After he had disappeared, the whispering resumed in the big hall, but at a lower, and it seemed to me a tenser, level.

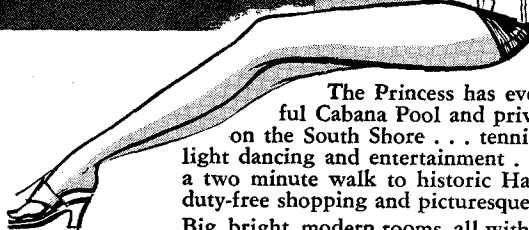
For ten minutes, Churchill, Stalin, and Roosevelt were closeted together, along with Chip Bohlen, the President's interpreter. Then the study door opened and, one by one, the Big Three proceeded across the lobby to the ballroom. It was quite a procession. The President went first, with Prettyman, his valet, pushing the wheelchair. The Secret Service men moved forward instantly and formed a circle around them. Next came Marshal Stalin, whose bemedalled guard fell in ahead of him just as quickly. And then came Churchill. No one offered him a protecting guard, and he puffed along, looking slightly amused by the historic spectacle in which he was a leading performer. When the principals and a half-dozen advisers of each had taken their places around the huge conference table, the cameramen and sightseers pressed into the big room. The cameras had been set up facing Mr. Roosevelt. Pretending unawareness of the flashing bulbs, he gravely turned his memorable profile first one way and then the other as he conversed with Stettinius on his right, Bohlen on his left, and Harry Hopkins, who was leaning over his shoulder. Churchill, finding his back was almost to the cameras, swung around in his armchair and basked beaming and full face in the glare of the flash bulbs. I half expected him to make his V-for-Victory gesture. Stalin stared glumly ahead, waiting for all this nonsense to be over. After



POOL or BEACH

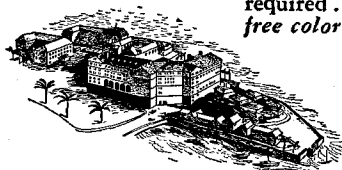
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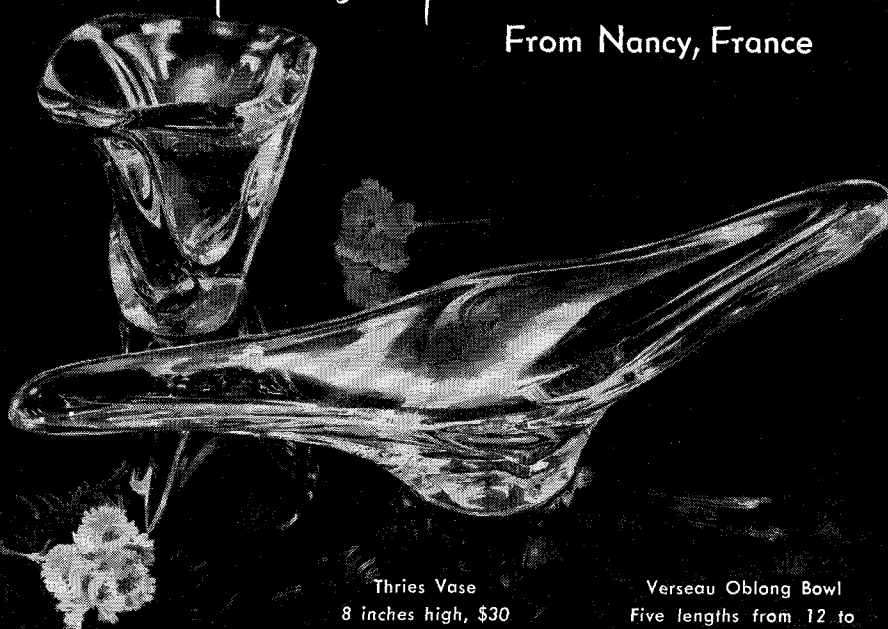
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five minutes or so, it was, and we hangers-on were herded out of the room.

THE Joint Chiefs of Staff left the next afternoon, and I was sent to Simferopol in the morning to make sure everything was in order on the special train that was to take them from there to the airfield at Saki. I was a great deal more confident leaving the Big Three Conference than I had been approaching it. Once again, I felt a small tremor of pride in my language ability. Not everybody can be counted on to deal with a Russian railroad conductor in his own tongue. Not everybody, even, has been to Yalta.

—NORRIS HOUGHTON

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[Legend on a box of cookies]

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Then one day a handsome prince who was called Prince Charming came riding on a beautiful white horse and he happened to see Sleeping Beauty's castle, which was all dark and grown up with weeds and brambles.

"I better go wake her up," he said. "Because if she has been asleep all this time she must be pretty hungry for some delicious Weston's Cookies, which are about the best cookies I ever tasted in all my travels." So he went in the old castle and he found Sleeping Beauty lying there and he kissed her. This broke the spell and woke everybody up, and all the weeds turned into beautiful flowers and the brambles turned into red roses.

"You must be Prince Charming," said Sleeping Beauty. "Yes," said Prince Charming, "and if you will marry me we will have lots of Weston's Cookies." And so they got married and lived happily ever after.

To stand upon the shores of the Atlantic and not know what lay beyond must have been a very different matter from anything open to us at present, when we realize that however far we go, all we shall ever find there is America.—From "Baghdad Sketches," by Freya Stark, page 179.

We had driven for miles along the undeviating straightness of the buried highway, with mounds of houses, straight shapeless ridges, on either hand, and streets running into it outlined also by low, almost obliterated mounds. So New York, ruined and rectilinear, may look in the fullness of time.—Ibid., pages 243-44.

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TEE AND GREEN

One After Another



RECORDS, as practically every sportswriter has proclaimed at one time or another, are made to be broken, but surely not as frequently and as rapidly as they were at the Meadow Brook Club, in Westbury, last week during the playing of the annual Palm Beach Golf Championship. This contest, as you may know, is a bookkeeper's delight, in which sixteen of the country's top professionals engage in five rounds of foursomes, so arranged that at the end each has played an eighteen-hole match with each of the fifteen others. It's medal play, but the scoring is by points; that is, if one member of a foursome has a 70 and the others card 72s, the 70 man is plus 6 points and the others are each minus 2. Well, then, the record for the Meadow Brook course has stood for years at 67. This was shattered on Wednesday, the first day of play, when Bobby Locke, of South Africa, and Byron Nelson, the semi-retired Texan, turned in a pair of 66s in an amateur-pro event that preceded the tournament proper. Next day, Dave Douglas, of Wilmington, Delaware, equalled their performance. Less than twenty-four hours later, on Friday morning, Doug Ford, of Westchester, posted a 65. Twelve minutes later, Lloyd Mangrum, of Niles, Illinois, who was in the following foursome, came up with an identical score. Perhaps thirty seconds after that, Dr. Cary Middlecoff, the former Memphis dentist, who was playing in Mangrum's foursome, sank a twenty-foot putt on the eighteenth to give him a 64. All this very likely set a speed record for breaking course records.

Although Middlecoff's 64 managed to survive the tournament, the scoring in general was astonishingly low. The Meadow Brook layout is far from easy, yet fifty-one of the eighty rounds played were under par and only fifteen were over. The reasons for all the fine cards were, I guess, ideal conditions—no wind to speak of, and soft, slow greens—and the fact that the greens keeper let the tournament committee prevail upon him to place the pins in the easiest conceivable spots, well

away from traps and, when possible, in slight depressions.

MIDDLECOFF, who won the championship handily with forty-two points—the runner-up, Jimmy Demaret, of Kiamesha Lake, had thirty-five—also turned in the low medal score, 333, a circumstance that doesn't necessarily follow in this lotterylike affair. In his worst round, a par 70, he was lucky enough to be grouped with opponents who produced a 69, a 70, and a 71, leaving him even for the round. Also, one of his two 66s came when the best the others in his foursome could offer was a 70 and two 72s; he picked up sixteen points on that. Less fortunate was Ted Kroll, of Utica, who shot a 67 on one of his rounds and lost three points for his pains.

Two of the biggest thrills for the galleryites were provided by Mangrum on Friday. He finished his morning round with an eagle and a birdie, and started the afternoon off with two birdies and an eagle—an almost incredible seven under par for five holes. The afternoon eagle—a hole in one—was a feat I'm sure most of those present had never seen before, especially in tournament play. It was also one of the oddest aces on record. Mangrum's ball nicked the pin, carried about two feet past, bounded back, hit the pin squarely, and dropped into the cup.

FOR those who tired of walking up and down Meadow Brook's hills on Sunday, there were any number of alternatives. The Long Island Kennel Club was staging an extravaganza on one of Meadow Brook's polo fields, and howls from there occasionally wafted over the course. Mitchel Air Force Base, which abuts the first hole, was conducting a show, and at times the planes drowned out the Palm Beach loud-speaker system. Finally, for those who were tired of walking but still wanted to watch golf, the proceedings were televised, and the committee had thoughtfully placed a large set on the lawn beside the scoreboard. —P. W. W., JR.

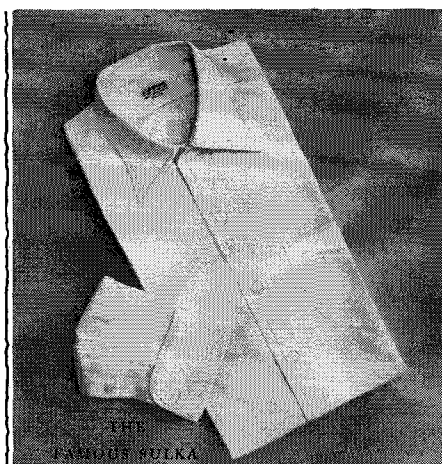
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[From "The Rover Boys at School,"
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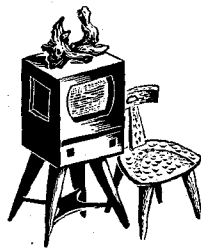
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Furness opening and closing those Westinghouse iceboxes or leave her alone; I never thought she was doing anything especially important. After all, we have adopted a laissez-faire policy toward iceboxes at my house, and it is not considered an event when some member of the family goes to the icebox, opens it, and closes it again. We do it all the time—all day long, in fact—and never give it a second thought. You want something to eat? Go to the icebox. You need some ice cubes? Go get them; you know where they are. In any event, Miss Furness has developed the technique of opening and closing an icebox door into an art. I regret that it is only recently that I have been giving her my close attention, and I have been doing so because the plays that surround her pitch have reached such a strange level of mediocrity. The other night, Miss Furness was clearly the star of the hour, and there was a positive nobility—relatively speaking, of course—in the way she applied a finger to the handle of a shiny new refrigerator. There was in the gesture a delicate, and yet commanding, movement, and the refrigerator, to its credit, responded in kind, swinging open silently, gently, but authoritatively. Miss Furness accompanies all her actions with a ceaseless flow of oral persuasion, and when you come right down to it, she sounds extremely convincing. The other evening, she did get entangled with a balky ice tray—the cubes were supposed to drop gaily and obediently from their frame when she pulled on something or other—but the slight delay only emphasized the smoothness and skill of her performance.

I wish I could say the same for the play that filled in the spaces between Miss Furness's commercials. The offering I have in mind was a number entitled "King Coffin," adapted from a novel by Conrad Aiken. A dreary tale, it was concerned with a young professor of English at a small coed college who is quite evidently on the verge of a bang-up nervous collapse, complete with fireworks, pictures of Niagara Falls, and blinking lights that spell M-O-T-H-E-R.

TELEVISION

Bottom of the Well

I CAN recall when I used to enjoy the plays on "Studio One" (C.B.S., Mondays, 10-11 P.M.) more than the commercials. In the old days, I could either take Miss Betty

This fellow, whose name is Jasper, breaks up a faculty cocktail party by announcing to all hands that he is the finest writer in the room (as far as I could make out, there were no other writers present), and that he is working at that very moment on a novel that will stagger the literary world and give him the reputation he feels he so richly deserves. Of course, he hasn't put a line down on paper—it's all in his mind. He begins to brood, turns savagely upon his roommate, Julius, a gentle character who teaches mathematics, and spurns his girl, a lass called Gerta, who teaches Romance languages. Jasper broods and broods, and eventually comes up with a stunning notion for a plot. He will call his novel "King Coffin" and it will deal with a man called King Coffin who decides to pick a stranger, any stranger, and shoot him dead. The catch, of course, is that Jasper thinks *he's* King Coffin, and already has his eye on a chap who lives across the street. Jasper becomes increasingly crazy day by day. He stops meeting his classes, sits at home beating out his manuscript on a typewriter, and lays his foul plans by phoning the man across the street (the man lives at 156 Walnut Road; phone 397) and making an appointment to meet him so he can shoot him. Meanwhile, Gerta and Julius wonder what they can do to save him. Gerta bursts in on Jasper one evening, and he tells her, in frightening detail, precisely what he intends to do, but she still doesn't know how to handle the situation. Finally, and mercifully, a detective is summoned. He is attempting to break into Jasper's quarters when Jasper shoots himself dead.

I wasn't bothered so much by the plot of "King Coffin" as by the moribund quality of the production. Most of the hour was devoted to the moods and paces of Jasper, who threw himself about his room, plunked himself down in chairs, buried his face in his hands, gazed at the camera with woe-begone expressions, and, in general, acted so loony that almost any undergraduate on the campus would have assumed the authority to summon a doctor. Taking one thing with another, though, I enjoyed the interstices of the hour—this ice tray and that icebox and Betty Furness.

I SAW another daisy last week, on the Armstrong Circle Theatre (N.B.C., Tuesdays, 9:30-10 P.M.), called "Candle in a Bottle." There's a girl who



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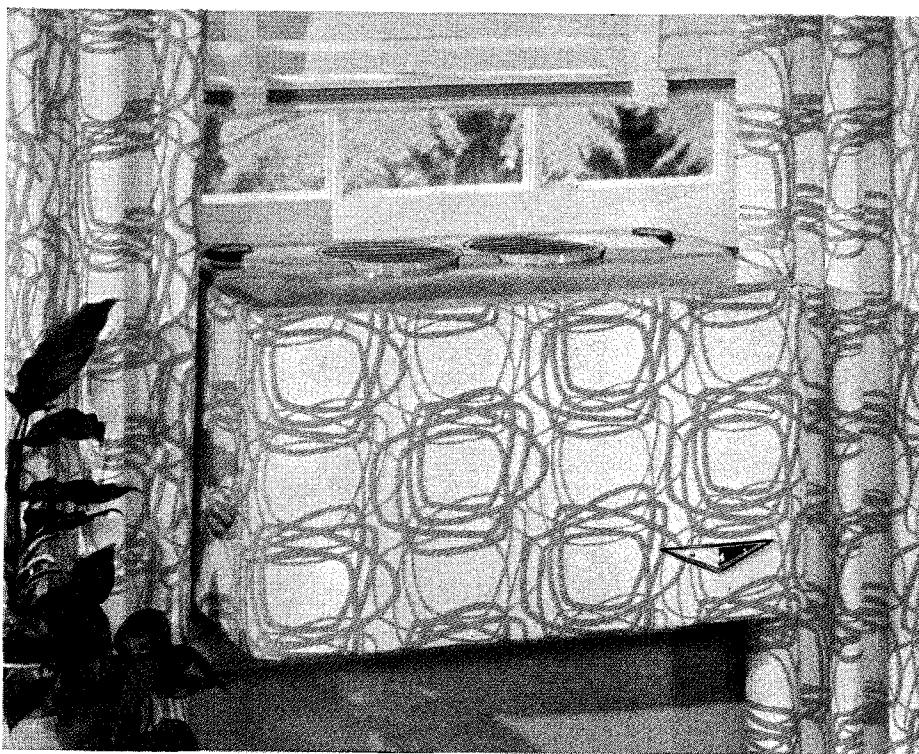
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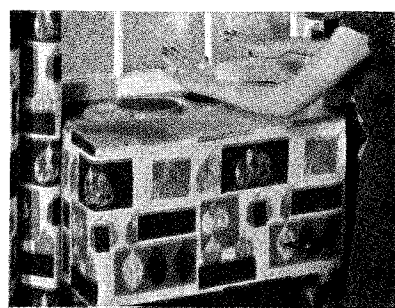
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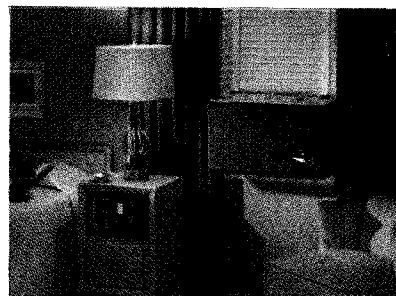
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wants to be a painter and who is always being disturbed by parties on the floor above her. This girl lives in a fairly dilapidated place, or so it seems, and every time there's a party upstairs, plaster falls down and hits her in the eye. (Falling plaster is a natural for television; it comes down in a steady stream, like water from a faucet.) Well, the girl goes upstairs to complain about the noise and the dust, and she discovers a princely apartment, filled with fine paintings, lighted candelabra, a large midnight supper, and a group of stuffed shirts, all wearing black ties or evening dresses. The owner of the apartment is a young millionaire, and his latest painting is about to be unveiled. The lady from downstairs thinks the young man is a painter, but he's nothing of the kind; he's a collector, and his latest painting turns out to be a Cézanne. She hates collectors, being the creative type herself. Needless to say, she needles the young buck to the point where he begins to paint, and the play ends with the two of them out in the park, in front of two easels, painting the landscape. A foreigner who is strolling in the park wearing a monocle is captivated by the millionaire's painting, and buys it on the spot for five dollars, cash. The girl is slightly disturbed that *her* painting wasn't purchased, but by now she is in love with the young millionaire and thrilled with his artistic triumph. I thought for a moment that the foreigner with the monocle was going to eat the painting right then and there, but he took it away, leaving the young lovers alone and happy. —PHILIP HAMBURGER

The plans also called for construction of a \$305,777 apartment house at Bremen to house 21 bachelors. There was to be a maid's room for each apartment.—*The World-Telegram & Sun*.

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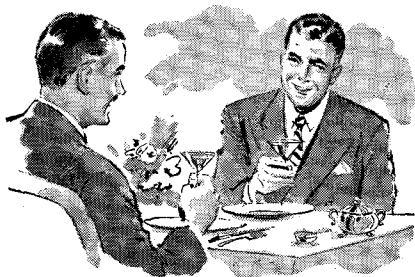


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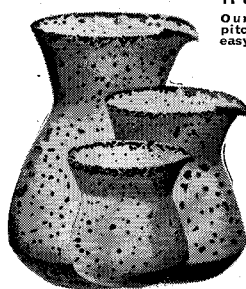
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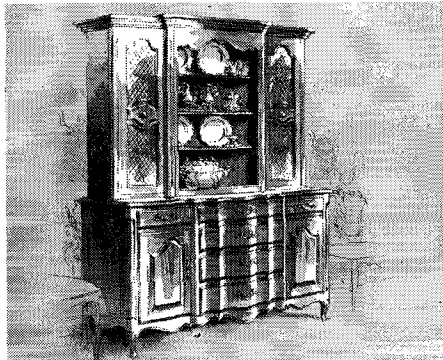
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THE STRANGER

PASSING through the lower East Side of Manhattan the other day, I noticed the two-story brownstone house my grandparents used to live in many years ago. It was a two-family house, and they had the second floor. There aren't many buildings of this kind in the neighborhood, and I recognized the brownstone stoop where, as a little boy, I waited for Black Mendel and got my first glimpse of the terrible stranger instead.

One Friday afternoon, I came home from school and my mother asked me to go to my grandmother's to spend the night. Grandpa was in the Catskills on business, she said, and wasn't expected home until Sunday, so it would be a blessing if I went and kept Grandma company.

I arrived as Grandma was finishing her cooking for the Sabbath. I lit the gas lights in the kitchen and in the dining room, although the rooms were still glowing with the late-afternoon sun. To strike a light after sunset, when the Jewish Sabbath began, would be a desecration. It would also be a desecration to turn the gas jets off. A colored man who did odd jobs for the Jewish families in the neighborhood, and who was called Black Mendel, to distinguish him from a neighbor named Mendel, came through the street between eight-thirty and nine o'clock on Friday evenings and, stopping at building after building, turned the lights off. This Friday night, when ten o'clock came and there was still no sign of him, my grandmother said to me, "Go downstairs, like a good boy, and see if he is standing in the street talking to someone."

I went down the stairs and opened the front door. From the stoop, I could see up and down the block. Black Mendel was nowhere in sight, and a good many windows that were usually dark by that time on Friday evening were still lighted. I waited about five minutes, hoping that I would see him turn the corner, but he didn't come, and finally the man who lived next door put his head out and said, "Are you waiting for Black Mendel? He must be sick. He hasn't made the rounds."

I knew my grandmother would never be satisfied to leave the gas burning all night; it wasn't safe. And neither would she go against the teaching of our religion.

There was a man across the street, a

stranger to the neighborhood, leaning against a store front smoking a cigarette. I suspected that he wasn't Jewish, and if he wasn't, he could help us. I crossed the street and went up to him and said, "Will you do me a favor?"

"What kind of a favor?" the man asked.

"All you have to do is turn off the gas jets."

"What for? Why don't you turn them off yourself?"

"We're not allowed to," I said. "So will you?"

The man didn't answer. Instead, he looked away, his eyes following somebody on the other side of the street, and he didn't seem interested in what I had said. I noticed that he had smoked his cigarette down to the last half inch, and so I said, "There's a fresh pack of my grandfather's cigarettes upstairs you can have if you turn the gas jets off."

The man looked at me. He flicked his cigarette into the gutter and said, "All right, bud, let's go."

As soon as I had a better look at his thin, hard face by the hall light, and at his torn, threadbare overcoat, I was sorry I had been so rash as to ask him inside, but it was too late to do anything about it. We were on our way upstairs. Grandma was sitting in a chair in the dining room, waiting, and I noticed, as we walked in, that she had left her pocketbook on the mantelpiece. "Something has happened to Black Mendel," I said. "He didn't make the rounds to-night. So I asked this man to do it."



The stranger looked carefully around the room and stood still.

"Good evening," Grandma said to him. "Very kind of you to come up."

The stranger put his hand in a side pocket of his coat and pulled out a pistol. "Don't move," he said. "Or make a sound. Either of you." He went over to the mantelpiece and picked up the pocketbook.

"My boy, put that pistol away," Grandma said. "You'll only get yourself in trouble with it. You're welcome to the pocketbook."

The stranger glanced at her with surprise, and then, without answering, he started for the door.

"Wait a minute!" Grandma cried, getting up. "You don't look to me as if you'd eaten today. Have you?"

She and the man stood staring at each other in silence. She said, "There's some chicken in the icebox." The man

still didn't move or say anything. "Take your coat off and sit down," Grandma said.

Whether it was the tone of her voice or his hunger that made him do it, I don't know, but he put the pistol back in his pocket, and took his coat off and laid it on a chair. Then, still holding the pocketbook, he sat down. Grandma put a clean cloth on the table, as if she were receiving an honored guest, and brought in a big plate of cold chicken and some slices of *chalah*. The man drew his chair up to the table and waited, looking at her.

"Go ahead, eat!" Grandma said.

She sat down opposite him. From a far corner of the room, I watched the chicken disappear, like coal down a chute. It was amazing. I almost forgot to be afraid.

"You have a family?" Grandma asked.

"Yes."

"Are you working?"

"No."

"Then I don't have to ask why you took by force what I'd have given you willingly," Grandma said. "My son, people are meant to help each other. If you'd come to my door and said your children had nothing to eat, do you think I'd have refused you? But this way is bad. Suppose you go to prison? Who'll take care of your family?"

The stranger stopped eating. He swallowed hard.

"I'm sorry," Grandma said. "Finish your meal."

She went into the bedroom and came out with Grandpa's second-best overcoat. "Try this on," she commanded.

The stranger got up from the table and, still holding the pocketbook in his hand, tried the coat on. It was a good, warm coat, and it fit him. Even the plush collar was not badly worn. The man stood, fidgeting, ready to leave but unable to make up his mind what to do about the pocketbook.

"Open it," Grandma said.

He opened it.

"You see there's no money in it," Grandma said. "Come here."

She led him to the sideboard, opened a drawer, and said, "There's twenty-five dollars for you. Take it."

The stranger stood for so long in front of the sideboard that I thought he was going to leave the money. Finally, he put his hand into the drawer and took the twenty-five dollars. Instead of putting it in his pocket, he looked at it, and then he looked at my grandmother. Tears came to his eyes. He thrust the

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in your
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money into Grandma's hand and made for the door.

"Wait!" she called to him. "You forgot the gas jets!"

He came back and turned off the jets. Then he ran down the stairs, and that was the last we ever saw of him.

—S. M. MARGOLIN

ROBERT MOSES AND THE RED SEA [From the Congressional Record]

MR. HUMPHREY. I surely do not. That is one I fail to see. There are many Houdini tricks in the joint resolution. "First you see it, and then you don't." If anyone can show me how dry land, filled land, is still submerged land under navigable waters, and how it can be both wet and dry at the same time, both above the water and below the water at the same time, then, indeed, I will have seen something.

MR. ANDERSON. Mr. President, will the Senator further yield?

MR. HUMPHREY. I yield for a question.

MR. ANDERSON. Would the Senator agree that that would outdo Moses, who commanded the waters of the Red Sea to roll back and make dry land?

MR. HUMPHREY. But he did not, in the same breath, command them to be both dry and wet.

MR. ANDERSON. That is correct. This outdoes him. Does not the Senator agree that this is one of the great historical accomplishments?

MR. HUMPHREY. I think it is one of the great historical—I will not say "accomplishments." It is one of the great historical imaginative hopes. It may very well be an accomplishment. If it is, I think it should have a reasonable place in history, together with what the Senator has referred to in the great story of Moses.

Moses had trouble dividing merely the sea. Here we are not only dividing it, but redividing it. First, the lands are above the water, then below the water. They are wet, and they are dry—"all in one easy lesson." I think it is amazing.

I have endeavored to point out some of the ambiguities and difficulties involved in the pending joint resolution. How in the world anyone can say that the reason we need this joint resolution is to clarify the situation, to get the law straight, is beyond me. This will clarify the situation just about as much as a corkscrew would straighten out a yardstick.

MR. ANDERSON. Mr. President, will the Senator further yield?

MR. HUMPHREY. I yield for a question.

MR. ANDERSON. Does not the Senator recognize the fact that the Moses to whom I was referring was the Moses in the Bible, and not the Robert Moses who came to Washington from New York and asked that this provision be put in the joint resolution?

MR. HUMPHREY. The Moses in the Bible knew what he was doing. With respect to the Robert Moses from New York, much as I admire some of his wonderful work in that city, when it came to the submerged lands joint resolution, this giveaway measure, once he was led to believe that it involved tidelands, he became completely confused as to the issue.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

In Memoriam



A MEMORIAL concert was given at Town Hall one evening last week for Dinu Lipatti, an accomplished Rumanian pianist who died a few years ago while still in his middle thirties, and whose playing is familiar in this country only through recordings. Lipatti was also a composer, but until

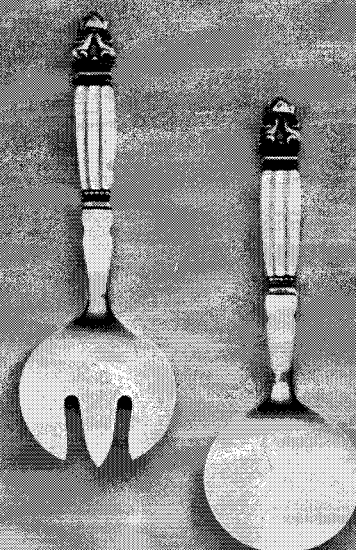
the other night none of his compositions had ever been introduced here, and the most interesting part of the concert—the second half—consisted of two of them, played by fifty members of the Philharmonic-Symphony under the direction of Lipatti's friend and compatriot Remus Tzincoca. The composer's widow, Madeleine Lipatti, was the piano soloist for the first of these, entitled "Concertino in Classic Style." It is a graceful and rather charming piece in four movements, each fluid and admirably constructed along eighteenth-century lines. Reserved in expression and beautifully mannered, it radiates a gentle warmth. With Mme. Lipatti playing her part tenderly and delicately and Tzincoca conducting with loving care, the performance was extremely affecting. The other piece, "Tziganes," a three-part orchestral suite, was written when the composer was sixteen, and apparently in boisterous good spirits, for compared to the subdued concertino, "Tziganes" is full of energy, being based on gypsy themes, as might be expected from the title. The first two sections seem somewhat attenuated, but the third, which struck me as being the most gypsylike of the three, is perfectly proportioned and brings the work to a rousing finish. In view of the special nature of the concert, I can't imagine why only these two Lipatti compositions were offered, or why Mme. Lipatti, whose lovely playing is perhaps a reflection of her late husband's style, was heard only once. The first half of the program was given over to performances of Beethoven's Symphony No. 4 and Fauré's infrequently heard "Pelléas et Mélisande" suite, a composition whose fragile appeal is undeni-

able but whose melodies are occasionally obvious.

WALTER PISTON's Symphony No. 4, composed a couple of years ago on commission from the University of Minnesota, was performed last Friday night in the Juilliard Concert Hall by the Juilliard Orchestra, playing under the direction of Jean Morel. This was the first time I had heard the work and I thought it fascinating. It abounds in seductive melodies, and it is rhythmically alive; indeed, its constant vitality is the most striking thing about it. The four movements are entitled "Piacere," "Ballando," "Contemplativo," and "Energico," and I found myself fancying them as the moods of a clown, lightly expressed but deeply felt. The symphony is one of the most impressive and enjoyable contemporary works I know of, and Morel and his student orchestra did it justice.

IT is only necessary to run down the list of characters in "Filling Station," an amiable number the New York City Ballet added to its repertory last week at the City Center, to get a fair idea of its content. There are Mac (he's the attendant), a pair of truck drivers, a motorist and his wife and child, a rich girl and a rich boy (both drunk), a gangster, and a state trooper. Comedy and melodrama intermingle as the customers appear, are held up by the gangster, and are rescued by the cop. It's a romp from beginning to end, and the night I saw it there were especially slick performances by Janet Reed, who tottered about in the role of the rich girl, and Jacques d'Amboise, who leaped and spun around the stage with great exuberance in the part of the attendant. In contrast to the other performers, d'Amboise danced in classic style, and his neat, formal movements, in the midst of the erratic behavior of the others, produced an engaging effect. Lew Christensen devised the choreography and Virgil Thomson composed the music, a potpourri of dance rhythms. Paul Cadmus, inspired by the comic strips, designed the simple backdrop and the amusing costumes.

Christensen, Thomson, and Cadmus did their work back in 1938, when "Filling Station" made its first appearance, in Hartford, as part of the repertory of Ballet Caravan, a short-lived forerunner of the New York City Ballet. According to the program notes, it was the first ballet on an American subject commissioned for Ballet Caravan, and it was revived in order to



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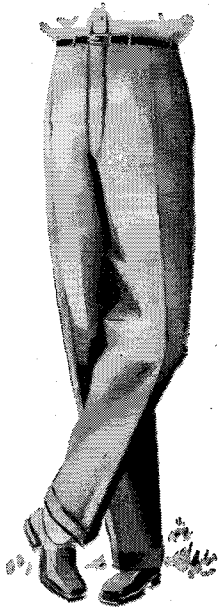
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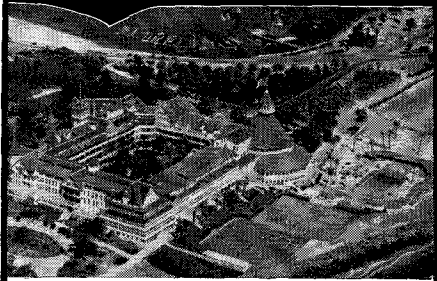
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give some idea of "the origins of the
repertory of the New York City
Ballet." The audience received the
number with evident delight. As a mat-
ter of fact, I imagine that everyone
concerned with the revival of this bit
of escapism was as pleased as the audi-
ence was. There were some exciting
doings back there in the thirties.

—DOUGLAS WATT

THE MARVELON

The Marvelon of Overland,
With twenty rodels in his hand,
Is coming from the forjel,
By horjel, by horjel.

He wears a long habane in brown
And sometimes he rides upside down,
Yet he is never dazel,
Sounds crazel, sounds crazel.

Because he has deep down his throat
Two hambers tied with stroddleroot,
His voice sounds like a storjel,
Stentorjel, stentorjel.

If he would call, the dales would trill,
But luckily he's mostly still;
He only speaks a frazel,
Occasel, occasel.

He won't sleep till the moon is blue,
And after rides, the whole day through;
So you may hear him snorjel
Tomorjel, tomorjel.

Though leaping four bounds in a row
And smashing six mounts in one blow,
He's gracious as a gazel,
Amazel, amazel.

Soon he may find his Marvelof,
Twelve children spring at least
thereof—

Or even twenty-fourjel,
By Georgel, by Georgel.

But though almost allnipotent,
He too will shrinkle in the end
And finally go to blazel.
O.K.-zel, O.K.-zel!

—HERMAN VAN DER MEER

Our parents had gone there for a year
or two to be near our grandmother on
their return from their first (that is our
mother's first) visit to Europe, which had
quite immediately followed my birth,
which appears to have lasted some year
and a half, and of which I shall have
another word to say.—From "A Small
Boy and Others," by Henry James.

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BOOKS

In Tiny Leaf

HERE are three novels by Englishwomen—"The Echoing Grove," by Rosamond Lehmann (Harcourt, Brace), "Kingfishers Catch Fire," by Rumer Godden (Viking), and "The House of Strangers," by Edith Simon (Putnam). The Misses Lehmann and Godden have turned out numerous best-sellers and Miss Simon is the author of a highly praised historical novel, "The Golden Hand." Their three new novels are all more or less directly concerned with the torment of being a woman in a world where the rules, such as they are, have been laid down by men, such as *they* are. All three novels are therefore doomed to delight the second sex and irritate the first. For women are born with tough hearts and enjoy having them wrung, as every lending library bears witness, while men have soft hearts and prefer reading nothing whatever to reading of the misery they spread among women. Besides, they don't quite make out the connection between themselves and the trills and arpeggios of anguish that characterize so much female fiction. The relation between the sexes seems pretty good to them, but if it is indeed perfectly awful way down deep, why not blame the nature of things instead of men? What was destiny invented for if not to render the human predicament impersonal? Meanwhile, stop moaning and get on with the story! Women, on the other hand, and especially women writers, have no use for destiny; they wouldn't compose a "Hamlet" if they could. Cursed spite may be all very well in its place, but life—real life—is a series of private encounters, not to be generalized into abstraction, where no tears are.

These opposed views of reality make it difficult for most men to read most women's novels. Let it be noted at once, then, that Miss Lehmann will prove less irritating to men than her two colleagues. She is no mere work horse in the Womrath stables. She has not wrought her complicated threnody to love in order to make housewives cry; they must look elsewhere for that pleasure. Miss Lehmann takes her obligations as an artist hard and would rather be sound than winsome. If she gives us heroines who are well bred, sensitive,

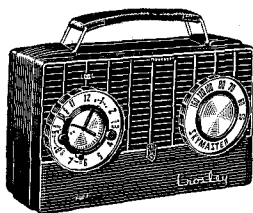
and long-suffering—as the heroines of what English lady novelists are not?—she attempts also to give us a hero who will be more than a virtuous stick or bumbling Teddy bear. As things work out in "The Echoing Grove," poor Rickie is not a very masculine figure. Though three women are gone on him, he remains sexually dim. It puzzles him to discover that his role in what begins as a triangle and ends as a sort of adulterous trapezoid is that of the pursued and not the pursuer: "He dragged his heavy limbs upstairs, telling himself that women were formidable, really relentless; not a nerve in their bodies." He toils long hours at the office and acquires a duodenal ulcer that is eventually the death of him. (A hero with an ulcer! One perceives how honest Miss Lehmann is determined to be. A more sentimental writer would have given him a tumor of the brain.) Never-

theless, Rickie is a man and it is about him, for all his elusiveness, that "The Echoing Grove" revolves.

By means of innumerable dexterous flashbacks, Miss Lehmann manages to crowd the sprawling particularities of her novel into a period of two days in the lives of two sisters: Madeleine, who has been Rickie's wife, and Dinah, who has been his mistress. The third woman in Rickie's life, who happens to have been the wife of his best friend, is, like Rickie and Dinah's husband, dead. Not unnaturally, the two sisters have been estranged; now Dinah has come down to the country to spend the weekend with Madeleine. They have much to remember and much, if they dare, to tell each other. They are widows in early middle age, and to prepare themselves for their futures they must come to terms with their pasts. They must learn what all that giving



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and getting back, all that loving and not loving, all that quarrelling and making up have meant. As the hours of the weekend pass, as they fumble their way, at first with suspicion of one another and then with something like gratitude for the bond of that suspicion, we are carried adroitly back and forth in time and space, watching relations entered into, sustained, and broken off, and catching glimpses of the England of before the war, then of the London blitz, and finally of the depressed and dowdy peace of the late nineteen-forties. We end the book with no questions answered. The two sisters cannot even be sure which of them loved Rickie more, or which of them he loved more. They can only conclude that it has never been so arduous to be a woman. They have scarcely anything left to live by, and for, save a couplet of Blake's—"And throughout all Eternity I forgive you, you forgive me." "It's really the best we can do," Dinah says, and adds bleakly, "Out of pure self-interest, I mean."

MISS LEHMANN's skill is such that male readers, though resentful of being harrowed in the name of entertainment, of having to measure out drop by drop the bloody death of the heart, will gamely follow her to her dark journey's end. Miss Godden's novel is, however, strictly a woman's dish of tea. The opening sentences of "Kingfishers Catch Fire" give us a fair taste of the Darjeeling to come:

Long afterwards—"Not so long," said Toby, "it's only two years;" "Ages afterwards," said Sophie—Toby gave Sophie another lamp with kingfishers on it; he sent for it all the way to Profit David, of whom he disapproved. "And I am a fool," he said. "You will only lose it or give it away to someone else, or leave it behind somewhere."

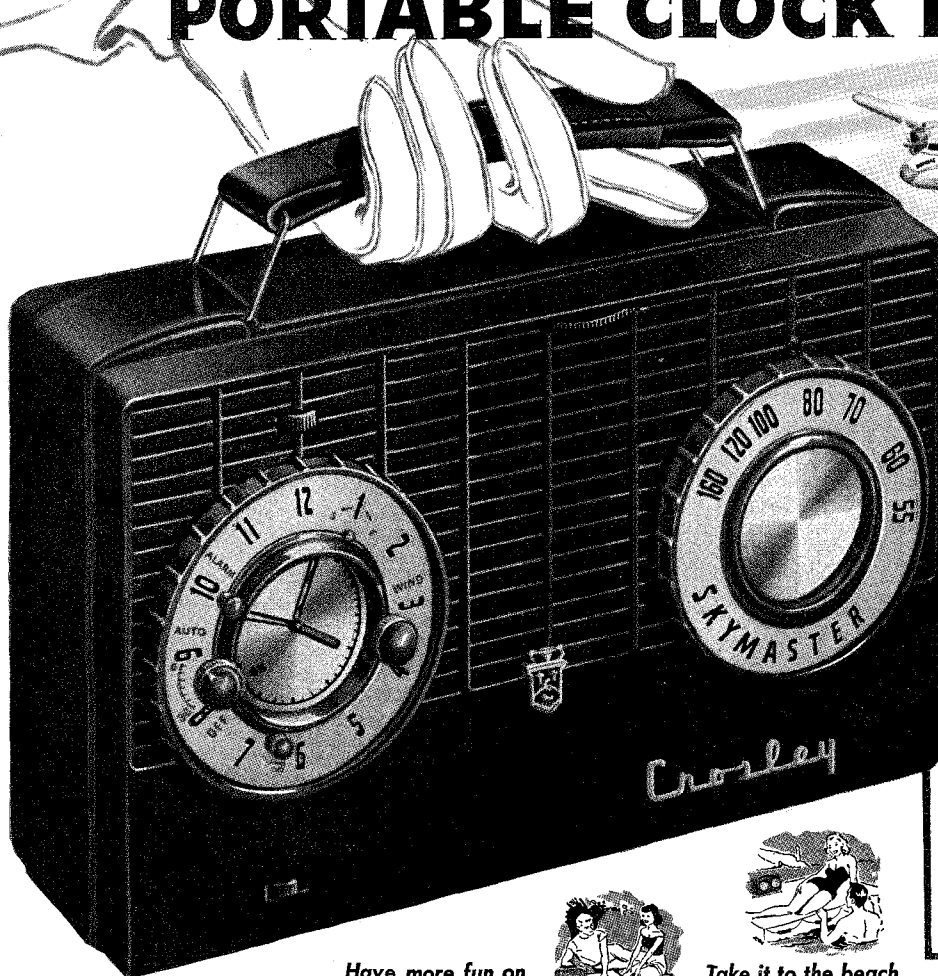
"No, I won't," said Sophie certainly. "I am more careful now;" but Toby shook his head. He knew that Sophie was like a kingfisher herself, choosing some strange, unthought-of place for her nest, diving relentlessly for her private fish, then flashing out of sight.

This singular kingfisher is an English widow of thirty-five, with a small daughter named Teresa and a still smaller son named Moo. She is living in a rickety house in Kashmir, among unfriendly peasants and far from the rest of the British colony. She is every bit as well bred, sensitive, and long-suffering as Madeleine and Dinah and she has, if anything, more pluck. For she is nearly penniless, and back home in England are well-fixed relatives and a doctor named Toby, who is a dear

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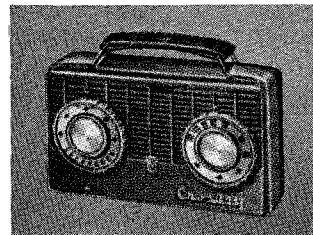
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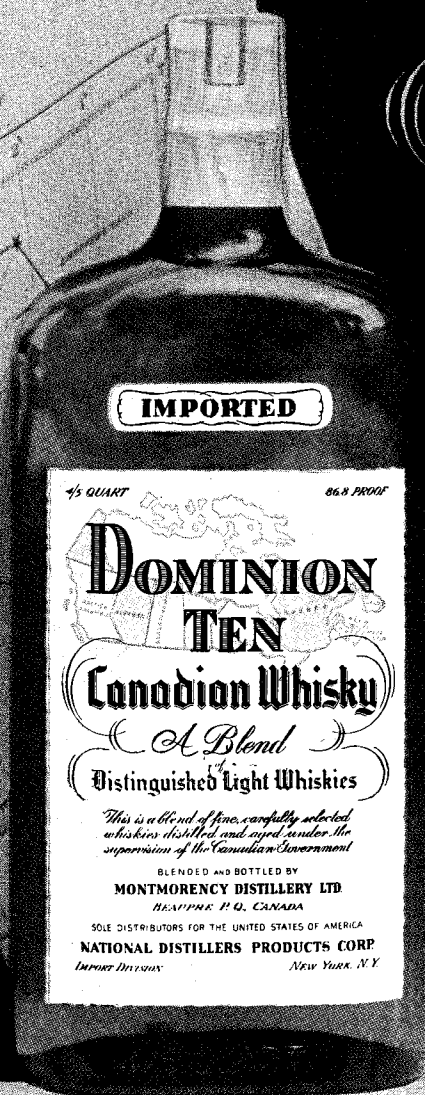
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and whom she turned down to marry Denzil, who wasn't a dear. Toby is waiting for her between calls, but Sophie is in rebellion against that cozy world of the dispensary and the green suburbs and the old gray aunts; she means to find herself, whoever she is, in Kashmir. She starts a cottage industry in herbs—Miss Godden provides us with recipes—and is successful enough to arouse the anger of the local barber-herbalist, the envy of her neighbors, and the ardor of a chattering house servant. She falls sick, then finds to her horror that her food is being seasoned with ground glass and aphrodisiacs. She stands, a lone *mem* among men, on the brink of disaster, and what becomes of her and of Teresa and Moo and Toby and an assortment of natives with scarcely less adorable names (Sultan, Profit David, St. Nicholas) is revealed in a prose that tinkles along like so many sweet and maddening and unstoppable little bells. "Kingfishers Catch Fire" is a Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

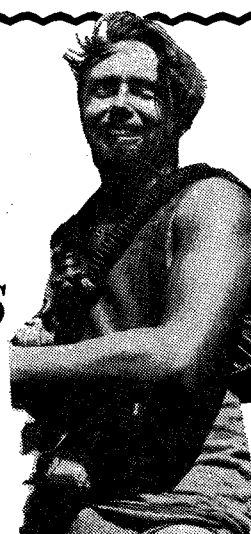
THE house for which Edith Simon's "The House of Strangers" is named is a great Scottish mansion on the grounds of which the remains of an ancient village have been uncovered. A sizable team of archeologists, male and female, has moved into the house to supervise the excavation of the village. The fretful story of rivalry in pursuit of professional honors, public fame, and, of course, the women members of the team is told in the first person by a lady of thirty-two. Like the heroines mentioned above, she is a widow, has seen hard times, and is looking for a way out of the present. She goes to work at the Dungruach Find, thinking to bury herself in the shadowy fastness of prehistory. But prehistory has news for her: she falls in love with one of the archeologists. Even the mooniest of the second sex are going to find love among the archeologists slow going.

—BRENDAN GILL

BRIEFLY NOTED FICTION

THE NAKED HEART, by John Lee Weldon (Farrar, Straus & Young). The story of a boy's weakening struggle to draw comfort instead of pain from the bonds that hold him to his mother and that grow stronger after her death. The boy, Christy Livingston, has no wish to break the bonds. If he has a desire in life, it shows only spasmodically in his attempts to avenge his mother's suf-

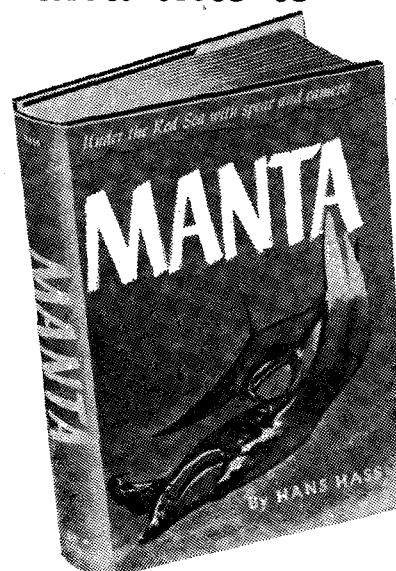
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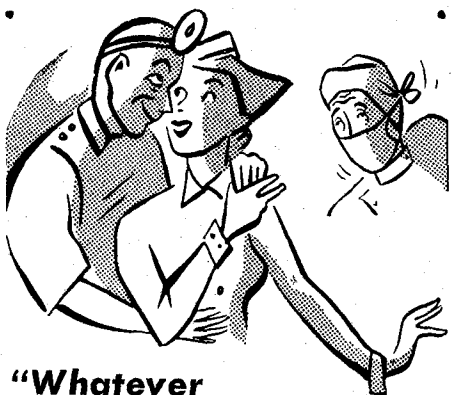
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ferings on all who turn to him with love. Since Mr. Weldon rejects or ignores the possibility of allowing his hero to develop, the easiest and most obvious ending to the story is gradual disintegration or violence. Mr. Weldon chooses violence. He writes with a great deal of emotion, and is clever at dealing honestly with his people without letting them get into depths he does not wish, or is not able, to explore. The scene is Alabama.

SIMPLE TAKES A WIFE, by Langston Hughes (Simon & Schuster). Simple (Mr. Jesse Semple, a Negro) is anxious to marry for the second time, but he finds many obstacles in his way. He discusses his troubles in a series of barroom conversations, but more often than not he turns the talk into an offhanded philosophical discussion of some of the problems of humanity, and of the Negro race in particular. Simple expresses his ancient and homey truths in a loud and jocular voice, but when his laughter has died away and he has stopped waving his arms, we see that he is excited not because he is standing in a Harlem bar drinking with his friends but because he is alone on a stage with an oversized prop glass empty in his hands and a good deal of uncertainty in his heart about the reception he is going to get from beyond the footlights. He is a pathetic figure, and in indulging his showmanship he has forgotten his dignity.

THE SOUTHPAW, by Mark Harris (Bobbs-Merrill). The first-person narrative of a young baseball player named Henry Wiggen, who pitches for the New York Mammoths. People not interested in baseball will have little interest in Henry, who offers a long, sometimes very funny and sometimes merely laborious account of what it takes to make good in the big leagues. His prose derives from the classic Lardner locution and is therefore often affectedly literary where it is intended to be most authentic. "Bring" is "bruñg," "themselves" is "their-selves," "blew" is "blowed," and "one" is written as "1." These are surely echoes of the American vernacular of a generation or so before Henry, who was born in 1931.

IN THE WET, by Nevil Shute (Morrow). A fantasy, laid partly in present-day Australia and partly in the Australia and the England of thirty years from now, in which Mr. Shute tries to imagine the developments that will take place within

the British Empire and the different position the Queen will occupy if her government becomes thoroughly Socialist. What it all seems to add up to is that Mr. Shute would like the Queen to move her court to Canberra. The writing is sedentary, sly, and chatty.

SEVEN AND A HALF CENTS, by Richard Bissell (Atlantic-Little, Brown). A self-conscious, tongue-in-cheek story of the garment industry, in which love, labor troubles, and wisecracks are about equally mixed. The scene is Junction City, Iowa, in the plant of the Sleep Tite pajama company; the hero is a young Chicago man named Sid Sorokin; and the heroine is called Babe. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

THE MARRIAGE OF ELIZABETH WHITACKER, by Jacobine Hichens (Duell, Sloan & Pearce-Little, Brown). Elizabeth Whitacker, a rather pompous young Anglican schoolteacher in London, must decide whether or not to marry a plump but poverty-stricken Roman Catholic. She decides not to. The writing is very careful.

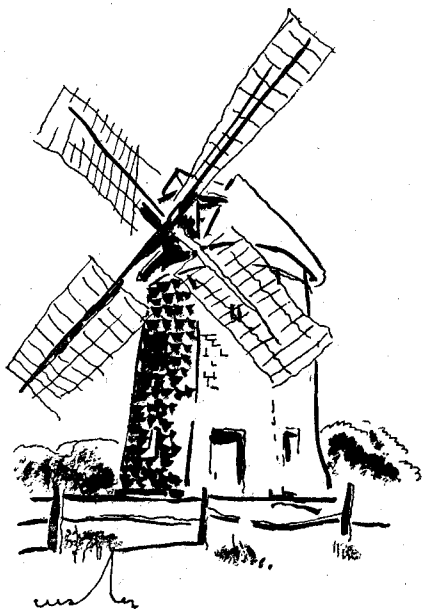
GENERAL

MALENKOV, by Martin Ebon (McGraw-Hill). If there were a prize for literary daring, this author would surely win it, for he has undertaken a biography of a man about whom practically nothing is known—not even who his parents were or what his actual power is. The book amounts to an expert synthesis of what Mr. Ebon, a student of world Communism, believes is the most trustworthy data on Malenkov, together with some seemingly informed speculation about the future. According to this book, Malenkov is a new type of Soviet leader—a brutally efficient business executive whose open contempt for the old Bolsheviks once got him into serious trouble, a ruthless driver of men, an opportunist, an intriguer with a phenomenal memory, and a trained terrorist who uses terror to get and keep power. Mr. Ebon believes that until the change in regime is solidly established, the Malenkov government will have to revert to the Teheran policy of appearing to coexist peaceably with the capitalist democracies, and try to beguile them into letting down their guard. This policy, he warns, grows out of Lenin's dictum that one should retreat when one is weak (the better to prepare for a new offensive), and

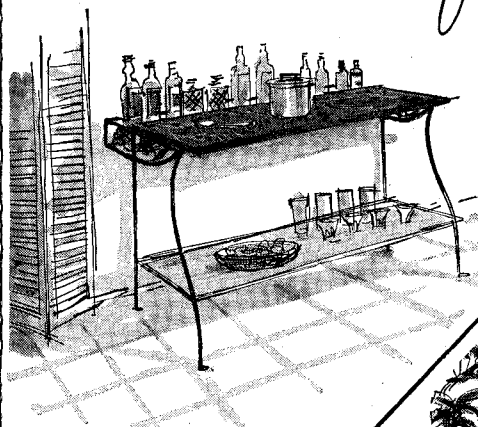
is more dangerous than declared antagonism.

THE FUTURE OF THE WEST, by J. G. de Beus (Harper). An attempt by a Dutch historian, at present the Minister Plenipotentiary of the Netherlands Embassy in Washington, to answer two questions: Does history hold a clue to the future of Western civilization, and can Western civilization survive? The reply to the first consists of a critical discussion and a qualified rebuttal of the philosophies of Oswald Spengler, who held that the West is doomed, and Arnold Toynbee, whose theory of history is considered gloomy by some people, but not that gloomy. As for the second, the author thinks that our civilization is about to enter into its last and possibly its greatest phase—"civilization-wide peace." Its life will be threatened by the Russian civilization, he is certain, but in any test of strength, armed or ideological, we will be the victors. Dr. de Beus writes with assurance, but he fails to be completely convincing, and his book is possibly more valuable as a review and analysis of the "cyclical" philosophers of history than it is as a work of prophecy.

KILLERS IN AFRICA, by Alexander Lake (Doubleday). Reminiscence by professional big-game hunters is becoming one of the purer forms of Lifemanship, and this book runs true to type. The author first dismisses as nonsense the reader's previous notions about wild beasts and the tales other pros have brought out of the jungle. Then, in a brisk, amusing way, he himself proceeds to relate and vouch for some stories of rather imposing stature. For the record, he



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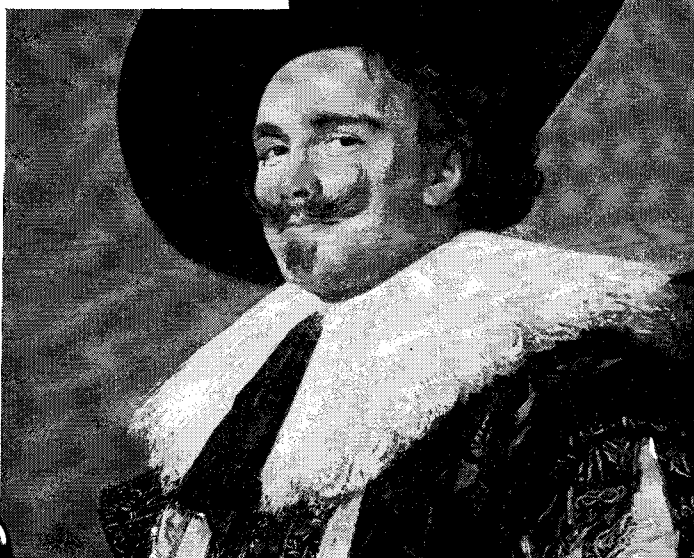
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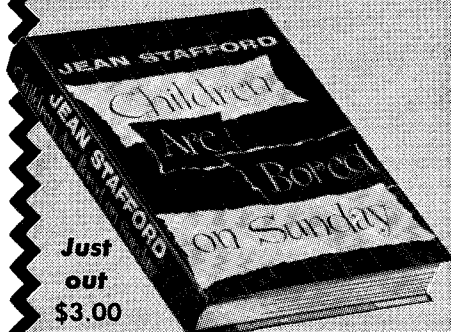
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gives his own estimate of the intelligence and death-dealing potential of a number of African animals, including the chacma baboon (smartest), the gorilla (sweetest-natured), the rhinoceros (stupid), and the lion (no problem); the water buffalo's stock as a killer is still at par. That should be all the next white hunter needs to know in order to write of *his* experiences.

ELIZABETH AND PHILIP, by Geoffrey Bocca (Holt). A glib portrait of England's royal couple by a British newspaperman. The author seems to have done some research at first hand—he is at his best describing the atmosphere of the royal household and the way it runs—but for every piece of actual information about Elizabeth or Philip there is a pointless anecdote, so the book is a mixture of fact and fatuousness. However, there are a few new and interesting stories about the young Queen and her husband, and a number of excellent photographs.

CAESAR'S WAR COMMENTARIES, edited, translated, and with an introduction by John Warrington (Everyman's Library). A new English version of "De Bello Gallico" and the somewhat less shopworn "De Bello Civili"—boldly idiomatic but firmly grounded in sound scholarship—designed to rescue the old campaigner from the dubious immortality of the classroom. To this estimable end, Mr. Warrington has freely altered the arrangement of several chapters and, even more freely, rewritten many long passages of description and exposition. He has also taken the trouble to convert into their English equivalent all units of weight and measure and to modernize, whenever possible, all place names. What truly sets his translation apart, however, is that—except, unavoidably, in one chapter—he has Caesar speak of himself not in the classically circumlocutory third person but, vividly and authoritatively, as "I." That alone makes all the difference in the world.

PAGEANT OF THE ROSE, by Jean Gordon (Studio-Crowell). The story of the rose, its origin, its role in myth, legend, and lore, its association with romance and poetry, its appearance in heraldry and the arts, its triumphs in miracles and in religion in general, and its function in cures, cosmetics, and cooking. All this combines to make a beguiling panorama, enriched with pertinent quotations of poetry



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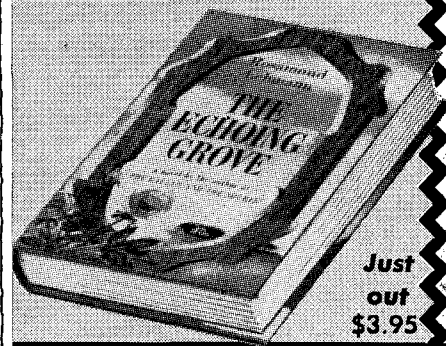
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THE INSIDE STORY: PSYCHIATRY AND EVERYDAY LIFE, by June Bingham, compiled under the direction of Fritz Redlich, M.D., and with the collaboration of Jacob Levine (Knopf). A popular manual, notable for the inclusion, as illustrations to the text, of numerous cartoons, reprinted from this and various other magazines. Some of the cartoons are funny and almost all of them are apt—so apt, in fact, that one is inclined to suspect that the text was cut to their measure. Mrs. Bingham has commendably refrained from attempting to match wits with the artists, and her writing, while undistinguished, is brisk, cool, and clear. Dr. Redlich is the chairman of the Department of Psychiatry at the Yale University School of Medicine; Dr. Levine is a clinical psychologist.

ROBERT BROWNING: A PORTRAIT, by Betty Miller (Scribner). The fact that Browning throughout his life showed evidence of a character divided between the genius and the Victorian bourgeois has struck many observers, including that arch-observer Henry James. Mrs. Miller, sifting the evidence of Browning's life and work in order to trace influences that made him "seek in the authority of others the solution of his own practical and moral difficulties," comes up with some new basic material. Her analysis, done with sympathy, results in an illumination of Browning's nature that is neither harsh nor deflating. The poet's genius remains clear under the conformity of the solid citizen, and his milieu, particularly during his later years, is described in detail. The illustrations are delightful. A scholarly index is appended.

FRANCIS THOMPSON AND WILFRID MEYNELL: A MEMOIR, by Viola Meynell (Dutton). Wilfrid Meynell, as editor and friend, protected Thompson—who was almost totally incapable of dealing with reality—from the poet's twenty-ninth year (1888) to his death, in 1907. Now a daughter of Wilfrid and Alice Meynell traces the life of the author of "The Hound of Heaven" and relates it to its background—the circle of English Catholic society and journalism that, at the turn of the

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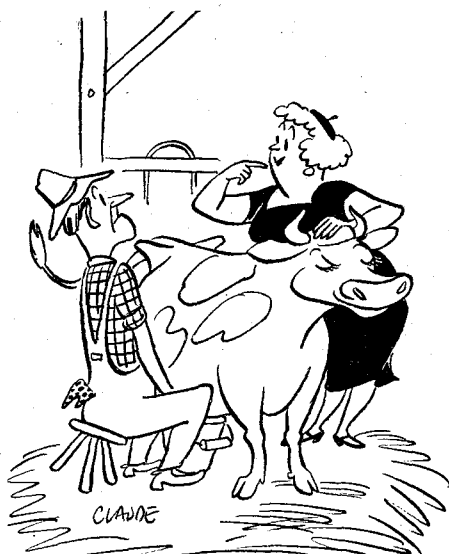
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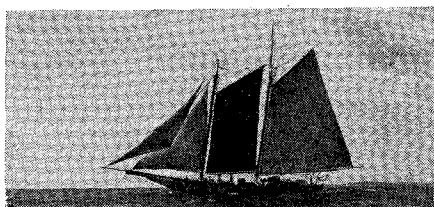
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THE SPIRIT OF ROMANCE, by Ezra Pound (New Directions). This work, first published in London in 1910, was Pound's initial skirmish in what turned out to be a long battle to free poetry—"even the poetry of recondite times and places"—from the grasp of scholarship and place it where it could give pleasure to the general reader. A key volume in the modern revolution in English literature, it comes back into print, as fresh and as invigorating as ever, when the war it began has been won. Here is Pound's dramatic account of Romance literature, from an early transitional period, through its medieval development in Provence, Spain, and northern France, to its culmination in Dante and its later ramifications in Lope de Vega and Camoëns. "Good art never bores one" is Pound's underlying theme. Considerably revised, the book incorporates notes dated 1929 and 1932 and a chapter, "Psychology and the Troubadours," that was first published separately in 1916.

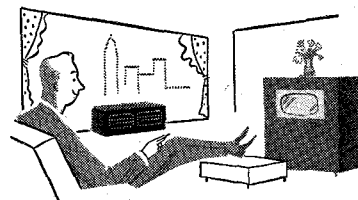
REMBRANDT'S ETCHINGS, edited by Ludwig Münz (Phaidon). This two-volume affair was in preparation for all of seven years, and represents the first really complete edition of Rembrandt's etchings so far attempted. Besides the artist's own works, a number of etchings by his pupils, to which he may have added some touches, are included, as is a group often credited to Rembrandt but actually of questionable attribution. Mr. Münz's text, which not only covers Rembrandt's life but gives a detailed analysis of his working methods, his tools, and so on, is illustrated further with numerous reproductions of etchings by other men, contemporary and earlier, who may have influenced him. The effort has been to provide both a definitive collection of Rembrandt's work and a full survey of its background. There are well over five hundred illustrations.

GOYA'S CAPRICHOS, by José López-Rey (Princeton). This two-volume work—one for the drawings and one for the author's text—is the most thoroughgoing study of Goya's celebrated series of caricatures and satiric sketches that has appeared in many a year. Not only are the drawings carefully appraised and analyzed but in a good many cases the author's wide

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knowledge of contemporary Spanish customs has enabled him to find oblique secondary meanings in them that would escape the average person. There is a certain amount of repetitiousness, owing to the fact that Mr. López-Rey feels constrained to describe each drawing minutely instead of simply referring the reader to the appropriate reproduction, and the style at times is a bit wooden. But these are small defects when compared with the amount of research and broad scholarship the work represents, and the two hundred and sixty-five reproductions, all in halftone, succeed admirably in catching the sharp wit and vivid artistry of the originals.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

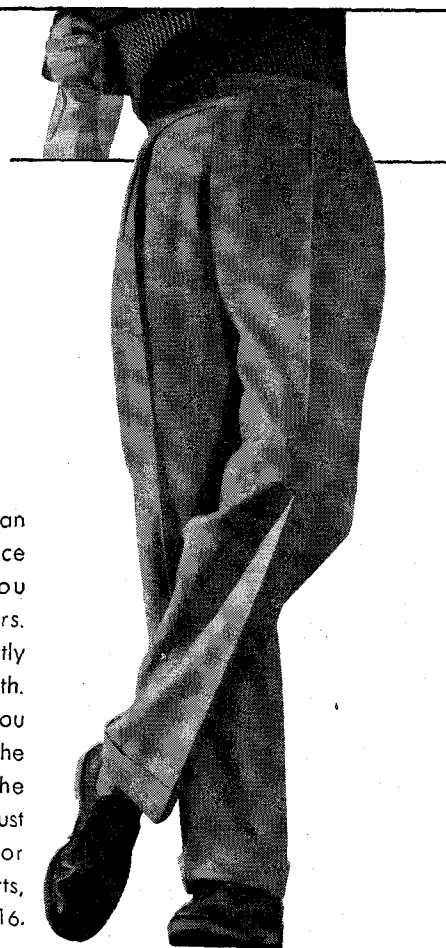
THE SINGING SANDS, by Josephine Tey (Macmillan). Unhappily, Miss Tey, who was unquestionably one of the best in her trade, died just after she completed this book. While it may lack a little of the finish and attention to detail that characterized her "Brat Farrar," "The Franchise Affair," and, above all, "The Daughter of Time," it is nevertheless a superior mystery and well worth your respectful attention. In it, Inspector Grant, who will surely be missed at Scotland Yard as well as by Miss Tey's public, stumbles on a dead body in a railway carriage in the course of what started out to be a vacation trip to the Highlands. It would have been easy to dismiss the casualty as the result of a drunken accident, but a curious fragment of verse scrawled on a newspaper margin and the subsequent revelation that the young man was not the person he seemed to be arouse the Inspector's professional instincts, and soon we are involved in an investigation that covers a great deal of ground and involves any number of fascinating people. A superior item all around.

THE CAVALIER'S CUP, by Carter Dickson (Morrow). Sir Henry Merrivale, who has taken up singing lessons in his old age, solves one of those sealed-room mysteries that have always appealed so powerfully to him. The difference in this case is that nobody is killed (though a couple of people are drugged and sapped), and a fantastically valuable chalice is not stolen by the intruder, who has another and more subtle object in view. The characters, in addition to Sir Henry, include an Italian musi-

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cian, an English nobleman and his wife and son, a man from Scotland Yard, an American congressman, a lady interested in good works, and a couple of butlers. The means the villain employs to get into the room are complicated but plausible, and Sir Henry, at least at first sight, is as repulsive as he ever was.

THE SCARLET LETTERS, by Ellery Queen (Little, Brown). Martha Lawrence, a rich young matron who produces plays in her spare time, has been having a number of rendezvous with a damaged but still appetizing actor called Van Harrison. A cryptic series of notes, establishing the time and place of their meetings and typed in red, naturally suggests an adulterous relationship, but Ellery Queen is not satisfied with so simple an explanation and—with the assistance of his beautiful secretary, Nikki, a newcomer to his ménage—at last succeeds in laying bare an extremely villainous and complicated plot against Mrs. Lawrence's life. Mr. Queen has developed a new and rather self-conscious preoccupation with his hero's activities as a writer of mystery stories, a preoccupation that may irritate some readers who object to this form of interior advertising, but the book is ingeniously plotted and its climax is surprising enough to satisfy the most captious. The action ranges all over New York—from Chinatown to Grant's Tomb—and this adds some interesting touches of local color.

THE CASE OF THE HESITANT HOSTESS, by Erle Stanley Gardner (Morrow). As is usual in Mr. Gardner's novels, practically everybody has two or three identities, and the trail to the murderer is thickly strewn with red herrings. This one has something to do with night clubs, gambling establishments, and the dope racket, and features the customary number of handsome and acquiescent young women. Perry Mason and Della Street triumph, of course, over the evildoers and the District Attorney's office in the end, but not before Miss Street has had one of the closest calls of her career. More readable, on the whole, than most of Mr. Gardner's recent efforts.

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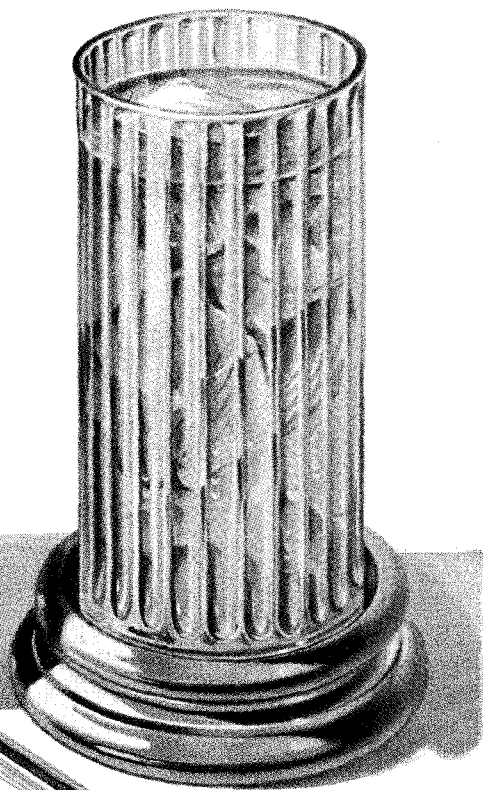
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